Aug. 13, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

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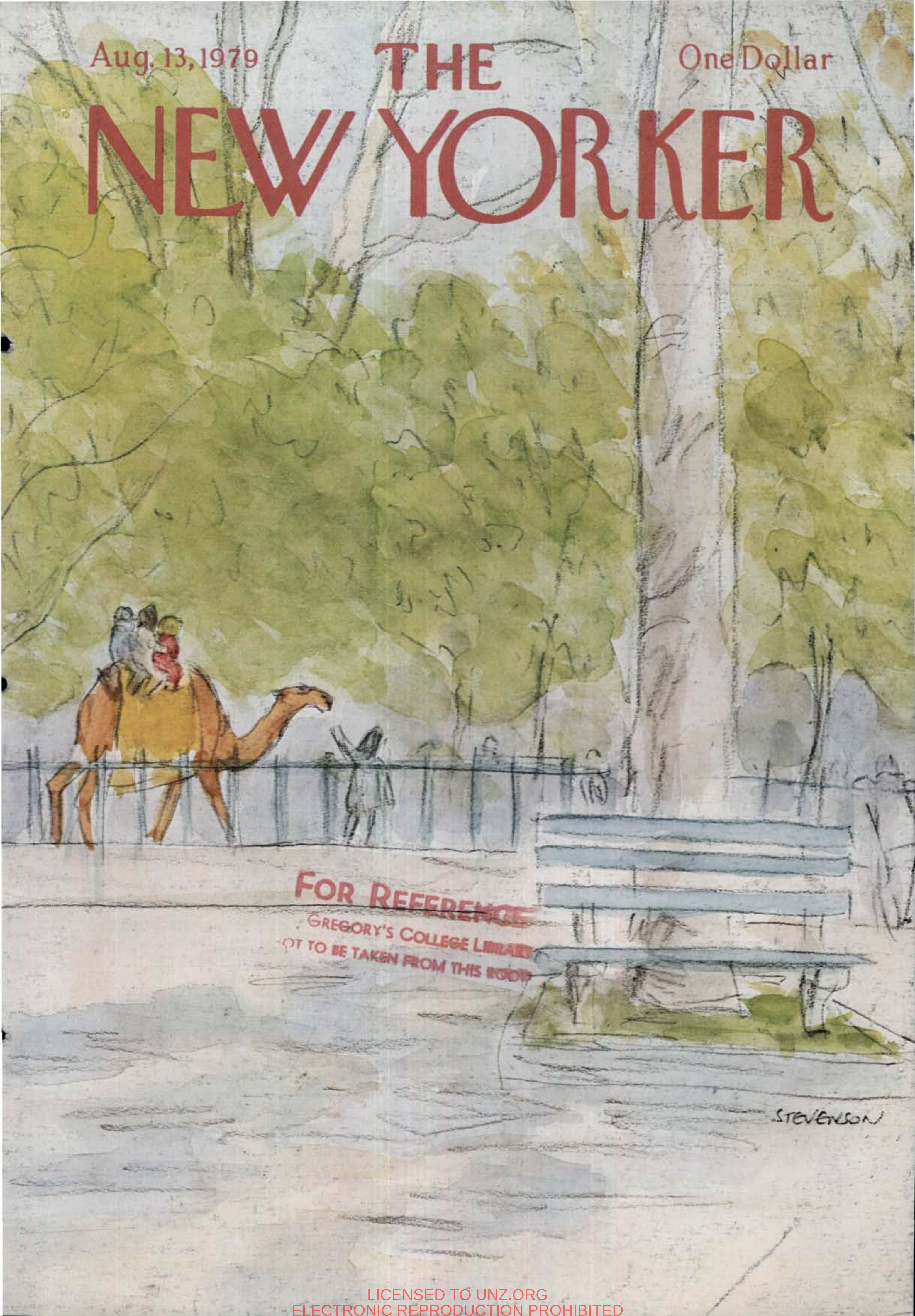

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bedroom Farce—A very funny play by Alan Ayckbourn, about four married couples of assorted ages and appetites. Now with Mildred Natwick, John Lithgow, and Robert Coote. Directed by the author and Peter Hall. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, is the author of a comic horror play, **buried child.** The setting is a blighted farm in Illinois, and the performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:15. . . . ¶ A play by Marty Martin, **gertrude stein gertrude stein gertrude stein,** with Pat Carroll. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance: Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79 and 4/30/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Father's Day—Three divorced (and discarded) women invite their ex-husbands to celebrate Father's Day with their children. The trouble with Oliver Hailey's scratchy comedy is just that it is not good enough in any number of ways. One compensation, though, is Graham Beckel's subtle, funny performance as one of the ex-husbands. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 921-9877. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Getting Out—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. Directed by Jon Jory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gilda Radner–Live from New York—Two stars of the TV show "Saturday Night Live"—Miss Radner and Don Novello—in a series of funny skits, along with some pleasant singing and dancing. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, Sept. 1.)

Happy Days—Irene Worth is a humorous and intelligent, if somewhat disembodied, Winnie in Samuel Beckett's great play about a woman half buried in a mound of earth, and George Voskovec is good as the husband who sporadically interrupts her monologue. Andrei Serban directed this only partially successful production. (6/18/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 26.)

I Remember Mama—Liv Ullmann is the star of this sentimental chromolithograph of a musical laid in San Francisco in the early nineteen-hundreds. There are a few old-fashioned songs, with music by Richard Rodgers and lyrics by Martin Charnin and Raymond Jessel. The thin book is by Thomas Meehan. (6/11/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Knockout—Danny Aiello and Edward O'Neill perform splendidly in this not very plausible melodrama about life among the Italian-Americans in Hoboken. The author is Louis La Russo II. (5/14/79) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Aug. 12: **the mikado.** . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 15-19: **iolanthe.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Loose Ends—Michael Weller reports on his generation, now in its thirties. As one might expect, its members are getting ahead, as well as along; as one might also expect, this doesn't bring happiness. Roxanne Hart and Kevin Kline play the leads with exceptional grace and strength. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Madwoman of Central Park West—Phyllis Newman in what is billed as a musical comedy. It's really a one-woman self-pep-talk, full of comic chatter and some very well-delivered songs. (6/25/79) (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Price—This revival of Arthur Miller's play, which has moved from Off Broadway to Broadway, is far better than the original 1968 production. Fritz Weaver, Joseph Buloff, Mitchell Ryan, and Scotty Bloch are the distinguished performers; John Stix directed. (4/30/79) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion—a sadness that is hardly dispelled by the young women that two of them live with, or by the quantities of pot that all of them smoke. The performance, under Austin Pendleton's skillful direction, is superior. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Scrambled Feet—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Spell #7—Ntozake Shange's new show—a mosaic of screens and recitations and music and dancing, set in a bar frequented by black actors and actresses—is a spellbinder indeed. The performances, under Oz Scott's direction, are very good; those of Mary Alice, Reyno, La Tanya Richardson, and Larry Marshall are even better than that. (7/16/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Strider: The Story of a Horse—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and, needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

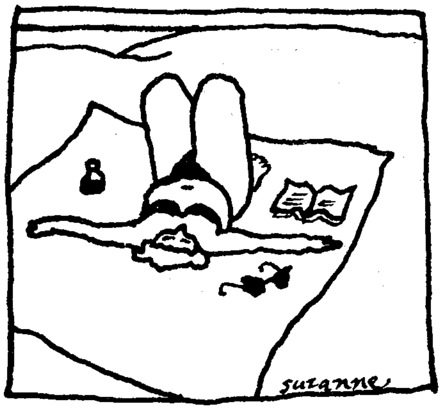
Sweeney Todd—A mass murderer in nineteenth-century London is the peculiar protagonist of this boisterous musical, to which Stephen Sondheim has contributed something like twenty-five songs. With Len Cariou as the murderer and Angela Lansbury as his contented accomplice. Harold Prince directed. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

They're Playing Our Song—A two-speed musical with Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2.)

Whoopee!—A musical that is over half a century old, and looks and sounds its age. Poor little Charles Repole is its hapless star, in the role once played by once-famous Eddie Cantor. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whose Life Is It Anyway?—A brilliant performance by Tom Conti in a play by Brian Clark about a young man who believes he has the right to choose death over life. A grim-sounding topic, but the playwright has invested it with humor and warmth. (4/30/79) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHAPTER TWO**: A comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. Laurence Luckinbill plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Brian Keith his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Cullum. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DRACULA**: Jean LeClerc co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EUBIE!**: A captivating old-fashioned revue, with lots of new-fashioned dancing and singing. The music is culled from the lifework of Eubie Blake, still merrily among us at ninety-six. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,016 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

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Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Peggy Fleming. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 8, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 19. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Aug. 9, at 7:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

DANCE

Bolshoi Ballet—Wednesday evening, Aug. 8; Friday evening, Aug. 10; Saturday and Sunday matinées, Aug. 11-12; and Saturday matinée, Aug. 18: "Spartacus."... ¶ Thursday evening, Aug. 9, and Saturday evening, Aug. 11: "Stone Flower."... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Aug. 14-15, and Friday and Saturday evenings, Aug. 17-18: A new production of "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Thursday evening, Aug. 16: "Swan Lake." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Aug. 26.)

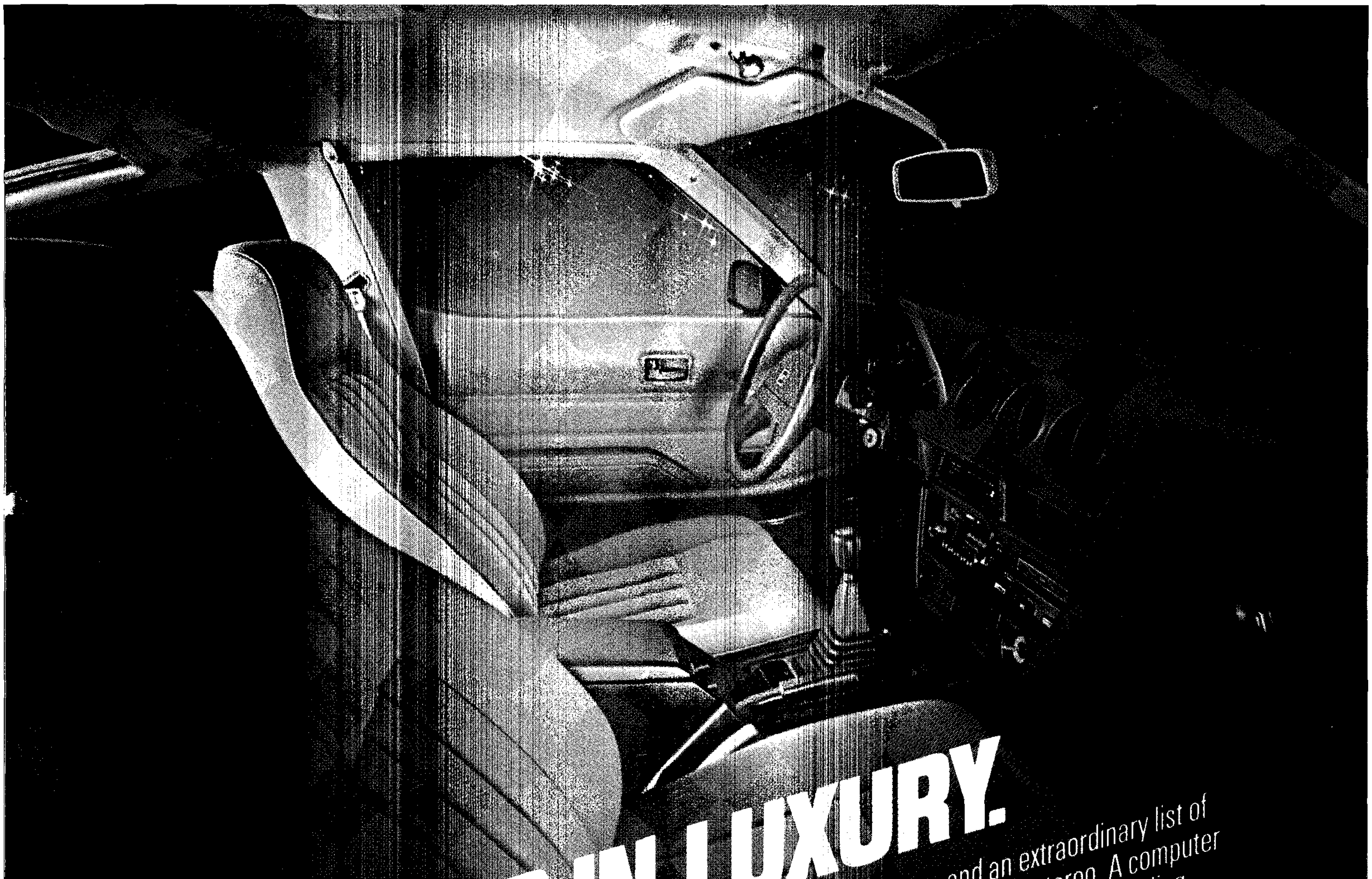
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-7812)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. Pianist **RAY BRYANT** will lead a trio on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 15-16, will belong to French-horn soloist **JOHN CLARK**; and on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** will team up with pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**. Music Wednesdays and Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat club that shrewdly books jazz, new-wave, country, blues, and, above all, rock bands. Folk-rock singer Tom Rush will perform here on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-



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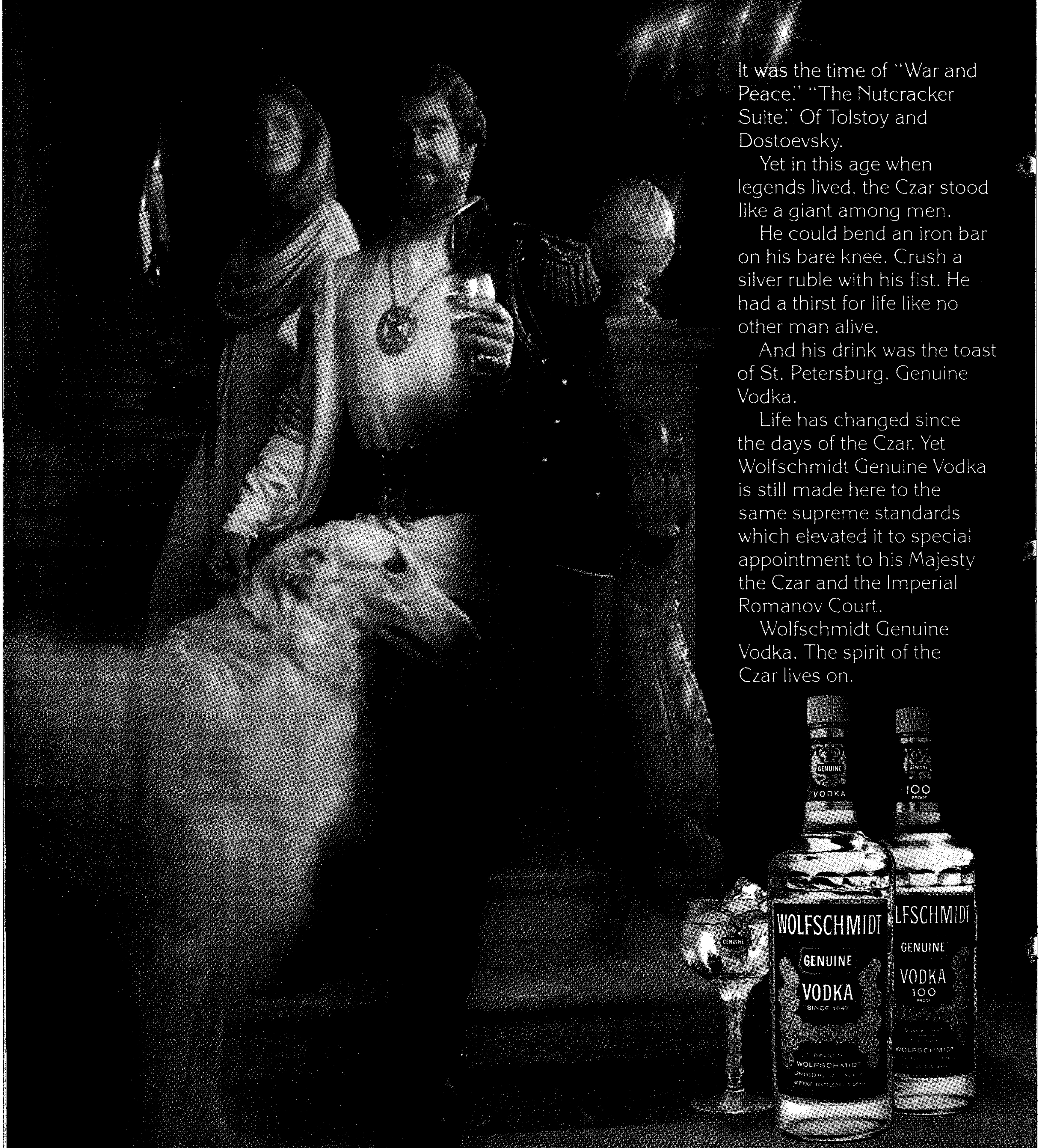
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6440)—It seems as though Bradley's is everybody's favorite neighborhood bar, even people who don't live in the neighborhood. **DON FRIEDMAN** is the pianist through Saturday, Aug. 11; on Monday, Aug. 13, **JOANNE BRACKEEN** will take over with bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ.** Sundays are the domain of pianist Joe Derise. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Nightly homage to Brazil's Tin Pan Alley, which with composers like Jobim, Bonfa, Gil, and Gilberto, is more like a *rua d'ouro*. The room is chic and urbane, cleverly done up with mirrors, plants, and subtle lighting—it all somehow suggests a nighttime view of Rio. A capable trio and a singer perform bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MCPARTLAND** has taken over the piano on the stage for the summer. She can be heard Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Dining.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Ellis Marsalis, a pianist who lives in New Orleans, has come up to fill in for Ellis Larkins during the summer. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A pioneer new-wave (formerly punk) rock club, and still one of the most important outlets. The bands (mostly scheduled in triple bills): Penetrators, Startoon, and Prince Valiant on Wednesday, Aug. 8; Cyclone, Colors, and Sinatras on Thursday, Aug. 9; Honey Davis, Remote Control, and Connection on Friday, Aug. 10; Fashion, Jumpers, and Flamingo Road on Saturday, Aug. 11; and Fashion on Sunday, Aug. 12. Nightly, from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large corner club with a past—it has been known as Nick's, Your Father's Mustache, and Alfredo's Settebello. It is now a country-and-Western hangout, though one needn't arrive in a pickup truck in order to be admitted. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (265-0060)—This redesigned corner bar has brought in singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE,** who works with bassist **JACK SIX** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The summer entertainment is **LARRY ADLER,** who seems as proud of his Wimbledon entrée (he has been granted a lifetime seat) as he is of the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the harmonica, his favorite instrument. Mr. Adler, his mouth organ, and pianist Hal Schaefer are in evidence Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven. Sundays and Mondays belong to pianist **SAMMY PRICE,** who performs at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Aug. 12, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will be in charge of a quintet that will begin playing at eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—The entrance comprises a green-tinted Plexiglas door that leads to a very narrow hallway with corrugated-metal walls, a line of narrow mirrors, and a floor that looks like the embossed-metal kind built for battleships. A perfect setting for an early-sixties French film. Downstairs, where the jazz is, in a comfortable-verging-on-plush room, tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** leads his moving young quintet through Saturday, Aug. 11. On Tuesday, Aug. 14, super bassist **RON CARTER** will arrive with his super sidemen—pianist **KENNY BARRON,** drummer **BEN RILEY,** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS.** Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty. Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—On Mondays guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** collaborates with pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ;** on Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio; and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with bassist **FRANK LUTHER,** pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** and vocalist Alicia Sherman. All these groups play from ten, except on Sunday, when they start at nine. On Sundays, O'Brien and Sherman begin at seven. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards team up on the tiny bandstand.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—On a clear day, you can see Jersey City. Pianist Lou Forestieri leads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Joe Albany alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with live and taped new-wave and old-wave rock, and dancing to both. The live bands: the Viletones and Human Switchboard on Wednesday, Aug. 8; **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER** and Tin Huey on Thursday, Aug. 9; B-Girls and Revelons on Friday, Aug. 10; and July Nylon and Quincy on Saturday, Aug. 11. Live music after eleven; taped music from nine. Closed Sundays.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—A carpeted jazz loft with a living-room atmosphere: One just stretches out while the musicians perform on the bandstand. Various jazz players turn up to jam Fridays through Sundays from nine. Soft drinks and snacks.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE,** the house legend, is propelled by a willing Dixieland quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner piano-bass depot. **MARY LOU WILLIAMS,** who began making a name for herself some fifty years ago in Kansas City and who is still a rolling and tumbling pianist, plays with bassist Milton Suggs through Saturday, Aug. 11. Beginning Tuesday, Aug. 14, pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** and bassist **VICTOR GASKIN** will be playing at this home base for one week. Music from ten. Dining. No music on Sundays or Mondays.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas is a place where women are women and men wear Bermuda shorts all summer; the Lone Star is an authentic (despite its Yankee locale) Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country, and runs from about nine-fifteen until three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** and **SLAM STEWART** form a guitar-bass duo, with Mr. Pizzarelli playing hot chord solos and Mr. Stewart hamming it up, bowing his bass, and singing. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; and Saturdays at eleven-thirty and one. Dining.

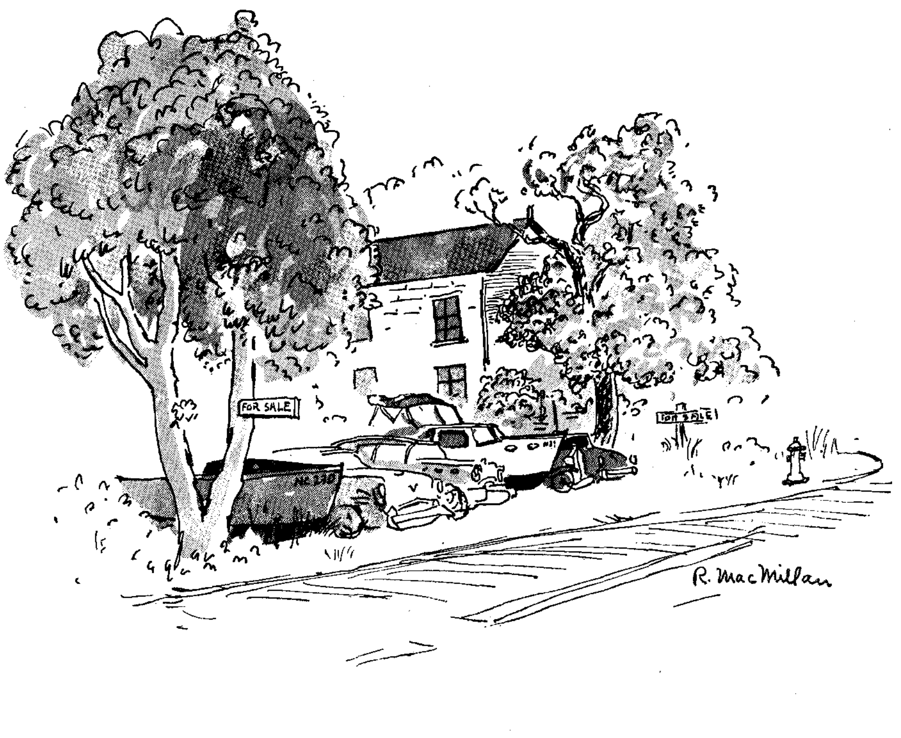
MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. The lineup: Fast Floyd & the Famous Firebirds, the Squirrels, and D.C. 10's, on Wednesday, Aug. 8; John Otway and the Billies, on Thursday, Aug. 9; Cheap Perfume and Flirt, on Friday, Aug. 10; Model Citizens and Polyrock, on Saturday, Aug. 11; Wild & Trendy Few, Tickets, and Roni & the Jitters, on Sunday, Aug. 12; Jill Kroesan and a movie, on Monday, Aug. 13; Spaces, Coolies, and Militia, on Tuesday, Aug. 14. Music after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JAY MCSHANN** no longer leads a Kansas City big band but, instead, plays Kansas City—i.e., blues—piano. He's here Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A little neighborhood place that brings in jazz, blues, funk, and disco musicians. Noel Pointer, a rhapsodic electric R. & B. violinist, will perform with his quartet Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 9-11. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE,** who worked with King Oliver a season or two ago and who is about to pounce on his eightieth year. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Singer and guitarist Robert Hunter will be here with his band on Friday and Saturday,



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Aug. 10-11; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 14-15, second-generation Brubecks Chris, Darius, and Dan will perform with their band; and on Thursday, Aug. 16, Jeff Lorber's jazz-rock band will move in for three nights. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room. Bob January, his band, and vocalist **BARBARA LEA** make the music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The black-and-white-tiled stage of this famous seventies cabaret is claimed Thursdays through Saturdays by Barbara Cook, who sings at nine and eleven-thirty. On Saturday, Aug. 11, Miss Cook will be absent, and singer Anne Marie Moss and guitarist Jackie Paris will fill in for her. Sunday through Wednesday, Aug. 12-15, at nine, Josh Logan (that's right: the movie director) will be singing here. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. Dry Jack, a Kansas City-based jazz-rock band, performs Wednesday, Aug. 8; Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 9-12, will belong to trumpeter Tom Browne's sextet; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 14-15, saxophonist Sam Morrison will lead his quintet; and on Thursday, Aug. 16, guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER** will begin a three-night stint. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton Center, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In a lounge called the French Quarter, one will find the Jazz à Cordes, a quintet that specializes in hot jazz from the thirties, in performance after nine nightly, except Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS** and his quartet—saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN,** drummer **STEVE MCCALL,** and bassist **LEONARD JONES**—are on hand through Saturday, Aug. 11. On Sunday and Monday, Aug. 12-13, pianist **JOHN HICKS,** saxophonist **HAROLD VICK,** bassist **WALTER BOOKER,** and drummer **JIMMY COBB** will work together; and on Tuesday, Aug. 14, **TOM HARRELL,** a fine young trumpeter, will bring in a quintet. Music from about ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup. Alto saxophonist Monty Waters and his quartet work on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 8-9; and on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11, saxophonist **RON BRIDGEWATER'S** quintet will be present. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—This recently remodelled club is lately bringing in a lot of blues players. Rhythm-and-blues weirdie **SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS** will perform on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 16-18, Louisiana bluesman **ROBERT PETE WILLIAMS** will make a rare New York appearance. Shows at nine and eleven Sundays through Thursdays; at nine, eleven, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—This place is primarily a showcase for unestablished rock bands, but sometimes established performers make their way onto the stage, too. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Music every night but Sunday, usually after eleven.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the large downstairs room, funk expert and tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine leads his quintet through Sunday, Aug. 12; on Thursday and Friday, Aug. 16-17, rock singer Suzy Quatro will be onstage; and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 18-19, have been reserved for guitarist **LARRY CORYELL.** Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work in the sidewalk lounge on Tuesdays from nine.

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Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** heads up a quartet through Sunday, Aug. 12; on Tuesday, Aug. 14, guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** will come in with a trio. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Most of the patrons of this comfortable bar and soul-food restaurant make a special point of coming—they don't just stroll by and decide to drop in. After all, this isn't a Village club, which thrives on a casual passerby clientele; this is a dark, gloomy, out-of-the-way (unless one is a trucker or in the slaughterhouse business) corner. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Harris Simon. Music from eight to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Columbia's off-campus survey of swing music. Trumpeter Franc Williams' Swing Four perform through Friday, Aug. 10; Saturday through Wednesday, Aug. 11-15, saxophonist **BENNY WATERS** will work with a quartet; and on Thursday, Aug. 16, trumpeter Ed Lewis, saxophonist Harold Cumberbatch, pianist Gil Coggins, and their quintet will take over. Things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

B. J. Thomas—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Aug. 9, at 8.

Neil Young & Crazy Horse—In a film called "Rust Never Sleeps." (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 15-16, at 8 and 10:30; and Friday through Sunday, Aug. 17-19, at 7:30, 9:50, and midnight. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

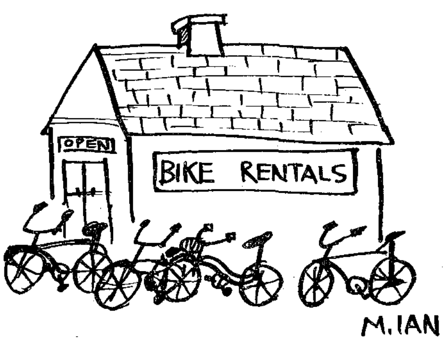
GALLERIES

James Collins—Huge color photographs of interiors, set up as murals for other interiors, by an English-born artist who left his easel for a camera. Through Wednesday, Aug. 15. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—This artist's distinctive, incisive line is seen at its best in the thirty drawings and watercolors in this exhibit, and especially in his portrayal of yachts gliding along in the distance under a towering Cubist arrangement of sail. Through Sept. 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1.)

Alan Finkel—A structure, twelve feet in diameter, loosely based on the shape of a birdcage. The sound coming from the work is the song of a nightingale, and the whole endeavor is a tribute to Jenny Lind, who performed on the site in 1850. Through Sunday, Aug. 12. (Castle Clinton, Battery Park. Open daily until 4:30.)

Michael Heizer—A disc of pink Laurentian granite, fourteen feet in diameter and twenty inches thick, and four lesser discs cut into segments—eleven pieces in all, commissioned by the late Thomas Hess for the Metropolitan Museum—are being shown on the plaza in front of the Seagram Building, Park Avenue at Fifty-second Street.



Linda Howard—"Maya," a sixteen-and-a-half-foot, thousand-pound brushed-aluminum sculpture, is on display in City Hall Park until Sept. 28.

Vanessa James—Costumes created from discarded and recycled materials without the use of needle and thread. The exhibit, which also includes photos, sketches, and drawings, documents the preparation of these costumes for a recent theatrical production. Through Aug. 24. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Mary Petty (1899-1976)—Twenty-six watercolors that became *New Yorker* covers and were bequeathed by the artist to Syracuse University. Through Sept. 10. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St.)

Eric Staller—A dazzling (literally) installation of tiny green Christmas-tree lights (eight hundred strings of them) arranged in patterns dictated by the striations of the building's walls. Through Friday, Aug. 17. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Works on paper from his entire career: watercolors, gouaches, drawings, and prints. Through Sunday, Aug. 12. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6. A larger retrospective is currently at the Guggenheim Museum.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: A scallop shell eight feet tall, made of laminated mahogany, a lifelike marble robe hanging on a rack, and a gigantic mahogany bug, all by Peter Robbie, dominate this show, which also offers large oils that look like abstract needlepoint by Mark Schlesinger, and colorful abstract collages on rice paper by Catharine Warren. Through Aug. 31. . . . **DROLL-KOLBERT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A summery exhibition of paintings and constructions, including a screen painted with a panorama of Martha's Vineyard by Susan Crile; pastels with American Indian motifs by a New Mexico artist named Jane Quick-to-See Smith; and a colored-pencil drawing incorporating figures taken from Matisse and Picasso by Jane Kaplowitz. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.). . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: A summer show, revised every two weeks, in which all the works, most of them by gallery artists, must be on paper and must measure at least thirty by forty inches. Through Friday, Aug. 17. . . . **SEAPORT GALLERY,** 215 Water St.: A show of cityscapes, in prints and photographs, from the twenties and thirties, by Louis Lozowick, Berenice Abbott, Max Weber, and others. Through Aug. 19. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Many galleries are closed for the summer. Some of those that are open show, often on a rotating basis, works by their own artists. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **BORGENICHT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 2.). . . **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway. . . . **GIMPEL,** 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway. . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St. . . . **KNOWLTON,** 19 E. 71st St. (Open Mondays through Thursdays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 29 W. 57th St.

Sculpture—Seven sculptors are represented in the summer show here, among them Harold Tovish and Joan Danziger. Through Friday, Aug. 17. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Larry Fink—The Museum of Modern Art has a show of his black-and-white photographs of social gatherings in New York City and rural Pennsylvania. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

David Plowden / Marion Post Wolcott—American landscapes: row houses in Massachusetts, wheat fields in Montana, a bridge reflected in the Susquehanna River. / Farm Security Administration photographs, together with color prints made in California in the sixties and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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seventies. Through Friday, Aug. 17. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Van DerZee—Studio portraits of women dating from 1925 to 1945. Through Aug. 24. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **brooklyn museum**, Eastern Parkway: More than a hundred photographs from the museum's collection—Abbott, Erwitt, Hine, Genthe, Weston, and others. Through Sept. 3. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.). . . **french embassy**, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.: "Six Looks" is the title of an exhibit of photographs of the Paris cultural center, Beaubourg, by Robert Doisneau, Martine Franck, Marc Riboud, and three others. Through Aug. 31. . . . **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A historical survey (1839 to the present) of Polish photography. Through Sept. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.). . . **light**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works by four New York State photographers. Through Aug. 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **seagram building**, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St. (fourth floor): Thirty-seven photographs, including Steichen's "Sunday Night on 40th Street" and Ben Shahn's "Linworth, Ohio." Through Sept. 7. (Closes at 4.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Treasures from the Kremlin," an exhibit of about a hundred objects made by Russian craftsmen from the twelfth century to the twentieth. Among the works are icons, arms and armor, and coronation regalia; one highlight is Fabergé's fourteen-inch-high stylized representation of the Kremlin in gold, silver, and enamel. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ A sampling of major twentieth-century art movements can be seen in a show of eighty-five paintings and sculptures on loan (mostly) from private New York collections. Among the works: Picasso's "Bather," Brancusi's "Kiss," and an untitled painting by Nabil Nahas. Among the collectors are Ethel Redner Scull, Clement Greenberg, and Christophe de Menil. Through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Eighty European landscape drawings, spanning five centuries, from the Lehman Collection. Through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ About fifty Old Master and modern prints from the museum's collection, by Callot, Tiepolo, Redon, and others. Through Aug. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Not all the galleries are open all the time during the summer, but in general the hours are Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The museum's Department of Architecture and Design has recently acquired a number of objects, including a pitcher and tureen and ladle by the nineteenth-century English designer Christopher Dresser; a hanging lamp by Louis Tiffany (made for his own dining room); a folding screen composed of black lacquer plaques by Eileen Gray; and lamps by Isamu Noguchi. Through Sept. 30. . . . **photography:** Black-and-white prints by Larry Fink. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.). . . **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts Fridays and Saturdays at 8: dance, jazz, new music, and so forth.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Rufino Tamayo. (Also on view are some pre-Columbian and popular Mexican works that served as inspiration to him.) Through Sunday, Aug. 12. A complementary show is at the Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings by artists who worked in France in the first half of this century, among them Matisse, Gris, Villon and Picabia. Through Sunday, Aug. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A survey of the sculptures of George Segal, ranging from early life-size white-plaster figures to the more recent solid-color pieces. Also early pastels. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ "The Decade in Review: Selections from the 1970's," a show of some of the paintings, sculptures, photographs, and works on paper that were added to the collections in the seventies. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ A bequest of Reginald Marsh works has provided a show of early paintings not previously exhibited and of works on paper, including some done in Chinese inks. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of paintings and drawings by seven Israeli artists. Through Sept. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

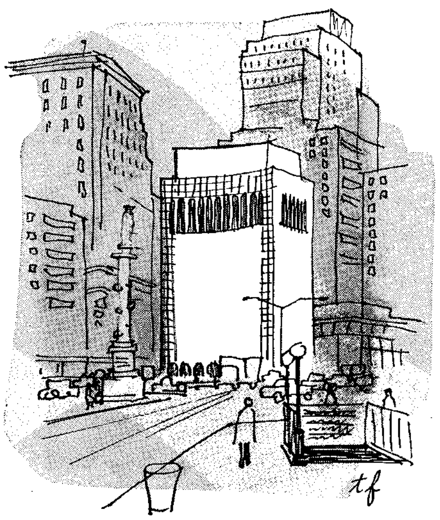
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—In the Hall of Late Dinosaurs, an exact polyester-resin-and-fibreglass replica of the museum's triceratops skeleton is being assembled, and the skeleton itself, dismantled for the reproduction, is being reassembled. (Open daily, 10 to 5, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century textiles from the Indonesian archipelago. These multicolored fabrics, many of which carry designs unique to the island where the cloth was made, functioned as ceremonial cloths, wearing apparel, and decoration. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of architectural drawings by Alvar Aalto (1898-1976), along with furniture, glassware, fabrics, and other articles designed by him. Through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ "Fantastic Illustration and Design in Britain, 1850-1930," a loan show of book illustrations (Rossetti, Beardsley, Arthur Rackham, Beatrix Potter), interspersed with decorative objects of the period, including a christening set (a silver cup, knife, fork, and spoon), which Kate Greenaway adapted from her illustrations for "Under the Window." Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A display of more than a hundred and thirty unorthodox books made in the last ten years or so by artists using such processes as offset lithography and Xerox reproduction. Included (as a sort of progenitor) is Marcel Duchamp's 1934 pile of lithographed notes spread in a box; among other practitioners are Edward Ruscha, Carl Andre, Sol LeWitt, Don Celender, and Dieter Rot. Through Aug. 31. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of paintings and sculptures—with motifs based on Jewish mysticism—by David Aronson. Further works, these taken from New Testament subjects, are at the National Academy of Design (see listing below). Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)



Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of Hawaiian quilts. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of close to eighty paintings of the American West in the nineteenth century and the twentieth by George Catlin, Frederic Remington, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Fritz Scholder. Through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Nineteen paintings by David Aronson. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Duke Ellington's career as seen in some of his original scores, manuscripts, sheet music, records, photographs, posters, and personal memorabilia, including notations jotted down on menus and paper towels. Through Saturday, Aug. 18. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A six-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 8: Raymond Leppard directing the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in a performance of Mozart's opera "La Clemenza di Tito" in concert form, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson and Kathryn Bouleyn, sopranos; Claudine Carlson and Evelyn Petros, mezzo-sopranos; David Kuebler, tenor; and John Cheek, bass. (No pre-concert recital.). . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 9: A chamber-music program with Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Alvin Brehm, double bass; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Joseph Kalichstein, piano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11: David Zinman conducting the orchestra, with Aleksander Slobodyanik, piano, and Cho-liang Lin, violin. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 13, and Wednesday, Aug. 15: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting a varied program, with Horacio Gutierrez, piano, and Nathaniel Rosen, cello. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 14: The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, with Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Mr. Brehm; and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 16: A chamber-music program with the Tokyo String Quartet, and Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18: James Conlon conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Ax, and Barry Tuckwell, horn. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 25.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Gunther Schuller conducting the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra in a Varèse-Stockhausen program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 10, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 10, at 9: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in a Bartók-Brahms program, with Peter Serkin, piano, and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in a Bartók-Ravel program, with the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 12, at 2:30: Kazuhiro Koizumi conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 14, at 7: Jimmy Buffett and the Pousette-Dart Band. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: The Concord String Quartet in an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 17, at 2: The Annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the student departments of the Berkshire Music Center and a concert (at 9) by the Boston Symphony and the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra, conducted by Seiji Ozawa and Gunther Schuller, respectively. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18, at 9: Joseph Silverstein conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 19, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in a performance of Berlioz' dramatic legend "The Damnation of Faust," with Julia Varady, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Paul Plishka, baritone; Douglas Lawrence, bass; and the Boston Boys Choir. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances by the Philadelphia Orchestra of a three-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 25—Wednesday, Aug. 8: Eugene Ormandy conducting a varied program, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 9: Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," with Faye Robinson and Doralene Davis, sopranos; John Aler, tenor; Justino Díaz, bass; Alan Wagner, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 10: Leonard Slatkin conducting a varied program, with Nathaniel Rosen, cello, and Elmar Oliveira, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11: Eric Knight conducting a program of Broadway medleys, with Ethel Merman. . . . [**NOTE:** Special concerts will be given by Tex Beneke, Helen O'Connell, and Bob Eberly, "Sounds of the Summer of '42," on Sunday, Aug. 12; by Gordon Lightfoot on Monday, Aug. 13; and by Dolly Parton on Tuesday, Aug. 14.] . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 15: Aaron Copland conducting a program that includes two of his own works, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 16: Robert Shaw directing a performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; John Stewart, tenor; Donald Gramm, baritone, and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 17: William Smith conducting a varied program, with Susan Starr, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18: Franz Allers directing a program of music by Gilbert and Sullivan, with Janice Hall, soprano; James Billings, baritone; John Walker, tenor; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Through Monday, Sept. 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, with Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Barry Tuckwell, horn; and others. The final concert of the season. (Katonah, N.Y. Sunday, Aug. 12, at 5:30. For information about tickets, call 914 232-4206.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 11: Ohio Ballet. Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 14-18: Nikolais Dance Theatre. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 8-9, at 8. . . . ¶ Texas, Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 13-15, at 8. . . . ¶ Minnesota, Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 16-18, at 8. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, Aug. 8, at 2:05, and Thursday, Aug. 9, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Montreal, Friday, Aug. 10, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, Aug. 11, at 2:05; and Sunday, Aug. 12, at 1:05 (doubleheader).

Professional Football—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Friday, Aug. 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Giants vs. San Diego Chargers, Saturday, Aug. 18, at 8.

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 16-19.)

Racing—At **SARATOGA:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 27. The Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 11; the Bernard Baruch Handicap, Sunday, Aug. 12; and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 18. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 22. The Matchmaker, Friday, Aug. 10. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 3. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 11. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.) . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Daily at 1; through Saturday, Aug. 11.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Tampa Bay, Wednesday, Aug. 8, at 9. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Washington, Sunday, Aug. 12, at 7:30. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 22. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **OTHELLO,** with Raúl Juliá and Richard Dreyfuss. The second of two plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks. Andre Kostelanetz is conducting the first in a series of four peripatetic programs: **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW,** Wednesday, Aug. 8, at 8:30. . . . **VAN CORTLANDT PARK,** Bronx, Friday, Aug. 10, at 8:30. . . . **CROCHERON PARK,** Queens, Saturday, Aug. 11, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta will conduct the second (Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Leona Mitchell, soprano; Jennifer Jones, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; and Paul Plishka, bass-baritone) program: **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW,** Tuesday, Aug. 14, at 8:30. . . . **CUNNINGHAM PARK,** Queens, Friday, Aug. 17, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta will also conduct the third (Mahler's Fifth Symphony) program: **BOTANICAL GARDEN,** Bronx, Thursday, Aug. 16, at 8:30.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and/or Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in the last in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 8-10, and Sunday, Aug. 12, at 8.)

Washington Square Park—Henry Schuman conducting the Festival Band, with Linda Seay, soprano, in the last in a series of concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 14, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

Wollman Rink—The Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival. Friday, Aug. 10, at 6:30: Talking Heads. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11, at 6:30: Patti Smith Group. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 13, at 6:30: McGuinn, Clark & Hillman and Henry Paul Band. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 15, at 5:30: David Bromberg. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 17, at 6:30: Peter Tosh. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18, at 6:30: Chuck Mangione. (Through Saturday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—Opening performances of a three-week festival of jazz, dance, chamber music, cabaret, country music, Hispanic specials, musical comedy, and street theatre. **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA:** A preview by a number of the participating artists will be presented Tuesday, Aug. 14, at noon. . . . ¶ The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Tuesday, Aug. 14, at 6. . . . ¶ The Green Grass Cloggers and the Hot Mud Family, Wednesday, Aug. 15, at noon. . . . ¶ Mike Esposito & the Lost World String Band and the Hot Mud Family, with Mr. Spoons, Wednesday, Aug. 15, at 6. . . . ¶ The Billy Taylor Trio, Thursday, Aug. 16, at noon. . . . ¶ Elizabeth Brown and Richard Myron, Friday, Aug. 17, at 6. . . . **DAMROSCH PARK:** Joe Val & the New England Bluegrass Boys, with Tex Logan; the Hot Mud Family; the Green Grass Cloggers; and Mike Esposito & the Lost World String Band, with Mr. Spoons, Wednesday, Aug. 15, at 8. . . . ¶ Rod and Randy Miller & Friends, the Backwoods Band, and Chip Henderson, Thursday, Aug. 16, at 8. . . . ¶ Pearl Primus and Company, Saturday, Aug. 18, at 8.

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **THE MUSIC MAN,** with Don Stewart. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Perseid Meteor Showers—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best night for watching is Sunday, Aug. 12, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all cooperative, as many as forty to sixty meteors an hour may be visible.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers except for workday rush hours. The park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

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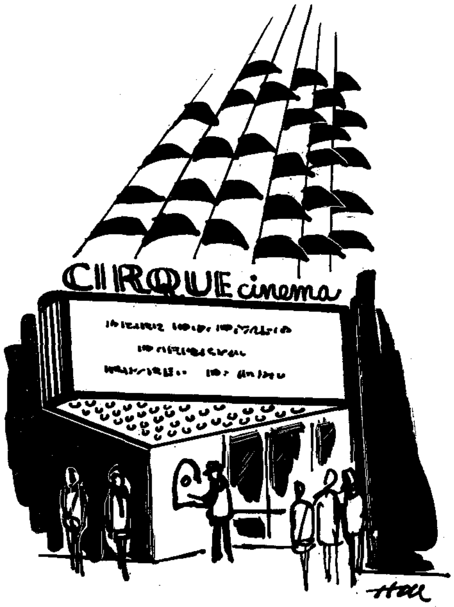
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 14. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Witches." (No showings on Monday, Aug. 13.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Aug. 9: "Outrageous!"
Aug. 10-16: To be announced.
From Aug. 17: "Moonraker."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 9: "Jaws" and "The Deep."
Aug. 10-16: "Meatballs" and "Heaven Can Wait."
From Aug. 17: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Rocky II."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Aug. 16: "Moonraker."
From Aug. 17: "The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Aug. 16: "The In-Laws."
From Aug. 17: "More American Graffiti."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"North Dallas Forty."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 9: "Moonraker."
From Aug. 10: "Americathon."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Aug. 16: "The Concorde–Airport '79."
From Aug. 17: "More American Graffiti."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Escape from Alcatraz."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Till Marriage Do Us Part."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Aug. 16: "Manhattan."
From Aug. 17: "Rich Kids."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Breaking Away."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Aug. 9: "The Dance of Death."
From Aug. 10: "Harold and Maude."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through Aug. 16: "The Frisco Kid."
From Aug. 17: "Life of Brian."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through Aug. 16: "The Kids Are Alright."
From Aug. 17: "Orchestra Rehearsal."

Gemini I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Aug. 9: "The Muppet Movie."
From Aug. 10: "Sunburn."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Aug. 16: "Moonraker."
From Aug. 17: "The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Aug. 16: "The In-Laws."
From Aug. 17: "Soldier of Orange."

Loews New York I, 2nd Ave. at 67th (744-7339)
"Rocky II."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Meatballs."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Aug. 9: "Bloodline."
From Aug. 10: "Hot Stuff."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Aug. 9: "Saint Jack."
Aug. 10-16: "A Little Romance."
From Aug. 17: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"The In-Laws."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Muppet Movie."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"North Dallas Forty."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Amityville Horror."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Moonraker."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Concorde–Airport '79."
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 9: "The Wanderers." From Aug. 10: "Americathon."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Muppet Movie."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Rock 'n Roll High School."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Amityville Horror."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Nighthawks."
Theatre 2: "The In-Laws."
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 14: "A Little Romance." From Aug. 15: "Manhattan."
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 9: "Down and Dirty." From Aug. 10: "Americathon."

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Wednesdays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 10: "I Want to Live!"
Aug. 11-12: "Some Like It Hot."
Aug. 13-14: Theatre closed.
Aug. 15-17: "The Fallen Idol."
From Aug. 18: "Wuthering Heights."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Aug. 9: "101 Dalmatians."
From Aug. 10: "Sunburn."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Aug. 14: "Dracula." (No evening perfomances on Friday, Aug. 10.)
From Aug. 15: "Apocalypse Now."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Aug. 16: "The Muppet Movie."
From Aug. 17: "Manhattan."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Peppermint Soda."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Aug. 16: "Manhattan."
From Aug. 17: "The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Why Not!"

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Meetings with Remarkable Men."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Aug. 9: "The In-Laws."
From Aug. 10: "Americathon."

Cinema Studio I, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Tree of Wooden Clogs."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"El Super."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Aug. 16 (tentative): "Norma Rae."
From Aug. 17: "The Frisco Kid."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Amityville Horror."
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 9: "The Groove Tube" and "The Kentucky Fried Movie." From Aug. 10: "Moonraker."
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 14: "A Little Romance." From Aug. 15: "Manhattan."
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 9: "The Wanderers." From Aug. 10: "Meatballs."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"The Muppet Movie."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 9: "Jaws" and "Buck Rogers and the 25th Century."
Aug. 10-16: "Meatballs" and "Foul Play."
From Aug. 17: "The Main Event" and "Agatha."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Alien."

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Aug. 9: "The Main Event." (†)
From Aug. 10: "Sunburn." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The In-Laws." (†)
Theatre 3: "Bloodline." (†)
Theatre 4: "The Groove Tube" (†) and "The Kentucky Fried Movie." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Escape from Alcatraz." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Aug. 9: "The Wanderers." (†)
Aug. 10-14: "Meatballs." (†)
From Aug. 15: "Star Wars."

Loews State I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"North Dallas Forty." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Aug. 9: "Meatballs." (†)
From Aug. 10: "Hot Stuff." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Moonraker." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"The Concorde–Airport '79." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Rocky II." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Amityville Horror." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Good Guys Wear Black."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 8: "The Shanghai Gesture" (1941), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Gene Tierney, Victor Mature, Ona Munson, and Walter Huston; and "Foolish Wives" (1921), a silent film, directed by Erich von Stroheim, with Mae Busch, Maude George, Miss Dupont, and von Stroheim himself.
Aug. 9: "El" (1952; "This Strange Passion"), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Arturo de Cordova; and "The Young One" (1960), directed by Luis Buñuel, with Zachary Scott, Bernie Hamilton, and Key Meersman.
Aug. 10: "Femmes Fatales" (1976; "Calmos"), in French, directed by Bertrand Blier, with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Jean Rochefort, and Brigitte Fossey; and "Immoral Tales" (1976), in French, directed by Walerian Borowczyk.
Aug. 11: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima, with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji.
Aug. 12: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn; and "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair.
Aug. 13: "Renaldo & Clara." (†)
Aug. 14: "Snow Country" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Shiro Toyoda; and "The Sound of Waves" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Senkichi Taniguchi.
Aug. 15: "Design for Living" (1933), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper; and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (1933), directed by Frank Capra, with

Barbara Stanwyck, Nils Asther, Gavin Gordon, and Walter Connolly.

Aug. 16: "Emmanuelle" (1974), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin, with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "The Lickerish Quartet" (1970), directed by Radley Metzger, with Silvana Venturelli.

Aug. 17: "Carnal Knowledge" (1971), directed by Mike Nichols, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret; and "The Graduate" (1967), directed by Mike Nichols, with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross.

Aug. 18: "Fellini's Casanova" (1977), directed by Fellini, with Donald Sutherland.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Aug. 8: "The Public Enemy" (1931), directed by William Wellman, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke; and "White Heat" (1949) directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, and Margaret Wycherly.

Aug. 9: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953), directed by Howard Hawks, with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

Aug. 10: "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson.

Aug. 11: "Auntie Mame" (1958), directed by Morton da Costa, with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne; and "You're a Big Boy Now" (1967), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Peter Kastner, Elizabeth Hartman, Geraldine Page, Rip Torn, and Julie Harris.

Aug. 12: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (†); and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.

Aug. 13: "Rouge et Noir" (†) and "The Gambler." (†)

Aug. 14: "The Rose Tattoo" (1955), directed by Daniel Mann, with Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster, Marisa Pavan, Ben Cooper, and Jo Van Fleet; and "Summer and Smoke" (1961), directed by Peter Glenville, with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, and Una Merkel.

Aug. 15: "Kanchenjungha" (†) and "Charulata." (†)

Aug. 16: "The Prince and the Showgirl" (†) and "Clash by Night." (†)

Aug. 17: "Metropolis" (†); and "Modern Times" (1936), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Henry Bergman.

Aug. 18: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "Sullivan's Travels" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Aug. 9: "Some of My Best Friends Are . . ." (1971), directed by Mervyn Nelson, with Candy Darling, Fannie Flagg, and Carleton Carpenter; and "The Christine Jorgensen Story" (1970), directed by Irving Rapper, with John Hansen.

Aug. 10-11: "Blazing Saddles" (1974), directed by Mel Brooks, with Cleavon Little, Gene Wilder, and Madeline Kahn; and "The Twelve Chairs" (1970), directed by Mel Brooks, with Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, and Ron Moody.

Aug. 12-13: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini; and "The Night Porter." (†)

Aug. 14: "Lipstick" (1976), directed by Lamont Johnson, with Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977), directed by Richard Brooks, with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere.

Aug. 15-16: "In Praise of Older Women" (1979), directed by George Kaczender, with Karen Black, Susan Strasberg, and Tom Berenger; and "Moment by Moment" (1978), directed by Jane Wagner, with Lily Tomlin and John Travolta.

Aug. 17-18: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 8: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "The Loved One" (1965), directed by Tony Richardson, with Robert Morse and Jonathan Winters.

Aug. 9-11: "Private Lives" (1931), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Reginald Denny; and "Marie Antoinette" (1938), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power, Robert Morley, and John Barrymore.

Aug. 12-14: "Dancing Lady" (†); and "Born to Dance" (1936), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Eleanor Powell, James Stewart, and Buddy Ebsen.

Aug. 15-18: "Pat and Mike" (†); and "Song of the Thin Man" (1947), directed by Edward Buzzell, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, Keenan Wynn, Dean Stockwell, and Phillip Reed.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 8: "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Claude Laydu; and "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (1966), in French, directed by Robert Bresson.

Aug. 9: "Lucia" (1974), in Spanish, directed by Humberto Solas.

Aug. 10-11: "The National Health" (1975), directed by Jack Gold, with Lynn Redgrave and Colin Blakely; and "No Sex Please, We're British" (1973), directed by Cliff Owen, with Beryl Reid and Arthur Lowe.

Aug. 12: "3 Women" (1977), directed by Robert Altman, with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule; and "Ginger in the Morning" (1973), directed by Gordon Wiles, with Sissy Spacek, Monte Markham, and Slim Pickens.

Aug. 13: "Now, Voyager" (†) and "The Enchanted Cottage." (†)

Aug. 14: A program of short films dealing with black jazz performers, including Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, and Bill Robinson.

Aug. 15: "Children of Paradise" (1945; "Les Enfants du Paradis"), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès.

Aug. 16: "La Guerre Est Finie" (†) and "Last Year at Marienbad." (†)

Aug. 17-18: "Assault on Precinct 13" (1976), directed by John Carpenter, with Austin Stoker and Darwin Joston; and "Fear" (1956), directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Ingrid Bergman.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Aug. 9: "The King and I" (1956), directed by Walter Lang, with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner; and "Anastasia" (1956), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, and Helen Hayes.

Aug. 10-11: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

Aug. 12-13: "That's Entertainment!" (1974) and "That's Entertainment, Part 2" (1976). Both films contain excerpts from M-G-M films—musicals, dramas, and comedies.

Aug. 14: "To Kill a Mockingbird" (1963), directed by Robert Mulligan, with Gregory Peck, Mary Badham, Philip Alford, Brock Peters, and Robert Duvall; and "Arabesque" (1966), directed by Stanley Donen, with Gregory Peck and Sophia Loren.

Aug. 15: "The Chinese Cat" (1944) and "The Scarlet Clue" (1945), both directed by Phil Rosen, with Sidney Toler as the detective, Charlie Chan.

Aug. 16: "One Way Passage" (1932), directed by Tay Garnett, with William Powell, Kay Francis, and Aline MacMahon; and "Jewel Robbery" (1932), directed by William Dietrich, with William Powell and Kay Francis.

Aug. 17: "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, and Joseph Cotten; and "The Trial" (1963), directed by Orson Welles,

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with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles.

From Aug. 18: “Unfaithfully Yours (†) and “The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend.” (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 9 at 2:30: “Invasion of the Saucer-Men” (1957), directed by Edward L. Cahn, with Frank Gorshin, Steve Terrell, Gloria Castillo, and Raymond Hatton; and “I Was a Teenage Werewolf” (1957), directed by Gene Fowler, Jr., with Michael Landon.... ¶ Aug. 9 at 6: “Chastity” (1969), directed by Alessio de Paola, with Cher; not recommended for children.... ¶ Aug. 9 at 8:30: “Heavy Traffic” (1973), directed by Ralph Bakshi, an animated feature with live-action sequences; not recommended for children.... ¶ Aug. 10 at 2:30: “Born Losers” (1967), directed by T. C. Frank, with Tom Laughlin; not recommended for children.... ¶ Aug. 10 at 6: A program of films made before 1900. ... ¶ Aug. 11 at noon: “House of Usher” (1960), directed by Roger Corman, with Vincent Price, Mark Damon, and Myrna Fahey. ... ¶ Aug. 11 at 2:30: “Cooley High” (1975), directed by Michael Schultz, with Flynn Turman, Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs, and Cynthia Davis.... ¶ Aug. 11 at 5: “Black Caesar” (1973), directed by Larry Cohen, with Fred Williamson, Phillip Roye, and Gloria Hendry; not recommended for children.... ¶ Aug. 12 at noon: “House of Usher.”... ¶ Aug. 12 at 2:30: “A Matter of Time” (1976), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Liza Minnelli, Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer, and Tina Aumont.... ¶ Aug. 12 at 5: “The Black Watch” (1929), directed by John Ford, with Myrna Loy and Victor McLaglen.... ¶ Aug. 13 at noon: “Chess Fever” (1925), a Russian silent film, directed by V. Pudovkin; and excerpts from “Kino Pravda” (1922), a Russian silent film, directed by D. Vertov.... ¶ Aug. 13 at 2:30: “The Wild Angels” (1966), directed by Roger Corman, with Peter Fonda, Nancy Sinatra, and Bruce Dern; not recommended for children.... ¶ Aug. 13 at 6: “Tales of Terror” (1962), directed by Roger Corman, with Vincent Price, Peter Lorre, Basil Rathbone, and Debra Paget; and “The Comedy of Terrors” (1963), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Vincent Price, Peter Lorre, Boris Karloff, Basil Rathbone, and Joe E. Brown.... ¶ Aug. 14 at noon: “Chess Fever” and excerpts from “Kino Pravda.”... ¶ Aug. 14 at 2:30: “The Black Watch.”... ¶ Aug. 14 at 6 and Aug. 16 at 2:30: “The Trip” (1967), directed by Roger Corman, with Peter Fonda, Bruce Dern, Susan Strasberg, and Dennis Hopper; and “Psych-Out” (1968), directed by Richard Rush, with Susan Strasberg, Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Dean Stockwell.... ¶ Aug. 16 at 6: “Night Tide” (1963), directed by Curtis Harrington, with Dennis Hopper and Luana Anders.... ¶ Aug. 16 at 8:30: “The Unholy Rollers” (1972), directed by Vernon Zimmerman, with Claudia Jennings and Lois Quinn; not recommended for children.... ¶ Aug. 17 at 2:30: “Three in the Attic” (1968), directed by Richard Wilson, with Yvette Mimieux, Christopher Jones, and Judy Pace; not recommended for children.... ¶ Aug. 17 at 6: A program of eighteen films made in France between 1899 and 1912.... ¶ Aug. 18 at noon: “The Amazing Colossal Man” (1957), directed by Bert I. Gordon, with Glenn Langan and Cathy Downs.... ¶ Aug. 18 at 2:30: “Dillinger” (1973), directed by John Milius, with Warren Oates, Ben Johnson, Michelle Phillips, Cloris Leachman, and Richard Dreyfuss.... ¶ Aug. 18 at 5: “The Unholy Rollers.” (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Agatha—Vanessa Redgrave has a luminously loony quality as the distraught heroine of this fictional romantic mystery, which purports to be about the eleven days in 1926 when Agatha Christie, whose husband wanted a divorce so he could marry his mistress, took off for a Yorkshire spa, where she used the mistress’s name. Dustin Hoffman is furiously theatrical in the role of a preening star journalist from America who trails Agatha to the spa and falls in love with her. The movie has a general air of knowingness, and some of the incidental dialogue is clever, but it seems to be missing the scenes that would explain why it was made. With Timothy Dalton, who gives a strong, funny performance as the husband, exhausted by his wife’s high-powered sensitivity, and the curly-mouthed Helen Morse as a friendly woman who Agatha meets at the spa. Directed by Michael Apted; the script is credited to Kathleen Tynan and Arthur Hopcraft. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/26/79.) (Olympia; starting Aug. 17.)

Americathon—With Harvey Korman and John Ritter, directed by Neil Israel. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, and Paramount; starting Aug. 10.)

The Amityville Horror—With James Brolin, Margot Kidder, and Rod Steiger; directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Ciné, Greenwich, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

Apocalypse Now—With Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen; directed by Francis Coppola. (Ziegfeld; starting Aug. 15.)

The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend (1949)—It’s hard to believe that Preston Sturges wrote, produced, and directed this botched parody Western, but he was trying to recoup after the shattering critical and box-office failure of his most sophisticated slapstick comedy—the 1948 “Unfaithfully Yours”—and he seems to have lost his bearings totally. A hot-tempered barroom singer (Betty Grable) takes a shot at her rival for the affections of a cardsharp (Cesar Romero) and accidentally hits a judge (Porter Hall) in the rear end. She escapes from prison and goes to Snake City (populated with many of the Sturges regulars), where she pretends to be a schoolteacher named Hilda Swandumper. Sturges tries for the frantic comic atmosphere he got in “The Miracle of Morgan’s Creek,” but everything is mistimed and so appears to be broadly overplayed. The film was such a disaster that he was finished in Hollywood. His career as an American writer-director began and ended in the forties. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 18.)

Bloodline—Audrey Hepburn marries Ben Gazzara to secure her inherited position as a pharmaceutical magnate, but he may be the one who killed her father and is out to get her as well. The international cast of suspects also includes James Mason and Omar Sharif, as an adulterous Italian husband with bloodshot eyes. Directed by Terence Young, extracted from the novel by Sidney Sheldon. (7/16/79) (Embassy.... ¶ Loews Tower East; through Aug. 9.)

Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don’t know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the Indiana landscape, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Coronet.)

Buck Rogers in the 25th Century—With Gil Gerard, Pamela Hensley, and Erin Gray; directed by Daniel Haller. (Olympia; through Aug. 9.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Charulata (1964)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. His most nearly flawless film, apart from his great Apu trilogy. A flowing, opulent tale of love and restrained longing, set in the eighteen-seventies. A triumph of period comprehension, with an understanding of the Indian character that seems to light it from the inside. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 15.)

Clash by Night (1952)—This Fritz Lang version of a Clifford Odets melodrama about jealousy never quite comes together; the stylized Odets dialogue seems bizarrely out of place in the setting of a fishing village. But it’s a handsome black-and-white production, and though Barbara Stanwyck (as the adulteress) and Paul Douglas (as the betrayed husband) suffer rather too strenuously, Robert Ryan (as the wife’s lover, a projectionist in a movie theatre) is so intensely sexual that the film momentarily achieves real, even if stagy, power. And as a good-natured girl, full of animal life spirits, Marilyn Monroe is appealing in an unmannered style that’s very different from her later acting. With Keith Andes and J. Carrol Naish. Adapted by Alfred Hayes. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 16.)

The Concorde—Airport ’79—With Alain Delon, Susan Blakely, Robert Wagner, Sylvia Kristel, and George Kennedy; directed by David Lowell Rich. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli.... ¶ Sutton; through Aug. 16.)

The Dance of Death (1968)—This is a 1968 film of a British National Theatre production of August Strindberg’s play, written in 1901. Laurence Olivier and Geraldine McEwan play the antagonists in a long, bitter marriage. Plot complications and stage mechanics make the second half seem a waste of time, but the first half is worth seeing to watch Olivier at work in a proper part, and maybe for a couple of vampire allusions. (7/30/79) (D. W. Griffith; through Aug. 9.)

Dancing Lady (1933)—Fred Astaire’s first movie. Joan Crawford is a dancer with her mind on her work; Franchot Tone loves her but is filthy rich; Clark Gable ignores her but agrees she should carry on at becoming a star overnight. Vivid and fun. (Regency; Aug. 12-14.)

The Deep (1977)—From the Peter Benchley novel, with Robert Shaw, Jacqueline Bisset, and Nick Nolte; directed by Peter Yates. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 9.)

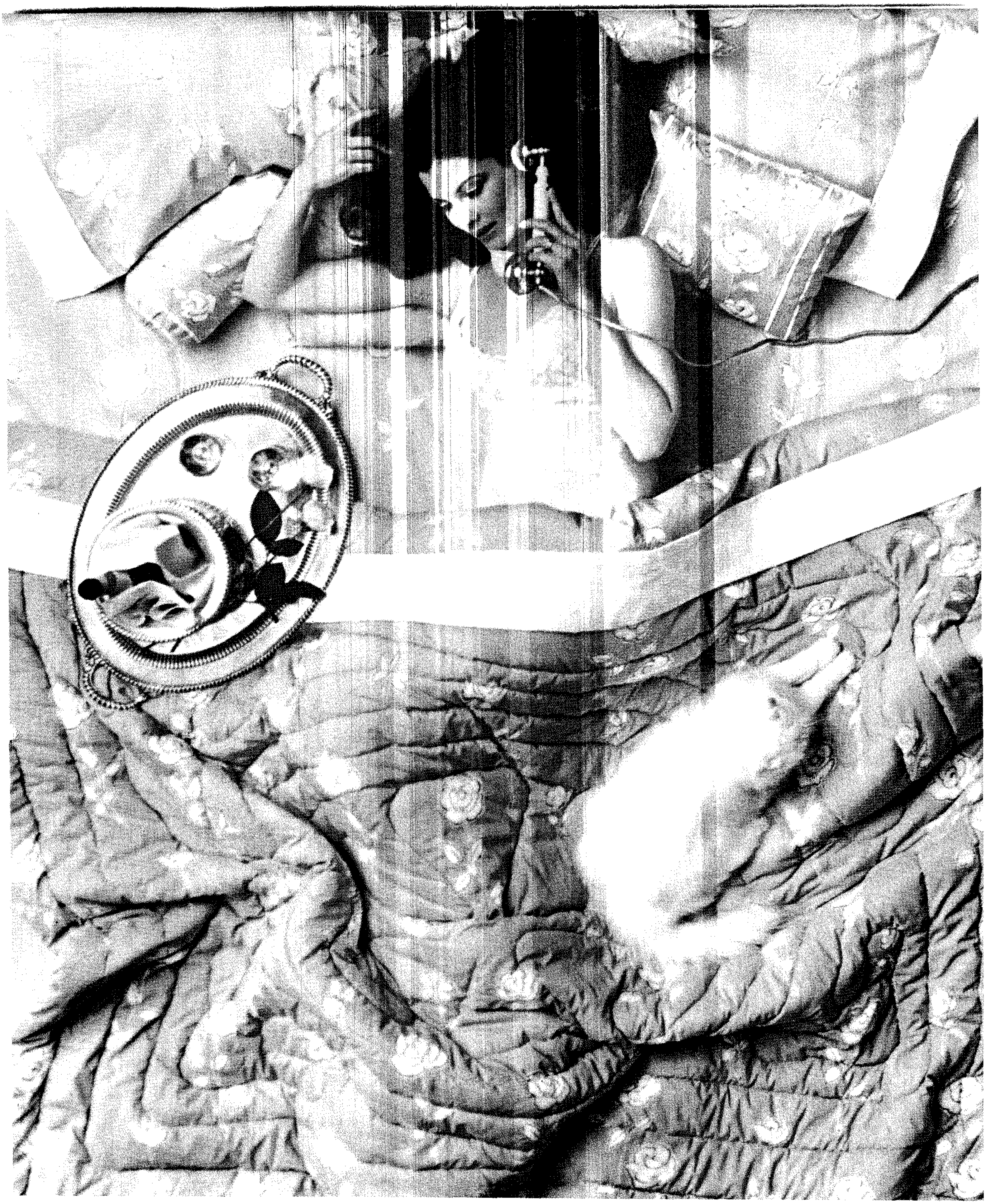
Down and Dirty—A bright hurly-burly of a movie about a vast family of shiftless no-goods living in poverty on the outskirts of Rome. Nino Manfredi is splendid as a drunken patriarch. The director is Ettore Scola. In Italian. (6/25/79) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 9.)

Dracula—A decorative, romantic variation on the legend, with roots in a 1927 play. Frank Langella offers a dashing characterization of the popular fiend, opposed in his drive to fulfill himself by Laurence Olivier, who politely plays straight as a Dutch doctor, and Donald Pleasence as the proprietor of a madhouse. Directed by John Badham (who did “Saturday Night Fever”) as a melodrama of light and darkness with the emphasis on atmosphere. (7/30/79) (Ziegfeld; through Aug. 14. No evening performances on Friday, Aug. 10.)

The Enchanted Cottage (1945)—A fantasy about a horribly scarred war veteran (Robert Young), hiding from the world, and a plainer-than-plain spinster (Dorothy McGuire), who are transformed by love and come to look miraculously beautiful to each other in their New England cottage. The DeWitt Bodeen and Herman J. Mankiewicz updating of the Pinero play was given the full solemnly sensitive treatment by the director, John Cromwell, which seems only to add to the painful ickiness of the material. The pathos and sloshy uplift can make one squirm with embarrassment mixed with anger. With Herbert Marshall as a blind composer who tries to explain the inexplicable, and Mildred Natwick, Spring Byington, and Hillary Brooke. (A 1924 silent version starred Richard Barthelmess.) (Thalia; Aug. 13.)

Escape from Alcatraz—Clint Eastwood leads the unprecedented breakout without wasting a word or a grimace. Similar efficiency in the skillful direction, by Don Siegel, sets the movie apart from flashier productions. (7/9/79) (Trans-Lux East, and Forum.)

The Fallen Idol (1949)—Carol Reed and Graham Greene collaborated on this tricky, highly original thriller. It’s about the muddled attempt of a small boy (Bobby Henrey), an ambassador’s son, to protect the butler (Ralph Richardson), whom he idolizes, from a charge



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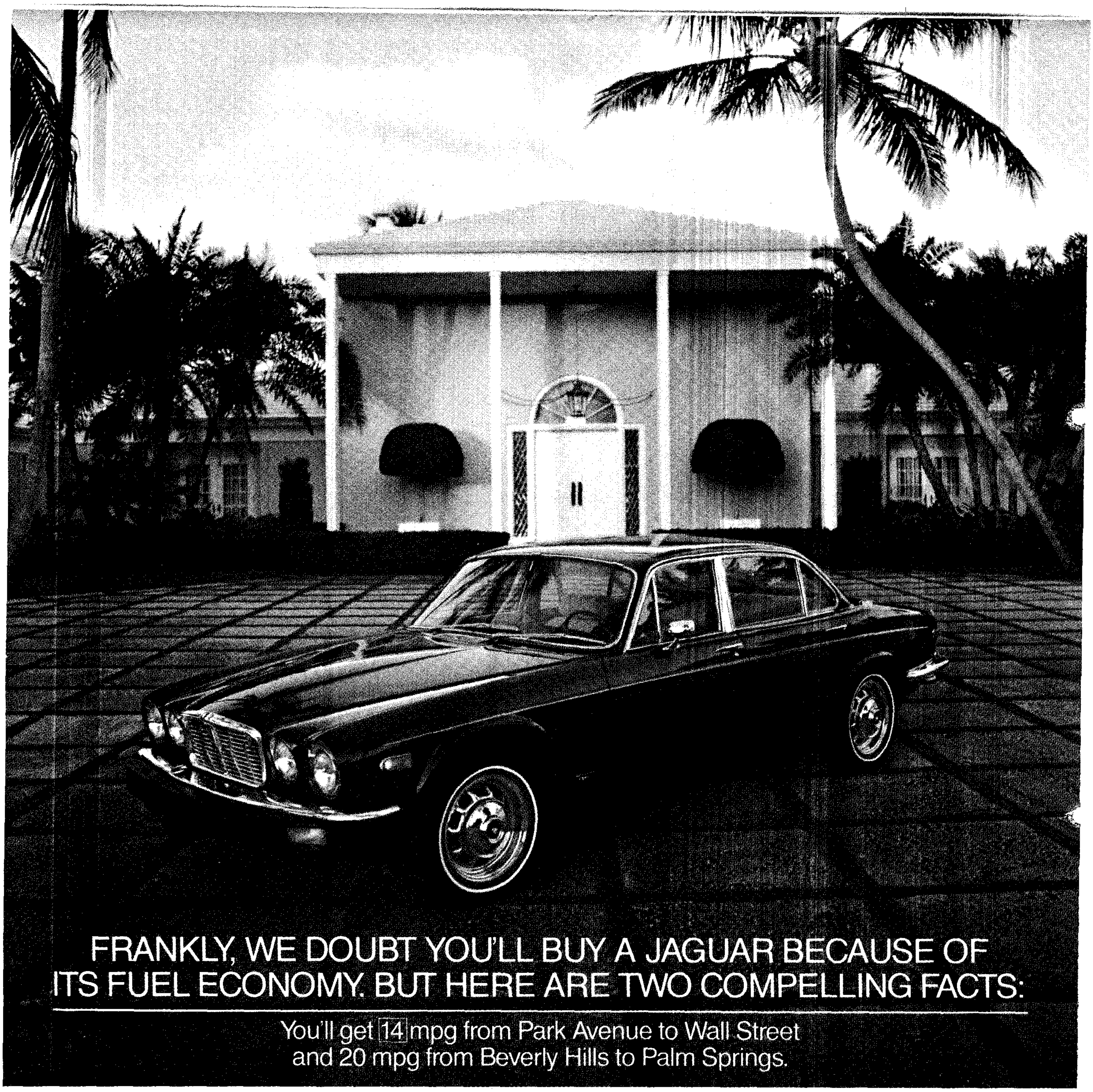
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of murder. With Michèle Morgan, Denis O'Dea, Jack Hawkins, Dora Bryan, and Bernard Lee. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 15-17.)

Foul Play (1978)—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (Olympia; Aug. 10-16.)

The Frisco Kid—Gene Wilder, as a nubile Polish rabbi, and Robert Aldrich, the director, seem to have been set loose in the Wild West with no more to guide them than a bright idea and Wilder's angelic blue eyes. (7/16/79) (Cinema I; through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 17.)

The Gambler (1974)—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks and potential great novelist. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. Although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 13.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features the rocky settings of southern Italy, an eclectic score, and a rigid Jesus who demands obedience. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. (There's a funny description of the film in the opening pages of Iris Owens' novel "After Claude.") In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 12.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 9.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand as Diego, a Spanish professional (i.e., paid) revolutionary, a courier in the Communist underground, who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. Alain Resnais directed this attempt at an elegy on the themes of exile and of living on old ideals—living in the past. The courier is like a weary commuter who has been through it all so many times that he can see what's coming; past and future are one. It's easy to satirize force of habit—as W. C. Fields demonstrated when he blew the head off an ice-cream soda. But Renais, although he allows most of Diego's associates to appear ridiculous, protects Diego very tenderly. He isn't presented as a Party hack or a tool—he's noble. His melancholy is glamorized, and when he goes to bed with his mistress (Ingrid Thulin) he has such high-quality sex that we actually hear the soprano vocalizing of a heavenly choir. The film, from a script by Jorge Semprun, is ambivalent and smooth and chic, with an overexposed semi-abstract sex scene between Diego and a pouting kitten (Geneviève Bujold) and anticipatory flash-forwards. The political material has been subjected to the French equivalent of Hollywoodization; it's soaked in romantic defeatism, in existentialism used decoratively to make a hero of a numb, apathetic man. With Michel Piccoli and Jean Dasté. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 16.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (D. W. Griffith; starting Aug. 10.)

Heaven Can Wait (1978)—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Beatty. (7/10/78) (St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 10-16.)

Hot Stuff—With Dom DeLuise, Suzanne Pleshette, Jerry Reed, and Ossie Davis; directed by DeLuise. (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2; starting Aug. 10.)

101 Dalmatians (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. (Guild; through Aug. 9.)

The In-Laws—An inspired collaboration between Alan Arkin and Peter Falk as the fathers of a prospective suburban bride and groom. Arkin is a moderately amiable dentist who gets tangled up in the machinations of a supposed C.I.A. agent, played by Falk. Script by Andrew Bergman; directed by Arthur Hiller. (7/2/79) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Paramount; through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, and Beekman; through Aug. 16.)

I Want to Live! (1958)—Susan Hayward in a brassy treatment of the life of Barbara Graham as she made her way to the California gas chamber. Tabloid journalism that has the nerve to get pious about detesting capital punishment. Robert Wise directed. (Harold Clurman; through Aug. 10.)

Jaws (1975)—From the Peter Benchley novel, with Roy Scheider, Robert Shaw, and Richard Dreyfuss; directed by Steven Spielberg. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Aug. 9.)

Kanchenjungha—Satyajit Ray made this ambitious film in color on location in Darjeeling in 1961 (though it didn't open in this country until 1966). Under the primitive working circumstances, the story about love and ambition and the collision of cultures was perhaps too complex, but the setting and the beautiful women help to compensate for the awkwardness and naïveté. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 15.)

The Kentucky Fried Movie (1977)—With David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; directed by John Landis. (Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 9.)

The Kids Are Alright—The Who, in concert and being interviewed. Directed by Jeff Stein. (Cinema II; through Aug. 16.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 16.)

Life of Brian—With the Monty Python players, including Graham Chapman, Terry Gilliam, John Cleese, Terry Jones, Eric Idle, and Michael Palin; directed by Jones. (Cinema I; starting Aug. 17.)

A Little Romance—A very, very little film about very, very little people (played by Diane Lane and Thelonious Bernard) enacting a latter-day Romeo and Juliet. Laurence Olivier lightens the general mediocrity with a performance as a debonair and blithe Frenchman who befriends the children. Directed by George Roy Hill. (5/7/79) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 14. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Aug. 10-16.)

The Main Event—At the expense of whatever coherence there was to this romantic comedy, Barbra Streisand strives to pack multitudes of diverse and contradictory character traits into her role as a bankrupt parfumeuse who is forced to promote the career of an unwilling boxer, her sole remaining asset. Ryan O'Neal is deferential as the fighter and love object; Howard Zieff is the accommodating director. No singing until the final credits. (7/2/79) (Embassy 1; through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Aug. 17.)

Manhattan—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie; through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Festival; starting Aug. 17.)

Meatballs—A summer-camp burlesque, tailgating "Animal House." Bill Murray, an ebullient but underripe comedian, plays the counsellor-in-chief. (7/16/79) (Loews New York 2. . . . ¶ Loews State 2; through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; Aug. 10-14. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; Aug. 10-16. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Aug. 10.)

Meetings with Remarkable Men—Based on Gurdjieff's autobiographical work, with Terence Stamp and Warren Mitchell. Directed by Peter Brook. (Cinema 3.)

Metropolis (1926)—H. G. Wells called this German silent, directed by Fritz Lang, "quite the silliest film;" Hitler was so impressed by the conception that many years later he tried (unsuccessfully) to persuade Lang to make Nazi movies. Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century (suggested by his first view of New York) has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine, underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. The industrialist-tyrant who runs Metropolis plots to incite riots so that he can crush the workers' rebelliousness. His son has gone down to the workers and fallen in love with saintly Maria (Brigitte Helm). The tyrant commissions a mad inventor to create a steel double for Maria—the false Maria, who leads the masses to revolt. But the destruction gets out of hand, and all of Metropolis would be destroyed were it not for the final alliance of the industrialist, his son, the true Maria, and the workers. One of the

Albert Hubbell

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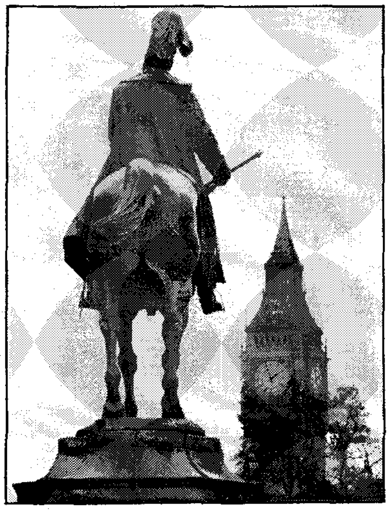

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last examples of the imaginative—but often monstrous—grandeur of the Golden Period of the German film. "Metropolis" is a brilliant piece of expressionist design (grouped human beings are used architecturally), with moments of almost incredible beauty and power (the visionary sequence about the Tower of Babel), absurd ineptitudes (the lovesick hero in his preposterous knickerbockers), and oddities that defy analysis (the robot vamp's bizarre, lewd wink). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 17.)

Moonraker—James Bond XI or XII, with Roger Moore vs. the metal-toothed giant Jaws (again) and a quasi-Nixonian mastermind called Drax. The glamour of the usual sex, violence, and amazing technical effects is a matter of taste. (7/9/79) (86th St. East, and National. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Gemini 2; through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Art; starting Aug. 17.)

More American Graffiti—With Paul LeMat, Cindy Williams, Ron Howard, Candy Clark, and Charlie Martin Smith repeating the roles they originated in the 1973 film. Directed by B. W. L. Norton. (Murray Hill, and Sutton; starting Aug. 17.)

The Muppet Movie—Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, et al. travel across the country toward Hollywood, pursued by a fried-frogs'-legs entrepreneur. After some scuffles and a few songs, they make it into showbiz and become stars. (7/2/79) (U.A. East, Waverly, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Festival; through Aug. 16.)

Nighthawks—With Ken Robertson, directed by Ron Peck and Paul Hallam. (Quad Cinema.)

The Night Porter (1974)—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something important is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (Cinema Village; Aug. 12-13.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 16, tentative.)

North Dallas Forty—With Nick Nolte, Mac Davis, and Charles Durning; directed by Ted Kotcheff. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 1.)

Now, Voyager (1942)—A campy modern tear-jerker variation on the Cinderella story: a psychiatrist (Claude Rains) enables the sexually repressed, neurotically dowdy Bostonian Charlotte Vale (Bette Davis) to become an attractive, confident woman. The scenarist, Casey Robinson, adapted the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty, the genius of kitsch who also wrote "Stella Dallas;" both novels are about the glories of female self-sacrifice. A couple of the most quoted bits in film history come from this movie: Paul Henreid lighting two cigarettes and tenderly handing one to Davis, and her parting line to him: "Don't ask for the moon—we have the stars." The best scene may actually be Charlotte's brisk dismissal of her priggish suitor, played by John Loder. The score, by Max Steiner, aims right for the jugular; the director, Irving Rapper, is just barely competent, and the action plods along, yet this picture is all of a piece, and if it were better it might not work at all. This way, it's a crummy classic. With Gladys Cooper, Bonita Granville, Lee Patrick, Ilka Chase, Charles Drake, and Franklin Pangborn. (Thalia; Aug. 13.)

Orchestra Rehearsal—Directed by Federico Fellini. In Italian. (Cinema II; starting Aug. 17.)

Outrageous! (1977)—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Art; through Aug. 9.)

Pat and Mike (1952)—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy play together so expertly that their previous films seem like warmups. The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, isn't up to the best of "Adam's Rib," but the stars have achieved such teamwork that their sparring is more beautiful than punch lines. Hepburn plays a phenomenal all-around athlete, and in the course of the picture she takes on Gussie Moran, Babe Didrikson Zaharias, and other professionals, touching off the comic possibilities in various sports with grace and ease. With Aldo Ray as a sulky boxer. George Cukor directed—beautifully. (Regency; Aug. 15-18.)

Peppermint Soda—Adolescence from a woman's point of view. The film is an account of the minor adventures of two French girls, thirteen and fifteen, acted just right by Eleonore Klarwein and Odile Michel. Written and directed with confidence and precision by Diane Kurys. In French. (7/30/79) (57th St. Playhouse.)

The Prince and the Showgirl (1957)—This Ruritanian romance, directed by Laurence Olivier, is slanted to show off the talents of Marilyn Monroe as an innocent abroad. Olivier, perhaps with excess gallantry, makes his prince something of a cold cod, but even in this ungratiating role he has a high gloss—an irony that shines. Monroe's breathy little-girl voice and polymorphous-perverse non-acting have a special mock-innocent charm that none of her imitators seems able to capture. With Sybil Thorndike, Richard Wattis, and Daphne Anderson. The drawback of the film is that Terence Rattigan's script, though it improves on his play "The Sleeping Prince," still lacks invention and wit. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 16.)

Renaldo & Clara (1978)—Bob Dylan made this three-hour-and-fifty-two-minute film, which was mostly shot during a Bicentennial (1975-76) tour. (The show was called the "Rolling Thunder Revue.") The performance footage is handsomely photographed, but it doesn't build up the excitement that one can sometimes feel at a performance film, because the movie keeps cutting away from the stage to cinéma-vérité fantasies of Dylan's life, which occupy more than two-thirds of the running time. Dylan has given himself more tight closeups than any actor can have had in the whole history of movies. (2/13/78) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 13.)

Rich Kids—With Trini Alvarado and Jeremy Levy, directed by Robert M. Young. (Baronet; starting Aug. 17.)

Rocky II—As the ads say, "the story continues . . ." Practically repeats itself, in fact. Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and, finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. Same basic cast: Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. Same location (Philadelphia). Different ending. "Rocky III" is in the works. (7/2/79) (Gramercy, Loews New York 1, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Rouge et Noir (1954)—Stendhal's spirit doesn't quite come through; the ironic romanticism lacks dash, despite Claude Autant-Lara's fidelity and taste. Gérard Philipe is the proud opportunist Julien Sorel—analytic and calculating in his priestly cassock. Also with Danielle Darrieux, as Mme. de Rênal, and Antonella Lualdi, as Mathilde de la Mole. The soft, pretty color is more delicate than seems right for Stendhal. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 13.)

Saint Jack—A film made by Peter Bogdanovich and set in 1971 in Singapore, where an American called Jack Flowers, played by Ben Gazzara (of the Actors' Studio), scrapes a stingy living promoting business for a Chinese ship-chandler's firm; off duty, he is a pimp with dreams of running the poshest whorehouse in the world. Denholm Elliott, as an accountant, acts with focus and alertness. The script is by Howard Sackler, Paul Theroux, and Mr. Bogdanovich. (5/7/79) (72nd Street East; through Aug. 9.)

The Seduction of Joe Tynan—With Alan Alda, Barbara Harris, Meryl Streep, Rip Torn, and Melvyn Douglas; directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Bay Cinema, Gemini 2, and Little Carnegie; starting Aug. 17.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 11-12.)

Sunburn—With Farrah Fawcett, Charles Grodin, and Art Carney; directed by Richard C. Sarafian. (Gemini 1, Guild, and Embassy 1; starting Aug. 10.)

El Super—A modest, non-polemical film about the adaptation of a small group of Cuban expatriates to life in New York. The main character is Roberto, a building superintendent beset by cold weather, the English language, and middle-age, who decides to move with his wife and daughter to Miami. Directed by Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal, and based on a play by Ivan Acosta. Roberto is played by Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato. In Spanish. (7/23/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

Till Marriage Do Us Part—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Plaza.)

The Tree of Wooden Clogs—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Unfaithfully Yours (1948)—One of the most sophisticated slapstick comedies ever made, this classic, written and directed by Preston Sturges, got terrible reviews and failed at the box office. The hero, a symphony conductor (a parody of Sir Thomas Beecham), is played by Rex Harrison, who is at one of his comic peaks. The conductor, convinced that his wife (Linda Darnell) has been unfaithful to him, dispatches her in three different ways—the three ways are set to the music of Rossini, Wagner, and Tchaikovsky. With Edgar Kennedy, Rudy Vallée, Kurt Kreuger, Barbara Lawrence, and Lionel Stander. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 18.)

The Wanderers—The Bronx, 1963: dead-end kids vs. adolescent nightmares, to the music of Dion, the Shirelles, etc. A good adaptation, somewhat more upbeat, of the lurid novel by Richard Price. Directed by Philip Kaufman, who wrote the screenplay with Rose Kaufman. (7/23/79) (R.K.O. 86th St., Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews Astor Plaza; through Aug. 9.)

Why Not!—A beautifully generous, funny, emotionally detailed view of a three-sided love affair. Sami Frey, Mario Gonzalez, and Christine Murillo are the decent, loving three; Nicole Jamet has to decide whether to make it four. Written and directed by Coline Serreau, with the same sense of proportion the characters have about themselves; in her world, the uglier forms of unhappiness are becoming impossible. In French. (8/6/79) (Paris.)

The Witches (1969)—With Silvana Mangano, directed by Luchino Visconti, Pier Paolo Pasolini, Mauro Bolognini, Franco Rossi, and Vittorio De Sica. A five-episode film. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No showings on Monday, Aug. 13.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that, as Heathcliff, he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the complementary passion; she's a bit chill and dainty for the character hewn in Emily Brontë's "wild workshop" (to use sister Charlotte's phrase). But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many memorable scenes. Samuel Goldwyn produced, Hecht and MacArthur did the script, Gregg Toland was the cinematographer. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, and Leo G. Carroll. (Harold Clurman; starting Aug. 18.)

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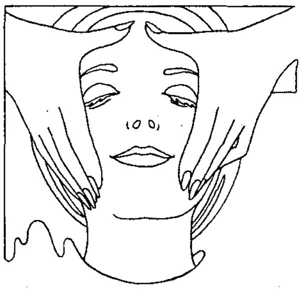

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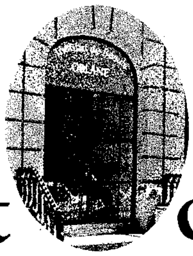

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THINK about Country Time, a powdered lemonadelike product. The coming forward of Country Time has centered on a certain old man and hordes of eager children. Children starved for news of the past. For years, they ignored Grandpa. Tied him up in the barn. Laughed at his silly ways. But now, after reading Foxfire One through Five in their public elementary school, they crowd around, hoping he'll tell them how to make butter with a stick. There is a song, "Country Time, Country Time," etc. With this idea: Sometimes you're real thirsty, blah, blah, blah, and nothing seems to do what you need to have done to your thirst, blah, blah, blah, and what you want is something real that will satisfy your thirst *like good old-fashioned lemonade.* That's right—the idea behind the Country Time powder-product commercial is that lemonade itself is *a thing of the past.* No one can *get* lemonade anymore. Only some rich people. Most people don't even remember lemonade anymore. *Only Grandpa,* who has been bound and gagged and dishonored all these years out in the desert, like the decrepit warrior in "Star Wars," only Grandpa *even remembers what it tastes like.*

The rundown is like this: Lemonade died out when the Old Ones lost out to the Invaders. But some people with the knowledge of the Old Ones escaped to Mars, where they made a kind of synthetic lemonade, using materials available on Mars. It was a powder and became popular. In the meantime, life on Earth contracted. Now, in these recent days, adventurers from Mars, sensing our need, have travelled to earth with the powder. When the powder is given to certain of our remaining Old Ones, they are made happy and remember lemonade. The idea is persuasive. It causes you to forget that you can make lemonade *any time you want* by squeezing some lemons in some water and adding sugar. People don't know. They really don't know that you can make lemonade any time you want. That's right. Lemonade is still available. Right now. Any time you want. Lemons are everywhere. You can make lemonade right now if you want to. It's great. Lemonade is still totally within our capacities.

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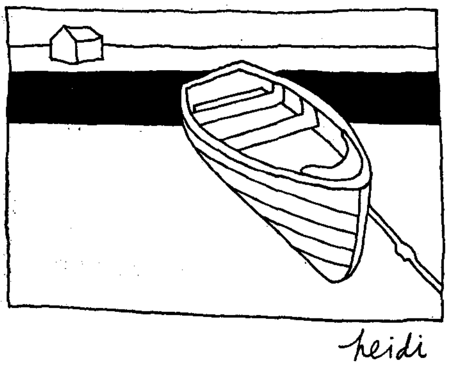
Music in the Park

THE advent of hot weather and the mounting blare of hand-held street radios prompted us to have a chat with Edward Naumburg, Jr., who for the last twenty years has presided over the Central Park al-fresco free concerts that bear his surname. The Naumburg Orchestral Concerts were inaugurated in 1905 by Elkan Naumburg, a German-born banker and amateur pianist, who was Edward, Jr.,'s great-uncle. After Elkan's death, at eighty-nine, in 1924, they were chiefly sponsored, until *his* death, at ninety-one, in 1959, by Elkan's son Walter, a banker, who played a vigorous cello till he was eighty-five. Edward, Jr., a bibliophilic broker, still goes to his downtown office daily, but then he is only seventy-six. His instrument is, as it has been for seven decades, the violin. "Music has been great therapy for me," he told us. "Instead of a golf club, I pick up a fiddle, and take out my aggressions on a Mozart sonata. My lifelong ambition has been to obtain a Local 802 card and play professionally, just once, even if it's only as a strolling musician in a café."

The third-generation Naumburg was twelve when he went to the first of a hundred or more Naumburg concerts he has attended. The concerts were then held in an ancient octagonal bandstand in the middle of the Central Park Mall. Since 1923, the site has been a hemispherical limestone bandshell that Elkan presented to the city. At its unveiling that year, Franz Kaltenborn conducted the first public performance of Edwin Franko Goldman's "On the Mall," a march that was dedicated, appropriately, to the philanthropic Elkan. "In private life, my great-uncle could be formi*dable*, if you know what I mean," Edward, Jr., told us. "We were all afraid of Elkan. He happened to have been born on January 1st, and all his relatives were expected to pay an annual birthday call on him, which could be unsettling, especially if one was hung over from New Year's Eve. Rites of passage were important in our family. At the outset, there were only three Naumburg concerts each summer, but after Elkan died his sons added a fourth, which was always held on July 31st, the date of his death. But now we've had to cut back to three again. Free music, like everything else, is getting to be expensive."

Mr. Naumburg frowned, but only momentarily. "We've had a lot of great musicians playing for us over the years," he said, brightening. "Jaime Laredo, Leslie Parnas, Benita Valente—I can't begin to remember them all. For our seventy-fifth anniversary, next year, we hope to bring some of the old-timers back. Not counting dogs and transient human beings who wheel up on their bikes and stand around for a symphonic movement or two, we have an average audience of three or four thousand. But the figure varies widely. We get two hundred when it rains and eight thousand when we have Benny Goodman. Inasmuch as we simply cancel a concert if it's rained out, we try to hang in there unless there's a positive down-



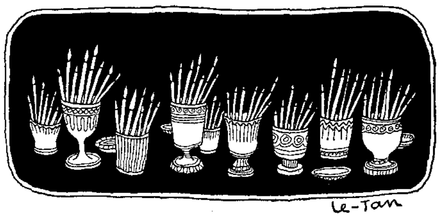
pour. In that dreadful event, we just pay off the artists and send them home. We did take out rain insurance one year, but we dropped it. Too costly. I must say we've been lucky. In the twenty years of my administration, we've had only three cancellations. Weather aside, we've learned to cope with distractions not ordinarily associated with the presentation of serious music. Once, the Parks Department, with which we have on the whole estimable relations, goofed and authorized a rock concert at the Wollman Rink, only six blocks south of us, at the same time as one of ours. The violinist Sidney Harth, bless his soul, gamely played a Bruch concerto with a rock-and-roll accompaniment. Airplanes are a nuisance, too. A low-flying 747 can be rough on a conductor. But our musicians are good—they have to be, since as a rule they only get one rehearsal—and they appear to be able to cope with practically anything. And they seem to appreciate our insistence that we will never play down to the public, and that there be one contemporary work on almost every program—like Shostakovich's Festival Overture on August 2nd. Public taste is ever so much more sophisticated than it used to be, you know. When my Great-Uncle Elkan started all this, your lineup more or less had to consist of a Strauss waltz, some 'Gems from Puccini'—that kind of corny stuff—plus perhaps one movement of Beethoven's Fifth. Now you can do just about anything, and, whatever you do, seeing the look of ecstasy on the face of a kid who's never heard good live music before makes the whole business seem worthwhile."

Speech! Speech!

IRA BELTH, the head of a Long Island-based direct-mail-list-marketing firm, was scheduled to deliver his No. 4 speech to the Freeport chapter of Toastmasters International at its most recent biweekly meeting, and we arranged to meet with Mr. Belth shortly beforehand at the Freeport Memorial Library, where the Freeport Toastmasters convene. When we got there, Mr. Belth explained to us that Toastmasters International is an organization of public-speaking clubs at which many business people like him learn the techniques both of prepared speechmaking and of extemporizing, and that the learning process consists of speaking in front of an audience that not only listens intently but also publicly evaluates the performance of each speaker.

Mr. Belth showed us one of the Toastmasters' standard workbooks, in which fifteen aspects of speechmaking are outlined. "The first few levels test your ability to prepare and organize a speech so that you don't have to *read* anything," he said. He pulled out his notes for his speech, whose title was "Pride and Perfection." "I've prepared a simple outline, and I made a few mental notes over the last couple of weeks," he said. "This isn't a factual speech. At No. 4, you are supposed to concentrate on your gestures and develop your rapport and eye contact—you know, body language." Mr. Belth already has a deliberate and emphatic speaking style.

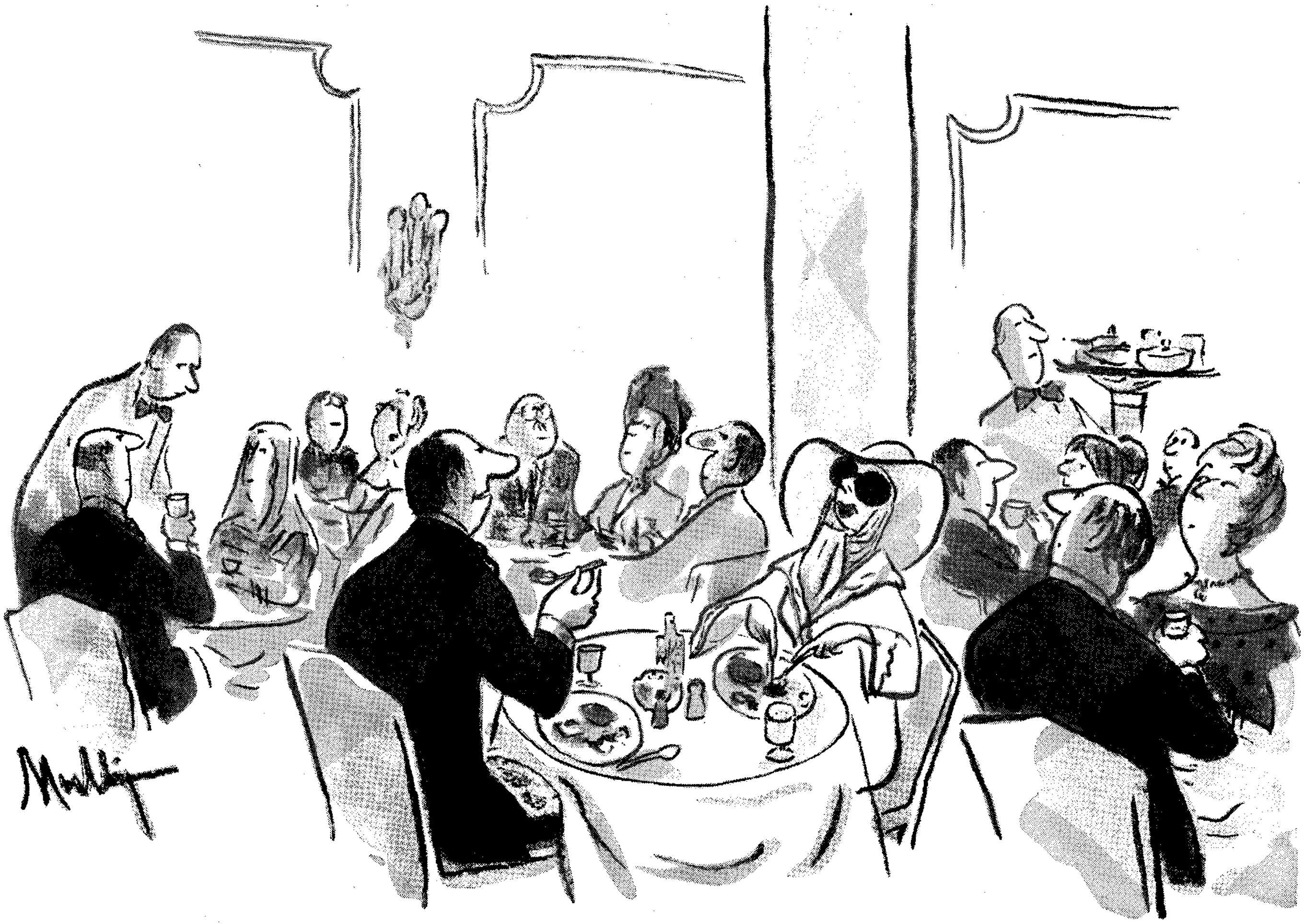
Inside the meeting room, the evening's agenda was posted beside a lectern at the front, next to an American flag and a banner imprinted with the Toastmasters International insignia—a giant "T" superimposed on the globe. The arriving Toastmasters gathered in the back or in the hallway, offering each other booming hellos, big handshakes, and plenty of eye contact. We were introduced to several Toastmasters, including Distinguished Toastmaster (D.T.M.) William Costello, a retired insurance-sales instructor, who has fluffy white eyebrows and a cherubic smile, and who told us, "Give me twenty minutes and I'll speak anywhere;" Judge Henry Kalinowski, of the District Court in Nassau County, a blue-eyed man given to sharp glances, concise gestures, and a stern vocal tone, which combined to convey the impression that his every utterance was considered, conclusive, and irrevocable; Florence First, a retired schoolteacher, who is one of the few female members of the Freeport chapter, and her daughter Ellen, who told us that her mother had been "sequestered" in her bedroom all afternoon preparing her speech for this evening; and Larry Stephans, a genial-looking man who wore a Ronald Colman mustache and a khaki bush jacket. Mr. Belth informed us that Mr. Stephans had been appointed Table Topics Toastmaster of the evening—Table Topics is the off-the-cuff segment of the Toastmasters agenda—and that Mr. Stephans' wife, Jo, would be responsible for timing the speakers and for recording the number of hesitations committed by each speaker. "Every speaker must stay within the prescribed time limit," Mr. Belth explained. "And every time the speaker stops and says 'Er,' or 'Well, uh,' it's noted down, so that it makes you aware of a problem. We once experimented with dropping a marble in a can for every hesitation, but that became utterly distracting."



When the meeting was called to order, we took a seat next to Mr. Belth, and a thundering round of applause greeted the first speaker of the evening, a casually dressed black man named Ira Holder, who delivered what the clubs call a Smile, which is a short humorous story with a punch line. Mr. Holder's Smile was a death-row joke that ended with an inmate calling out to a condemned prisoner on his way to the electric chair, "Hey, Joe, more power to you!" The next speaker delivered another Smile, and the next a Thought, which is a brief philosophical message, and both men were welcomed and, after they had spoken, ushered back to their seats by encouraging applause, from an audience that was clearly warming up.

A number of introductions and announcements followed, each accompanied by applause. The Table Topics Toastmaster, Larry Stephans, was introduced. The Table Topics Evaluator, Gilbert Papali, was introduced. The names of the four Toastmasters who were scheduled to speak later in the program were announced, and their speech evaluators were identified. Then the designated Toastmaster of the Evening, a psychologist named Brian O'Flanagan, asked Larry Stephans to come forward. Mr. Stephans quickly distributed numbered slips of yellow paper at random to nine seated Toastmasters, and when he arrived at the lectern he called upon the nine to line up, three at a time, to his right and answer his Table Topic Questions. Mr. Stephans' questions grew out of President Carter's recent "crisis-of-confidence" speech, and each of the nine Toastmasters seemed able to hold forth on this subject for close to two minutes with very few recorded hesitations. After the Table Topics speakers had finished, Table Topics Evaluator Gilbert Papali stepped up to the lectern. "Whenever a Toastmaster of the calibre of Larry Stephans handles the questioning, you can be certain it will be on a challenging intellectual level," Mr. Papali said. He shook Mr. Stephans' hand graciously, and the two men received a sustained ovation as they returned to their seats.

Distribution of the Toastmaster ballots was the next order of business. Each Toastmaster was given a long sheet of paper divided by perforations into eight



"Everyone in the room is curious about who you are. By the way, who are you?"

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slips, five of them for commenting briefly on the evening's speeches and their delivery, and three for use as ballots. "At every meeting, we vote for Best Speaker, Best Table Topics Speaker, and Best Evaluator," Mr. Belth said. "Each winner receives an award—a statuette of a man gesticulating—but, like the Davis Cup, it must be returned at the next meeting."

Wishing to remain impartial with their ballots in hand, the Toastmasters greeted the four scheduled speakers with polite applause, but they were a little more enthusiastic after all four had finished. Florence First, who led off, delivered an anecdotal address entitled "Teacher Talk," in which she attempted to interpret the special language of teachers; a recent father, Michael O'Sullivan, gave a No. 4 speech on the Lamaze method of natural childbirth; Dan Sater, a young man who works for an industrial-chemicals company, spoke on the future of Social Security; and Mr. Belth delivered "Pride and Perfection." Mr. Belth concluded his speech by saying, "We can recoup our positions, and we can build a new era, from the soft seventies into a vital eighties, if we begin to develop a sense of pride and value in what we do and how we do it."

Before the Toastmasters cast their ballots, the individual speech evaluators delivered two-minute critiques. Each evaluator offered generous praise and carefully worded criticism. We particularly enjoyed the comments of Mrs. First's evaluator, a man introduced as Robbie Roberts, whose statements were crisp and constructive, and whose gestures looked like slow-motion karate.

Mr. Belth showed us his parcel of comments as soon as the votes had been counted and the perforated slips detached and distributed by Jo Stephans. "Ira spoke very well as usual and communicated his message most effectively. A very good speech," one Toastmaster had written. Another Toastmaster had noted, "Swayed back and forth like lion in cage. Held eye contact with individuals, for at least ten seconds each to get their attention. Voice control and pace became excellent as you warmed up. Obviously sincere—worth listening to."

Finally, it was announced that Florence First had been voted Best Speaker, and Mrs. First rose from her seat, said how proud she was that her daughter could witness her accomplishment and the work of all the Toastmasters, and grandly thanked Toastmasters International.

Giverny

THROUGH luck, we were recently given a letter of conditional permission ("No children, no dogs, no crowds") to visit Monet's gardens at Giverny, forty miles northwest of Paris. The gardens will not be open to the public until September, 1980. We arrived at the main gate early one morning in July—so early, in fact, that the head gardener, who was to admit us, was not yet at his labors. Over the gate is a plaque that reads:

DANS CETTE MAISON
VÉCUT LE PEINTRE
CLAUDE MONET
DE 1883
AU 5 DÉCEMBRE 1926
DATE DE SA MORT.

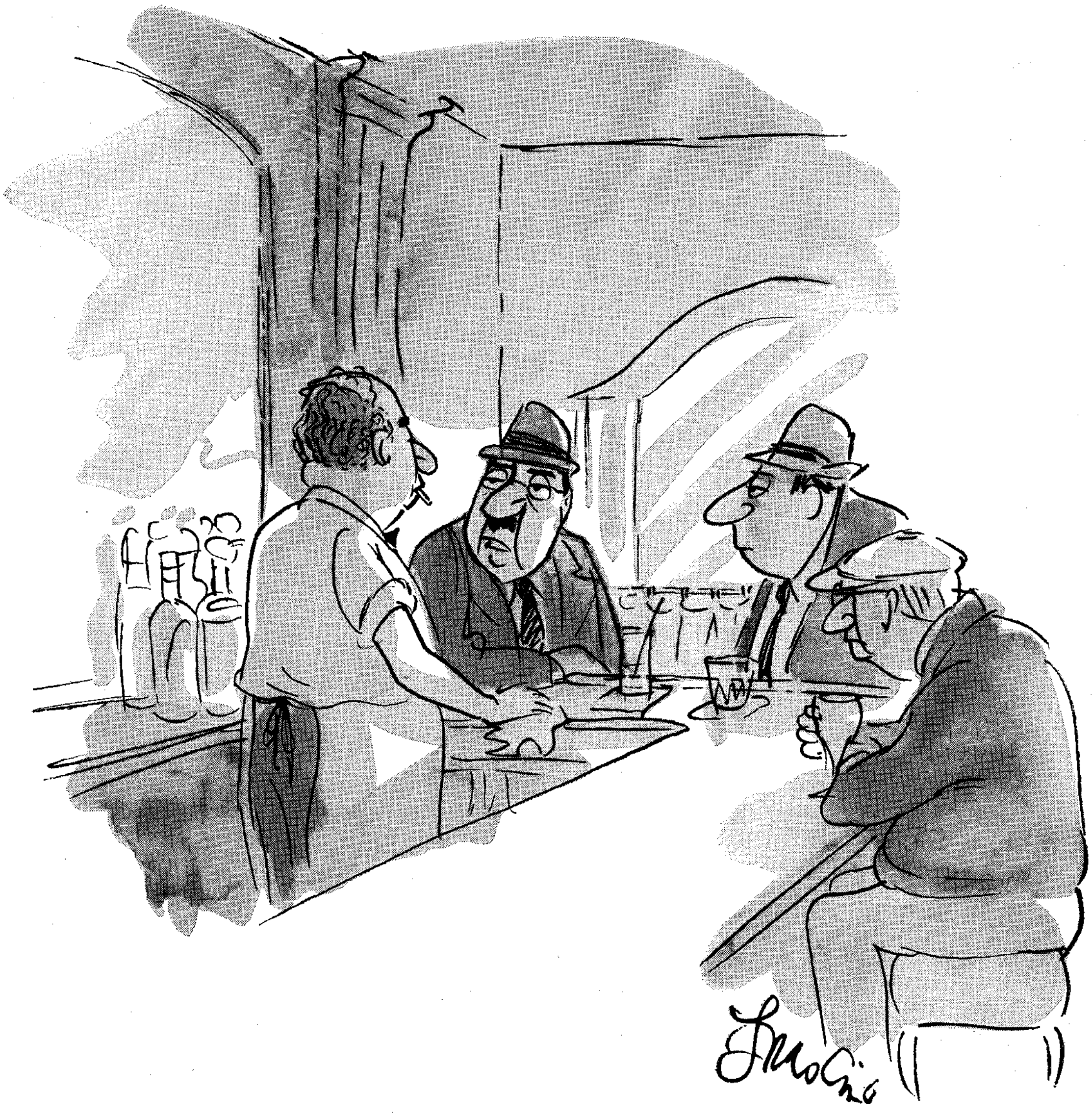
The "3" in "1883" is superimposed on a "2," and the "2" in "1926" is superimposed on a "3." The gardens are divided by a road (the main road from Vernon to Gasny): the house, its outbuildings, and the formal gardens are on the north side, and the water-lily pond and its surround are on the south. The house and its gardens are effectively blocked from most prying eyes by a concrete wall topped by a spiked iron fence that is some five feet high—all the ironwork painted French apple green. By standing on the wall, however, one can get a sort of giant's-eye view of the layout. When we performed this undignified but rewarding maneuver, our eyes came to rest first on the upturned faces of two undergardeners already at their weeding. Our French has only a slight edge on Miss Piggy's, but we explained that we had a letter of authorization and were waiting for the head gardener. They got on with their weeding while we took a good look.

The gardens are packed. Their brilliance and vitality astonish the eye. This is not a gardener's garden, it is a painter's garden. The property on the north side of the road is about two acres, but there is no front lawn; instead, there are gardens and paths. A wide path leads from the gate to the house, with six rose trellises (painted French apple green) arching over it at regular intervals. On either side of the path are long, rectangular flower beds running roughly north and south, at right angles to the house. Directly in front of the house are rows of smaller beds, running parallel to it. The house itself is a long, two-story structure of pink stucco, with French-apple-green shutters—shut, *naturellement*—and it is anchored at either end by outbuildings, with an open hillside rising in back. A most felicitous situation: the hillside, with its trees and meadows, gives form and character to the long, low house. To the left of the house are what was Monet's second studio (the first was in the house), incorporating a garage and apartments, and, in front of it, the greenhouses. Charming. To the right is the third studio—a large, barnlike building of stone, with an enormous skylight. It is rather Pennsylvania Dutch in appearance. In 1915, Monet wrote to his stepson that the third studio was ugly, and that he was ashamed of it. To the modern American eye, the building is strikingly handsome—a foil for the house, reflecting the vigor of the man who built it. This is partly because of its dramatic juxtaposition with the extreme prettiness of the house and gardens. One loves it for the same reason that Monet didn't.

Jumping down from the wall, we crossed the road to the water-lily-pond side. This garden is enclosed by a sapling fence, too high to peer over, but there are occasional gaps between the saplings, so we were able to peek through. It profited us little; there were too many trees and bushes between the eye and the pond. We were saved from further infra-dig activity by the arrival of the head gardener, who unlocked the gates on both sides of the road and let us wander alone where we would.

The gardens had been deteriorating over a period of fifty years. Three years ago, thanks to the beneficence of Lila Acheson Wallace, co-founder of the *Reader's Digest*, work was begun on their restoration. The first thing that hits you when you see them is, of course, visual—the color. The second is intellectual—the prodigious lot that has been accomplished in such a short time. The amount of work that has gone into these gardens is very moving, and so is their promise. The head gardener, when we asked how much of the original garden was there when the work started, replied, "*Un très petit peu*," and then said again, with a smile, "*Un* TRÈS *petit peu*." Except for some of the trees, such as the junipers on either side of the walk in front of the house, and the wisteria and possibly the bamboo, everything appears to be new planting. It is a garden brought back from virtually nothing, and time as well as labor is needed to restore it to its original, luxuriant glory. But the garden is there.

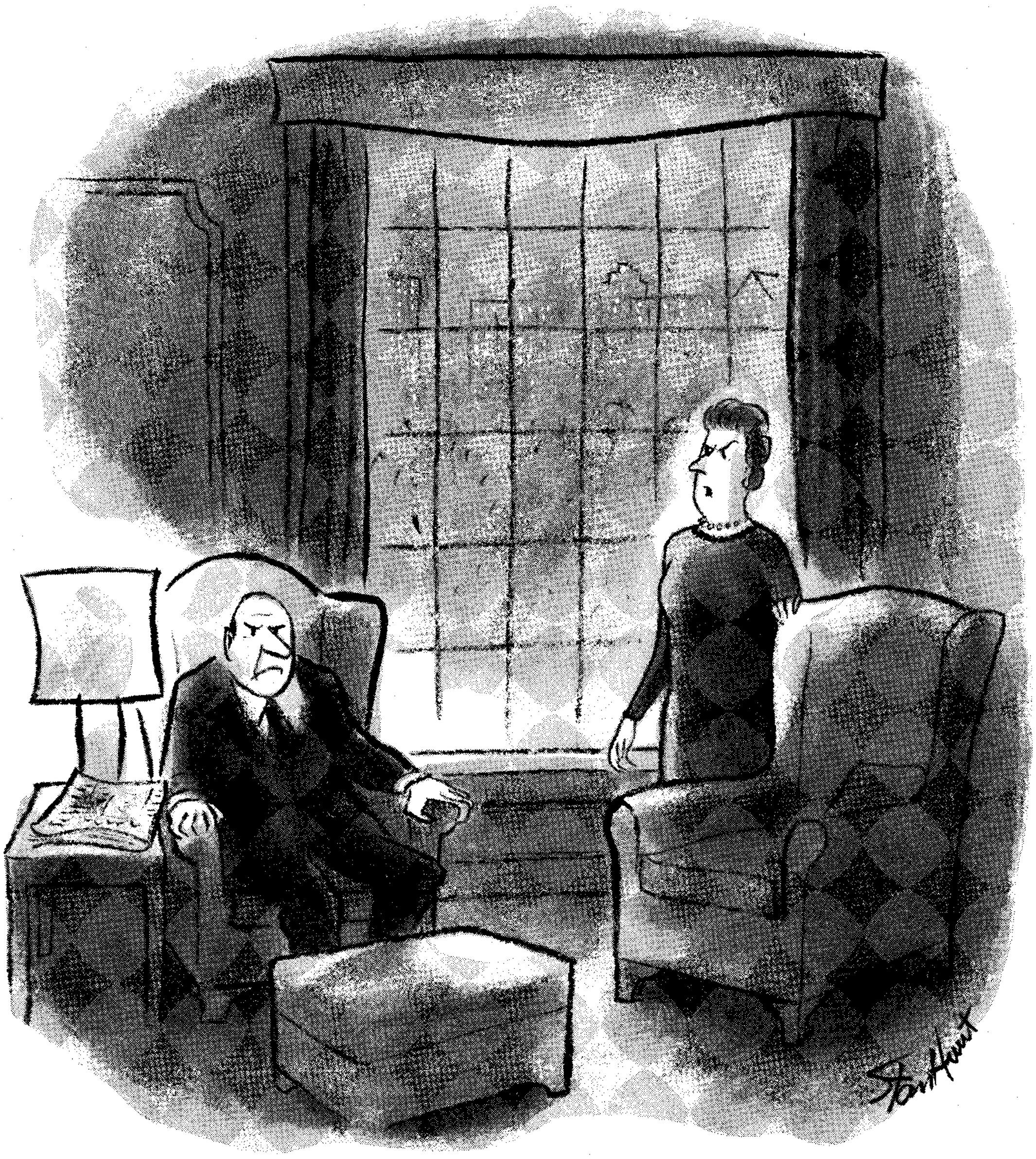
This is no short-term, cosmetic job. The fundamentals are being attended to first—the pond, the bridges, the pathways, the trellises, and the basic plantings of trees and shrubs. The gardens are weeded as though tomorrow were the opening day.



"If it weren't for the great American sense of humor, this country would really be in a mess."

There is too much work involved in bringing back a garden to try for an exact duplication right now, but there has been a successful attempt to keep the spirit of the original. One can't tell, for example, whether certain plantings are part of the master plan or are there simply to provide splashes of color in a developing garden.

The gardens are unique. The ones in front of the house, which are so packed, have a formal, organized informality. They are, above all, a particular painter's gardens. A gardener's soul may not dance at the thought of a geranium, but Monet's did. There are few plants that a gardener would find unusual, yet the effect of the whole is dazzling. There is a delightful profusion of roses. Besides the rose trellises over the main path, with standard roses planted around their bases, there is a flower bed on one side surrounded by sixteen twelve-foot-high iron trellises that have old-fashioned roses creeping up them. There are two long beds of common day lilies, which, common though they may be, are striking in the mass. There are nasturtiums, true geraniums, lavender, calendulas, globe thistles, heliopsis and coreopsis, mauve poppies, gaillardia, sweet Williams, bright-red poppies mixed with pale-blue pansies. There is an entire bed of red geraniums in front of the house, and, in addition, single geraniums have been planted here and there, producing an effect not unlike that of the local poppies in the fields. There are irises and peonies, and clumps of Oriental poppies, which must have been a spectacular sight in early June. There are lilacs, phlox, and espaliered fruit trees. There is a linden tree (old) beside the third studio, and also a newly planted ginkgo and cut-leaved birch. Masses of flowers that produced masses of paintings.



"This is ridiculous, Andrew. We can't hole up here and never go out anywhere just because you're an oil person."

• •

The lily-pond garden is quite different in feeling. It is bosky and languorous. The pond is in the center, with the Japanese footbridge and its wisteria trellises at one end and a smaller bridge at the other. Surrounding it are trees and shrubs—willows (uncut and weeping), a large beech (old), ash, linden, azaleas, rhododendrons, bamboo. At each end of the pond is a cool glade, with the stream running through, where it would be wonderful to have a picnic. Along the banks are irises, pampas grass, poppies, and phlox, together with some more unusual plants, such as hybrid day lilies, astilbe, an Alice Harding standard lilac, mullein and giant hogweed (two splendid weeds), a purple smoke bush, and petasites. Beyond this acre of bliss lie open fields, with willows cut in the French manner, and decorative cows napping under them. No haystacks. The pond has not yet been completely re-created, but it has been dredged, and the banks have been shored up with steel plates. The gardeners are experimenting with varieties of water lilies. (There are some lilies afloat, and a number of trefoil planters stand near the pond awaiting future experiments.) The bridges are actually new, and certain accommodations have been made against the day when the gardens are opened to the public. An underpass is being built beneath the road. The walks through the lily-pond garden are of rough cement made to look like tamped earth, and are edged with a double row of two-inch saplings laid horizontally. Work is being done on the lily pond's plumbing—a major project, by the look of it. Like all gardens, these need time. But the feel is right. Even somebody who knew nothing about Monet or gardens or painting would know that something had happened here which was important. Standing on the Japanese footbridge in the cool of the morning, with cobwebs still on the grass, we found it possible to hope that a ghost in a straw hat with a rolled-up brim might be just behind, observing his water-lily pond.

NOTES FROM THE EDGE CONFERENCE

LEFEBVRE, opening remarks:

Don't know all there is to know about edge. Do know: Misconceptions abound. Fixed? No. Plottable? No. Like line on map, where important things lie on either side? No.

"Sometimes my edge is a round edge." Now tongue, now groove.

Edge, as in: Lip. Verge. Pungency. To sidle. Advantage. "Near bound of nerves' end, inside of out."

(*Mutterings.*)

Registration packets: Should have been plenty. Ppl. who took more than one should return same.

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Armentout, "Edges and Hedges: Things That Get in the Way":

Ppl. say, "I want to live out there close to the edge. But I don't want to look funny."

Cf. Gary Busey. Look at him first time: "Damn, no *way* that man can be a star." But: "Sure, the man looks funny at first—anybody they thought of to play Buddy Holly had to look a little funny right off. But next thing you know, hey, he's *out* there." *Beyond* a star. Where it is. Raising hell in the social notes. "Jumping into people's sets, man."

•

Hully, Perl, Tibbett Panel, "Getting Words in Edgewise":

"Outfit" self for E.? (Figurative goose down, asbestos.) Whole industry growing up. But is to gear for it to be not out close to it? Or to . . . temper it? Perhaps.

Out on E. for its own sake, or should we wait until propelled there by just cause? Hard question. Finally unanswerable.

Diff. ppl. higher/lower threshold of E.?

"I mean, I'll start a sentence sometimes and halfway have to stop—*skreek!*—not on the edge anymore. But the first half . . ."

"Would you be interested in approaching the edge again, possibly in a more definitive manner?"

"Well . . ."

"Or a less definitive one?"

"Ah!"

Diff. cultures, diff. E.s. Navaho: Whole notion of edge as maze. (Maize?)

•

Out on E., as compared to "hip":

Rohle: "Yeah, but whoever heard of 'The Razor's Hip'?"

Many ppl. hip. Well, to be fair, not *many*—not untold numbers. More aren't.

Basic point of hip: Certain people know you know what. "You know, it's a *social* thing."

Hip: Pick up on yet unassimilated Black English. "Come on over to the crib and we'll . . ." "This johnson." Call everything a "johnson."

For some ppl., hip not enough.

•

Van Roud II, on Loss of E.:

"Suddenly this sinking sensation. Put a foot out one way, and . . . solid ground.

"Put it out the other way, and . . . solid ground.

"I was in some kind of Kansas of the mind—Sunday afternoon of the soul. I said, 'Whoa, get back.' I was *upset.*"

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Stapenink, "Lines: Toward a Definition":

Where does closeness to E. begin? Is there fine line separating area within which one may be said to be out close to E. from area within which one may be said to be cut off from E.? In that case: Does E. have an e.?

That line past which being close to E. begins. Greater value in being on that line? On edge of that line?

E. an absolute, or gradations? Sort of close to E. Really really close to E. Marginally barely close to E. Nearly close to E.

(*Grumblings.*)

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During mixer, overheard:

"My friend and I were talking. I'm saying like who is your best rock star and who is your best this star and that star and it hits us, all our best ones like live out near the edge. And we're talking you know and I go, 'That's why you like me. I'm out near the edge.'

"And he goes like he's not believing me, he goes, 'Yeah?'

"I go, 'Yeah.'

" 'So what's it look like over there?' he goes.

"I go, 'You put your toes out over it and look out and down and you feel something pressing up evenly on each one of your toes, toe toe toe toe toe, and you see somebody looking out and up at you.' Because—

"And I don't know what hit him, he goes like '*Yeah!* Oh, *yeah!* Oh *yeah*, Lori! Sure, Lori!' and goes out and rents this motel room somewhere and tears it up."

•

"Seeing the Humor of It"—Dr. Ardis Wickwire:

"How you like yr. edge?" "Which first, chicken or edge?" "Big butter and edge man."

Ha.

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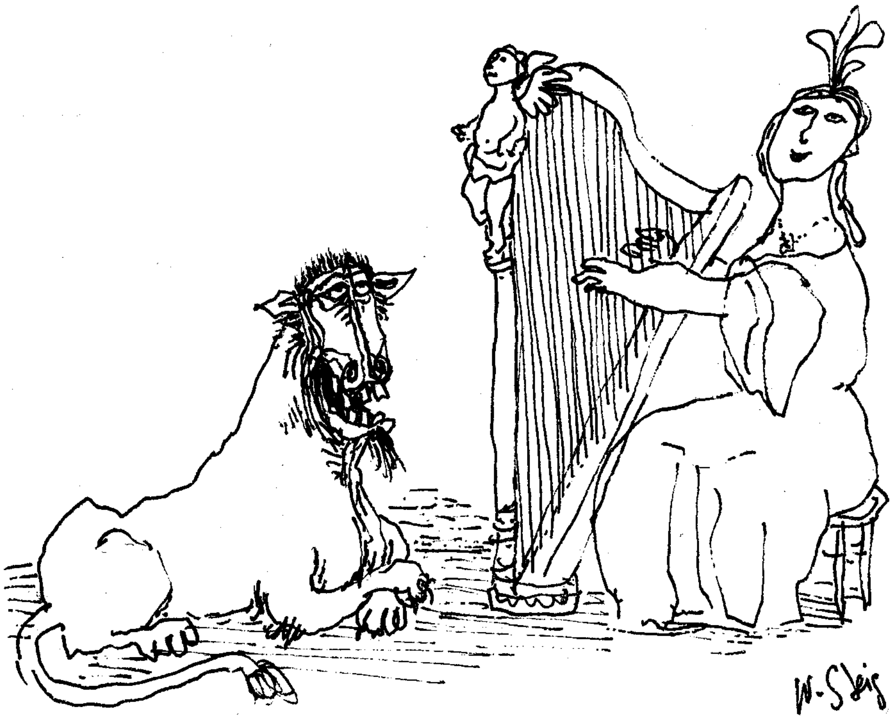
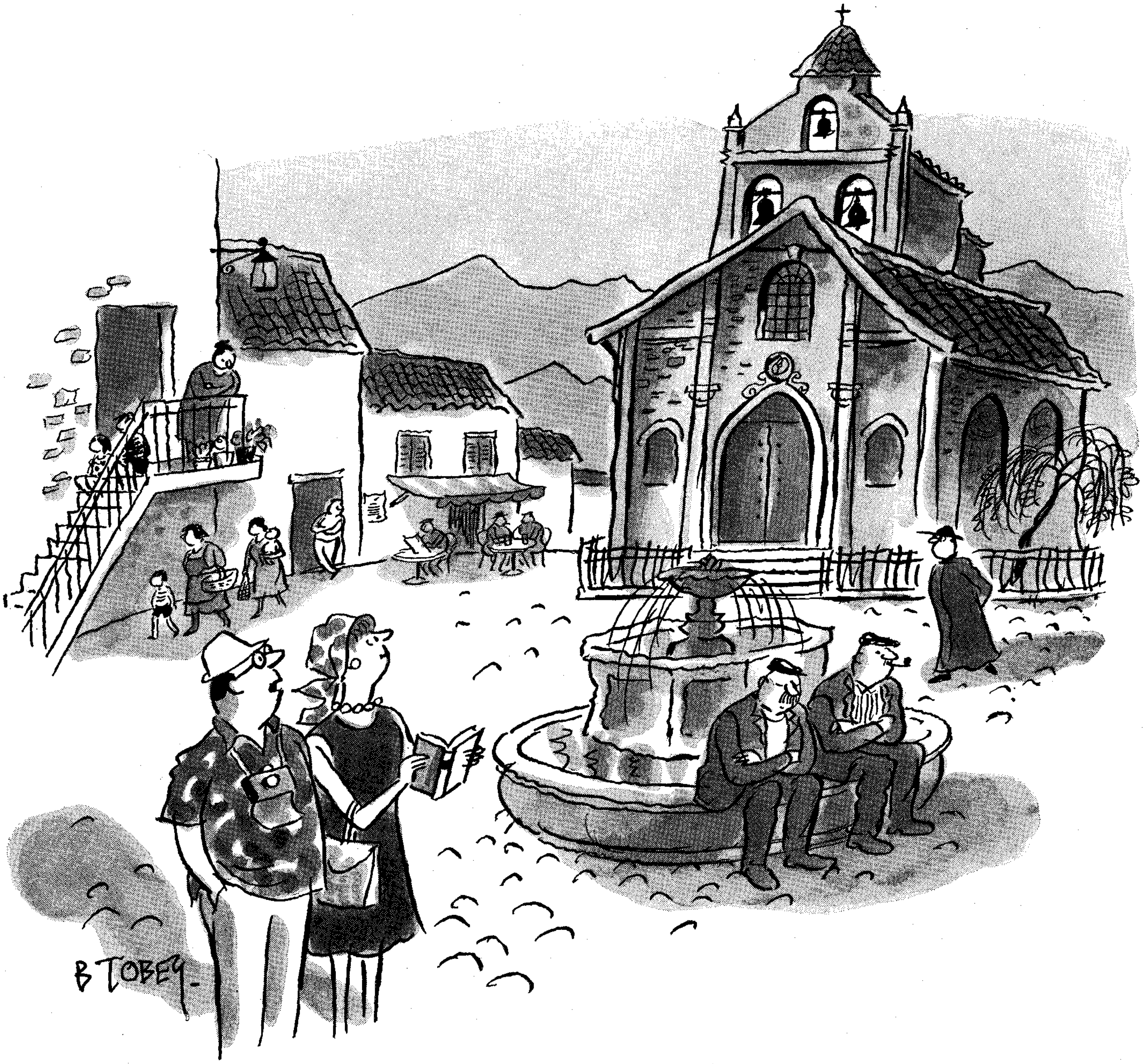
Grosjean, Three types *not* near edge:

(1) Don't know where edge is, never will. Don't even know what direction it's in. (Voice: "That's cool.")





"Eight hundred and fifty years old! I guess we have to check it out."

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(2) Grew up along the edge, or had one or more parents who were out close to it or named them something like Guava, and now want to spend their adult lives getting far from edges as possible. Beer on table, some art on walls that don't mess over their relaxation, nobody after them with knife. (Voice: "That's cool.")

(3) Don't believe there even *is* an edge. So-called "Round-Earthers." (Voice: "All *right!*")

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Overheard conversation of electricians outside conf. rm.:

"Christ, my mom is dying and getting this S.S.I. Supplemental Security Income. You can only have fifteen hundred in the bank, so we took the rest of it out for her, put it in the house, and Christ the money come pouring in. For my mom, fine, but Christ how about all these guys who *won't* work. There's a limit. There's a limit. It's the middle-income guy—fifteen, eighteen, twenty thou, and you and me are paying for it. Christ my mom is dying and getting this S.S.I. . . ."

(Poss. paper for next year: "Middle-Edge Spread"?)

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Crits. of conf.:

(1) Missed most fundamental point.
(2) What those splotches up on Vu-Graph?
  a. Finger smudges
  b. Insect matter
  c. Eyesight
  d. Weren't any
(3) Same old crowd running.
(4) Ppl. screaming in ppl.'s ears.
(5) Should have been more registration packets. And more in them.
(6) Not out close to E.

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LeFebvre, closing:

Always "same old crowd running things," because when something has to be done you find out pretty quickly there are only a few people you can call on.

Cutting/leading E. dichotomy? "So fine, can only be palped by surprise."

(*Boos.*)

Banquet, installation new officers 8:30 in Ballroom C. (Thing of throwing food: "Just obnoxious.")

Proposals for new award categories *must* be in Sept. 1.

—Roy Blount, Jr.

THE REMISSION

When it became clear that Alec Webb was far more ill than anyone had cared to tell him, he tore up his English life and came down to die on the Riviera. The time was early in the reign of the new Elizabeth, and people were still doing this—migrating with no other purpose than the hope of a merciful sky. The alternative (Alec said to his only sister) meant queuing for death on the National Health Service, lying on a regulation mattress and rubber sheet, hearing the breath of other men dying.

Alec—as obituaries would have it later—was husband to Barbara, father to Will, Molly, and James. It did not occur to him or to anyone else that the removal from England was an act of unusual force that could rend and lacerate his children's lives as well as his own. The difference was that their lives were barely aboveground and not yet in flower.

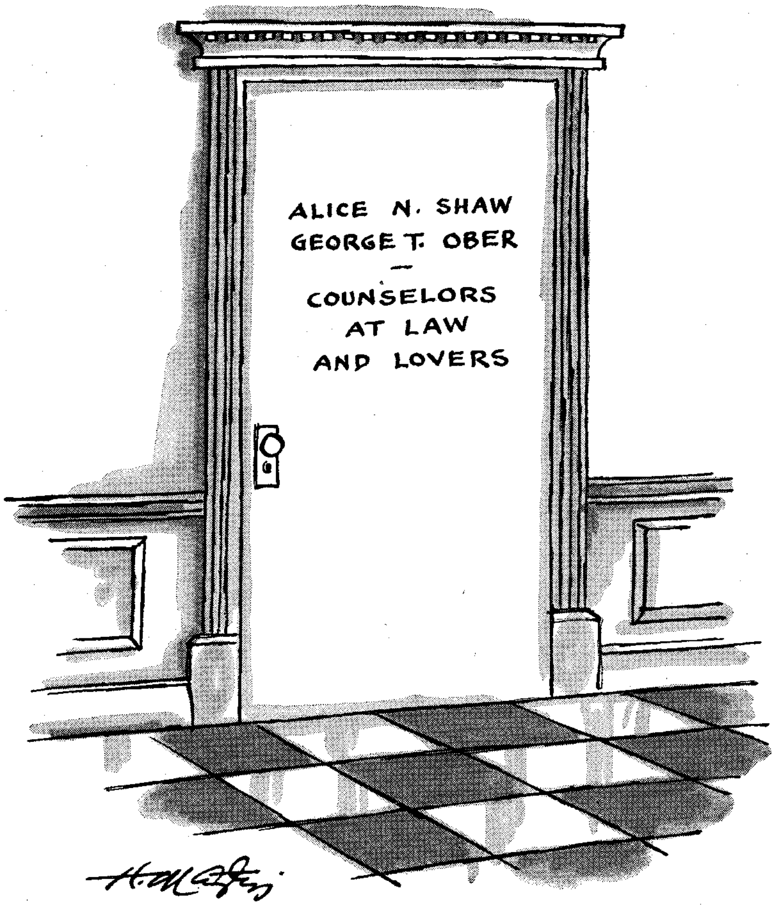
The five Webbs arrived at a property called Lou Mas in the course of a particularly hot September. Mysterious Lou Mas, until now a name on a deed of sale, materialized as a pink house wedged in the side of a hill between a motor road and the sea. Alec identified its style as Edwardian-Riviera. Barbara supposed he must mean the profusion of balconies and parapets, and the slender pillars in the garden holding up nothing. In the new southern light everything looked to her brilliant and moist, like color straight from a paintbox. One of Alec's first gestures was to raise his arm and shield his eyes against this brightness. The journey had exhausted him, she thought. She had received notice in dreams that their change of climates was irreversible; not just Alec but none of them could go back. She did not tell him so, though in better times it might have interested that part of his mind he kept fallow: being entirely rational, he had a prudent respect for second sight.

The children had never been in a house this size. They chased each other and slid along the floors until Alec asked, politely, if they wouldn't mind playing outside, though one of the reasons he had wanted to come here was to be with them for the time remaining. Dispatched to a flagged patio in front of the house, the children looked down on terraces bearing olive trees, then a railway line, then the sea. Among the trees was a cottage standing empty which Barbara had forbidden them to explore. The children were ten, eleven, and twelve, with the girl in the middle. Since they had no school to attend, and did not know any of the people living around them, and since their mother was too busy to invent something interesting for them to do, they hung over a stone balustrade waving and calling to trains, hoping to see an answering wave and perhaps a decapitation. They had often been warned about foolish passengers and the worst that could happen. Their mother came out and put her arms around Will, the eldest. She kissed the top of his head. "Do look at that sea," she said. "Aren't we lucky?" They looked, but the vast, flat sea was a line any of them could have drawn on a sheet of paper. It was there, but no more than there; trains were better—so was the ruined cottage. Within a week James had cut his hand on glass breaking into it, but by then Barbara had forgotten her injunction.

The sun Alec had wanted turned out to be without compassion, and he spent most of the day indoors, moving from room to room, searching for some gray, dim English cave in which to take cover. Often he sat without reading, doing nothing, in a room whose one window, none too clean, looked straight into the blank hill behind the house. Seepage and a residue of winter rainstorms had traced calm yellowed patterns on its walls. He guessed it had once been assigned to someone's hapless, helpless paid companion, who would have marvelled at the thought of its lending shelter to a dying man. In the late afternoon he would return to his bedroom, where, out on the balcony, an angular roof shadow slowly replaced the sun. Barbara unfolded his deck chair on the still burning tiles. He stretched out, opened a book, found the page he wanted, and at once closed his eyes. Barbara knelt in a corner, in a triangle of light. She had taken her clothes off—all but a sun hat; bougainvillea grew so thick no one could see. She said, "Would you like me to read to you?" No; he did everything alone, or nearly. He was—always—bathed shaved, combed, and dressed. His children would not remember him unkempt or dishevelled, though it might not have mattered to them. He did not smell of sweat or sickness or medicine or fear.

When it began to rain, later in the autumn, the children played indoors. Barbara tried to keep them quiet. There was a French school up in the town, but neither Alec nor Barbara knew much about it; and, besides, there was no use settling them in. He heard the children asking for bicycles so they could ride along the motor road, and he heard Barbara saying no, the road was dangerous. She must have changed her mind, for he next heard them discussing the drawbacks and advantages of French bikes. One of the children—James, it was—asked some question about the cost.

"You're not to



"I had to send the wife upstate for a while. Disco madness."

• •

mention things like that," said Barbara. "You're not to speak of money."

Alec was leaving no money and three *children—four, if you* counted his wife. Barbara often said she had no use for money, no head for it. "Thank God I'm Irish," she said. "I *haven't got rates of* interest on the brain." She read Irishness into her nature as an explanation for it, the way some people attributed their gifts and failings to a sign of the zodiac. Anything natively Irish had dissolved long before, leaving only a family custom of Catholicism and another habit, fervent in Barbara's case, of anticlerical passion. Alec supposed she was getting her own back, for a mysterious reason, on ancestors she would not have recognized in Heaven. Her family, the Laceys, had been in Wales for generations. Her brothers considered themselves Welsh.

It was Barbara's three Welsh brothers who had put up the funds for Lou Mas. Houses like this were to be had nearly for the asking then. They stood moldering at the unfashionable end of the coast, damaged sometimes by casual shellfire, difficult to heat, costly to renovate. What the brothers had seen as valuable in Lou Mas was not the villa, which they had no use for, but the undeveloped seafront around it, for which each of them had a different plan. The eldest brother was a partner in a firm of civil engineers; another managed a resort hotel and had vague thoughts about building one of his own. The youngest, Mike, who was Barbara's favorite, had converted from the R.A.F. to commercial flying. Like Alec, he had been a prisoner of war. The two men had that, but nothing else, in common. Mike was the best travelled of the three. He could see, in place of the pink house with its thick walls and high ceilings, one of the frail, domino-shaped blocks that were starting to rise around the Mediterranean basin, creating a vise of white plaster at the rim of the sea.

Because of United Kingdom income-tax laws, which made it awkward for the Laceys to have holdings abroad, Alec and Barbara had been registered as owners of Lou Mas, with Desmond, the engineer, given power of attorney. This was a manageable operation because Alec was entirely honorable, while Barbara did not know a legal document from the ace of diamonds. So when the first scouts came round from the local British colony to find out what the Webbs were like and Barbara told them Lou Mas belonged to her family she was speaking the truth. Her visitors murmured that they had been very fond of the Vaughan-Thorpes and had been sorry to see them go—a reference to the previous owners, whose grandparents had built Lou Mas. Barbara did not suppose this to be a snub: she simply wondered why it was that a war out of which her brothers had emerged so splendidly should have left Alec, his sister, and the unknown Vaughan-Thorpes worse off than before.

The scouts reported that Mr. Webb was an invalid, that the children were not going to school, that Mrs. Webb must at one time have been pretty, and that she seemed to be spending a good deal of money, either her husband's or her own. When no improvements were seen in the house, the grounds, or the cottage, it began to be taken for granted that she had been squandering, on trifles, rather more than she had.

Her visitors were mistaken: Barbara never spent more than she had, but only the total of all she could see. What she saw now was a lump of money like a great block of marble, from which she could chip as much as she liked. It had come by way of Alec's sister. Alec's obstinate refusal to die on National Health had meant that his death had somehow to be paid for. Principle was a fine thing, one of Barbara's brothers remarked, but it came high. Alec's earning days were done for. He had come from a long line of medium-rank civil servants who had never owned anything except the cottages to which they had eventually retired, and which their heirs inevitably sold. Money earned, such as there was, disappeared in the sands of their male progeny's education. Girls were expected to get married. Alec's sister, now forty-four, had not done so, though she was no poorer or plainer than most. "I am better off like this," she had told Alec, perhaps once too often. She was untrained, unready, unfitted for any life save that of a woman civilian in wartime; peace had no use for her, just as the postwar seemed too fast, too hard, and too crowded to allow for Alec. Her only

SHOOTING WHALES

When the shoals of plankton
swarmed into St. Margaret's Bay,
turning the beaches pink,
we saw from our place on the hill
the sperm whales feeding,
fouling the nets
in their play,
and breaching clean
so the humps of their backs
rose over the wide sea meadows.

Day after day
we waited inside
for the rotting plankton to disappear.
The smell stilled even the wind,
and the oxen looked stunned,
pulling hay on the slope
of our hill.
But the plankton kept coming in
and the whales would not go.

That's when the shooting began.
The fishermen got in their boats
and went after the whales,
and my father and uncle
and we children went, too.
The froth of our wake sank fast
in the wind-shaken water.

The whales surfaced close by.
Their foreheads were huge,
the doors of their faces were closed.
Before sounding, they lifted
their flukes into the air
and brought them down hard.
They beat the sea into foam,
and the path that they made
shone after them.

Though I did not see their eyes,
I imagined they were
like the eyes of mourning,
glazed with rheum,
watching us, sweeping along
under the darkening sheets of salt.

When we cut our engine and waited
for the whales to surface again,
the sun was setting,
turning the rock-strewn barrens a gaudy salmon.
A cold wind flailed at our skin.
When finally the sun went down
and it seemed like the whales had gone,
my uncle, no longer afraid,
shot aimlessly into the sky.

Three miles out
in the rolling dark
under the moon's astonished eyes,
our engine would not start
and we headed home in the dinghy.
And my father, hunched over the oars,
brought us in. I watched him,
rapt in his effort, rowing against the tide,
his blond hair glistening with salt.
I saw the slick spillage of moonlight
being blown over his shoulders,
and the sea and spindrift
suddenly silver.

He did not speak the entire way.

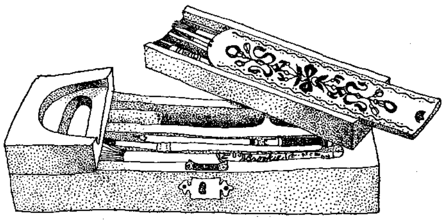
At midnight
when I went to bed,
I imagined the whales
moving beneath me,
sliding over the weed-covered hills of the deep;
they knew where I was;
they were luring me
downward and downward
into the murmurous
waters of sleep.

—Mark Strand

• •

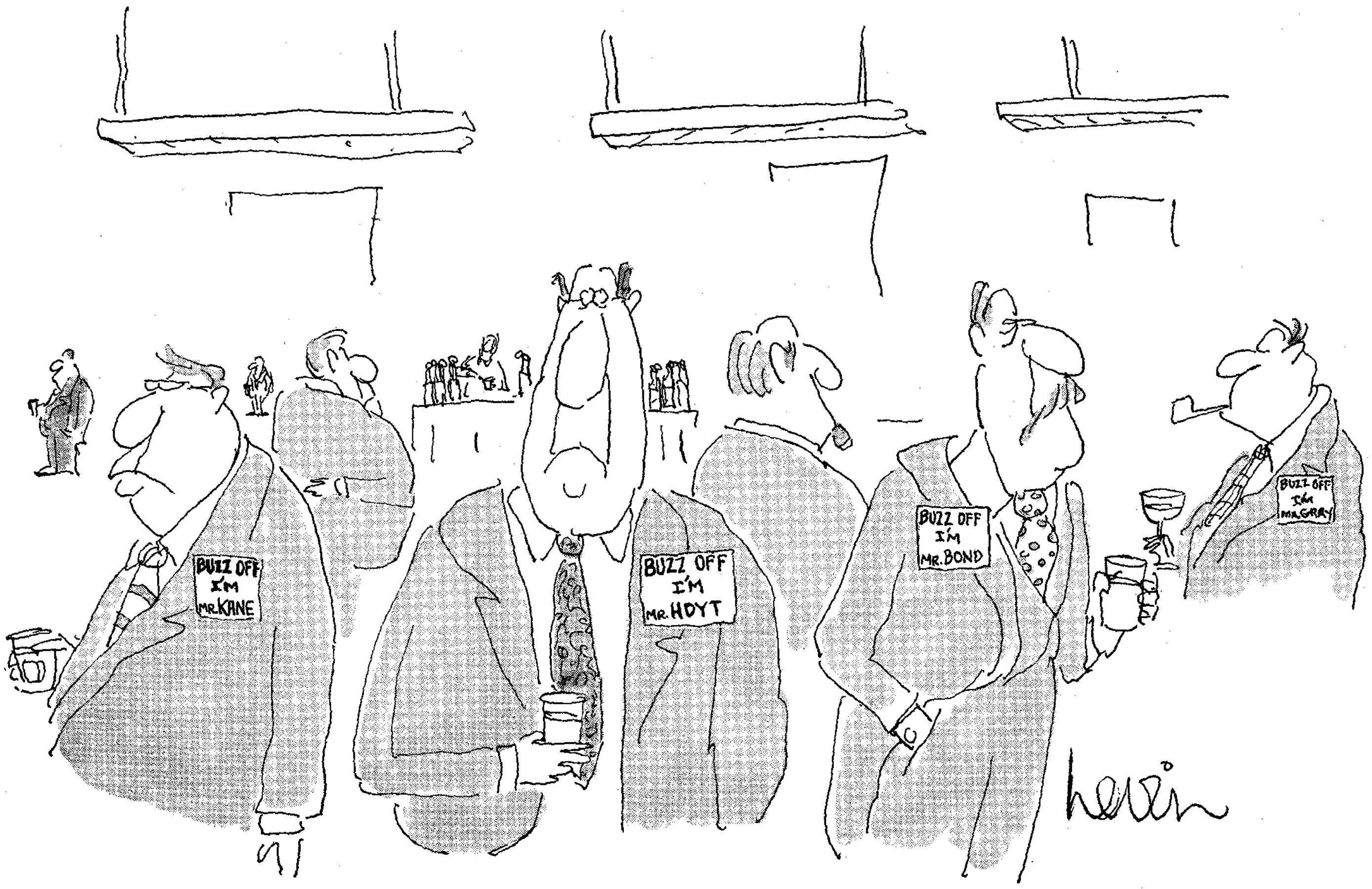
asset was material: a modest, cautiously invested sum of money settled on her by a godparent, the income from which she tried to add to by sewing. Christening robes had been her special joy, but fewer babies were being baptized with pomp, while nylon was gradually replacing the silks and lawns she worked with such care. Nobody wanted the bother of ironing flounces and tucks in a world without servants.

Barbara called her sister-in-law "the mouse." She had small brown eyes; was vegetarian; prayed every night of her life for Alec and for the parents who had not much loved her. "If they would just listen to me," she was in the habit of saying—about Alec and Barbara, for instance. She never complained about her compressed existence, which seemed to her the only competent one at times; at least it was quiet. When Alec told her that he was about to die, and wanted to emigrate, and had been provided with a house but with nothing to run it on, she immediately offered him half her capital. He accepted in the same flat way he had talked about death—out of his driving need, she supposed, or because he still held the old belief that women never require much. She knew she had made an impulsive gesture, perhaps a disastrous one, but she loved Alec and did not want to add to her own grief. She was assured that anything left at the end would be returned enriched and amplified by some sort of nimble investment, but as Alec and his family intended to live on the capital she did not see how this could be done.



Alec knew that his sister had been sacrificed. It was merely another of the lights going out. Detachment had overtaken him even before the journey south. Mind and body floated on any current that chose to bear them.

For the first time in her life Barbara had enough money and no one to plague her with useless instructions. While Alec slept, or seemed to, she knelt in the last triangle of sun on the balcony reading the spread-out pages of the *Continental Daily Mail.* It had been one thing to have no head for money when there was none to speak of; the present situation called for percipience and wit. Her reading in-


BUZZ OFF I'M MR. KANE
BUZZ OFF I'M MR. HOYT
BUZZ OFF I'M MR. BOND
BUZZ OFF I'M MR. GRAY

formed her that dollars were still stronger than pounds. (Pounds were the decaying cottage, dollars the Edwardian house.) Alec's background and training made him find the word "dollars" not overnice, perhaps alarming, but Barbara had no class prejudice to hinder her. She had already bought dollars for pounds, at giddy loss, feeling each time that she had put it over on banks and nations, on snobs, on the financial correspondent of the *Mail*, on her own clever brothers. (One of the Webbs' neighbors, a retired Army officer named Major Lamprey, had confided to Alec that he was expecting the Russians to land in the bay below their villas at any time. He intended to die fighting on his doorstep; however, should anything happen to prevent his doing so, he had kept a clutch of dollars tucked in the pocket of an old dressing gown so that he and his mother could buy their way out.)

In Alec's darkened bedroom she combed her hair with his comb. Even if he survived, he would have no foothold on the nineteen-fifties. She, Barbara, had been made for her time. This did not mean she wanted to live without him. Writing to one of her brothers, she advised him to open a hotel down here. Servants were cheap—twenty or thirty cents an hour, depending on whether you worked the official or the free-market rate. In this letter her brother heard Barbara's voice, which had stayed high and breathless though she must have been thirty-four. He wondered if this was the sort of prattle poor dying old Alec had to listen to there in the south.

"SOUTH" was to Alec a place of the mind. He had not deserted England, as his sad sister thought, but moved into one of its oldest literary legends, the Mediterranean. His part of this legend was called Rivabella. Actually, "Rivebelle" was written on maps and road signs, for the area belonged to France—at least for the present. It had been tugged between France and Italy so often that it now had a diverse, undefinable character and seemed to be remote from any central authority unless there were elections or wars. At its heart was a town sprawled on the hill behind Lou Mas and above the motor road. Its inhabitants said "Rivabella;" they spoke, among themselves, a Ligurian dialect with some Spanish and Arabic expressions mixed in, though their children went to school and learned French and that they descended from a race with blue eyes. What had remained constant to Rivabella was its poverty, and the groves of ancient olive trees that only the strictest of laws kept the natives from cutting down, and the look and character of the people. Confined by his illness, Alec would never meet more of these than about a dozen; they bore out the expectation set alight by his reading, seeming to him classless and pagan, poetic and wise, imbued with an instinctive understanding of light, darkness, and immortality. Barbara expected them to be cunning and droll, which they were, and to steal from her, which they did, and to love her, which they seemed to. Only the children were made uneasy by these strange new adults, so squat and ill-favored, so quarrelsome and sly, so destructive of nature and pointlessly cruel to animals. But, then, the children had not read much, were unfamiliar with films, and had no legends to guide them.

Barbara climbed up to the town quite often during the first weeks, looking for a doctor for Alec, for a cook and a maid, for someone to give lessons to the children. There was nothing much to see except a baroque church from which everything removable had long been sold to antiquarians, and a crumbling palace along the very dull main street. In one of the palace rooms, she was given leave to examine some patches of peach-colored smudge she was told were early-Renaissance frescoes. Some guidebooks referred to these, with the result that a number of the new, hardworking breed of postwar traveller panted up a steep road not open to motor traffic only to find that the palace belonged to a cranky French countess who lived alone with her niece and would not let anyone in. (Barbara, interviewing the niece for the post of governess, had been admitted but was kept standing until the countess left the room.) Behind the palace she discovered a town hall with a post office and a school attached, a charming small hospital—where a doctor was obtained for Alec—and a walled graveyard. Only the graveyard was worth exploring; it contained Victorian English poets who had probably died of tuberculosis in the days when an enervating climate was thought to be good for phthisis, and Russian aristocrats who had owned some of the English houses, and Garibaldian adventurers who, like Alec, had never owned a thing. Most of these graves were overgrown and neglected, with the headstones all to one side, and wild grasses grown taller than roses. The more recent dead seemed to be commemorated by marble plaques on a high concrete wall; these she did not examine. What struck her about this place was its splendid view: she could see Lou Mas, and quite far into Italy, and of course over a vast stretch of the sea. How silly of all those rich foreigners to crowd down by the shore, with the crashing noise of the railway. I would have built up here in a minute, she thought.

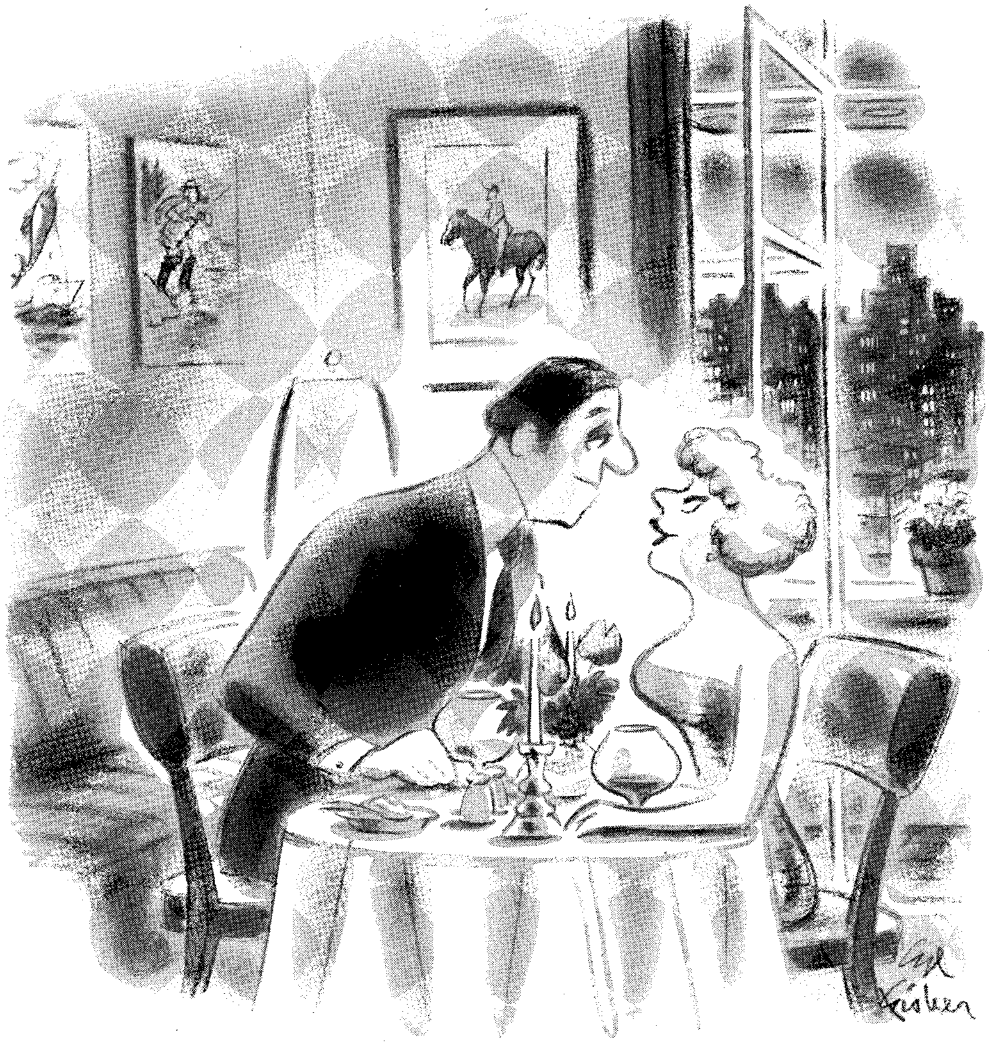
Alec's new doctor was young and ugly and bit his nails. He spoke good English, and knew most of the British colony, to whose colds, allergies, and perpetually upset stomachs he ministered. British ailments were nursery ailments; what his patients really wanted was to be tucked up next to a nursery fire and fed warm bread-and-milk. He had taken her to be something like himself—an accomplice, "My husband is anything but childish," she said gently.

"Rivabella has only two points of cultural interest," he said. "One is the market on the church square. The other is the patron saint, St. Damian. He appears on the church roof, dressed in armor, holding a flaming sword in the air. He does this when someone in Rivabella seems to be in danger." She saw, in the way he looked at her, that she had begun her journey south a wife and mother whose looks were fading, and arrived at a place where her face seemed exotic. Until now she had thought only that a normal English family had taken the train and the caricature of one had descended. It amounted to the same thing—the eye of the beholder.

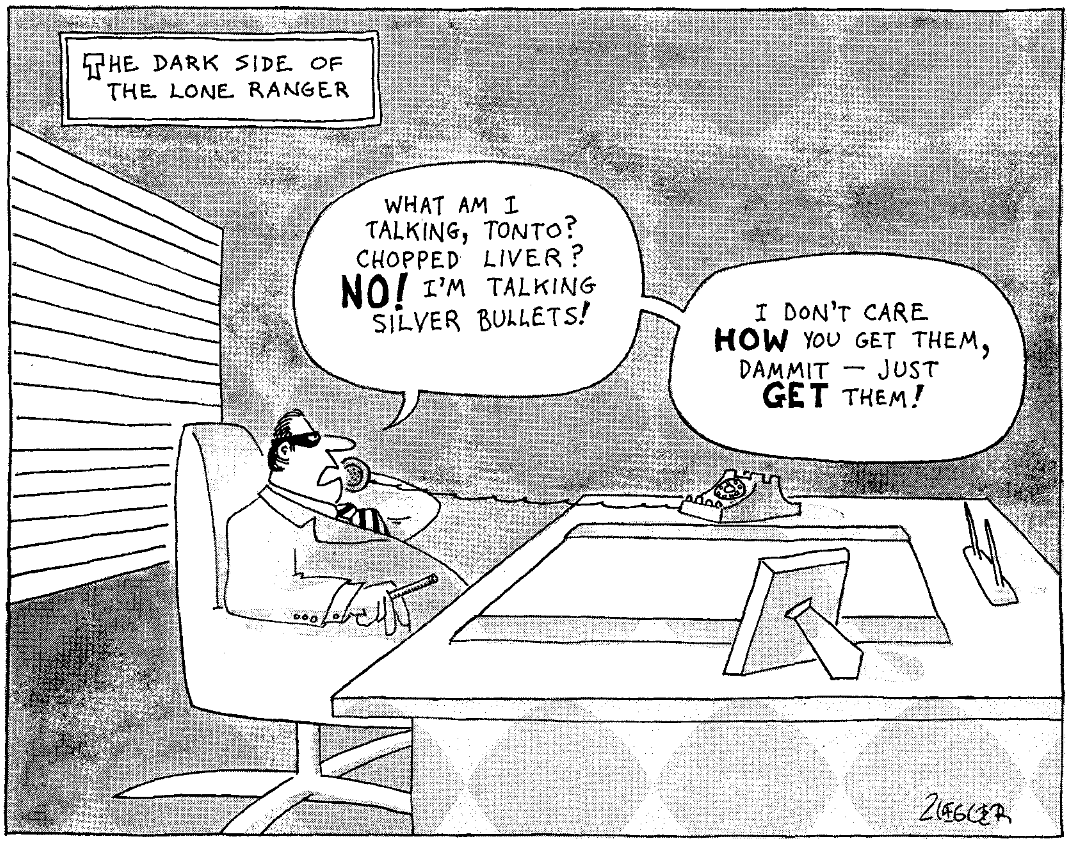
From his balcony Alec saw the hill as a rough triangle, with a few straggling farms beneath the gray and umber town (all he could discern was its color) and the apex of graveyard. This, in its chalky whiteness, looked like an Andalusian or a North African village washed up on the wrong part of the coast. It was alien to the lush English gardens and the foreign villas, which tended to pinks, and beiges, and to a deep shade known as Egyptian red. Within those houses was a way of being he sensed and understood, for it was a smaller, paler version of colonial life, with chattering foreign servants who might have been budgerigars, and hot puddings consumed under brilliant sunlight. Rules of speech and regulations for conduct were probably observed, as in the last days of the dissolving Empire. Barbara had told him of one: it was bad form to say "Rivebelle" for "Rivabella," for it showed one hadn't known about the place in its rich old days, or even that Queen Victoria had mentioned "*pretty* little Rivabella" to the Crown Princess of Prussia in one of her affectionate letters.

"All snobs," said Barbara. "Thank God I'm Irish," though there was something she did in a way mind: saying "Rivebelle" had been one of her first mistakes. Another had been hiring a staff without taking advice. She was also suspected of paying twice the going rate, which was not so much an economic blunder as a social affront. "All snobs" was not much in the way of ammunition, but, then, none of the other villas could claim a cook, a maid, a laundress, a gardener, and a governess marching down from Rivabella, all of them loyal, devoted, cheerful, hardworking, and kind.

She wrote to her pilot brother, the one she loved, telling him how self-reliant people seemed to be here, what pride they took in their jobs, how their philosophy was completely alien to the modern British idea of strife and grab. "I would love it if you would come and stay for a while. We have more



"Now, don't pretend, Mr. Delevan. I can always tell when a man is starting to get interested in me."


THE DARK SIDE OF THE LONE RANGER
WHAT AM I TALKING, TONTO? CHOPPED LIVER? NO! I'M TALKING SILVER BULLETS!
I DON'T CARE HOW YOU GET THEM, DAMMIT — JUST GET THEM!
ZIEGLER

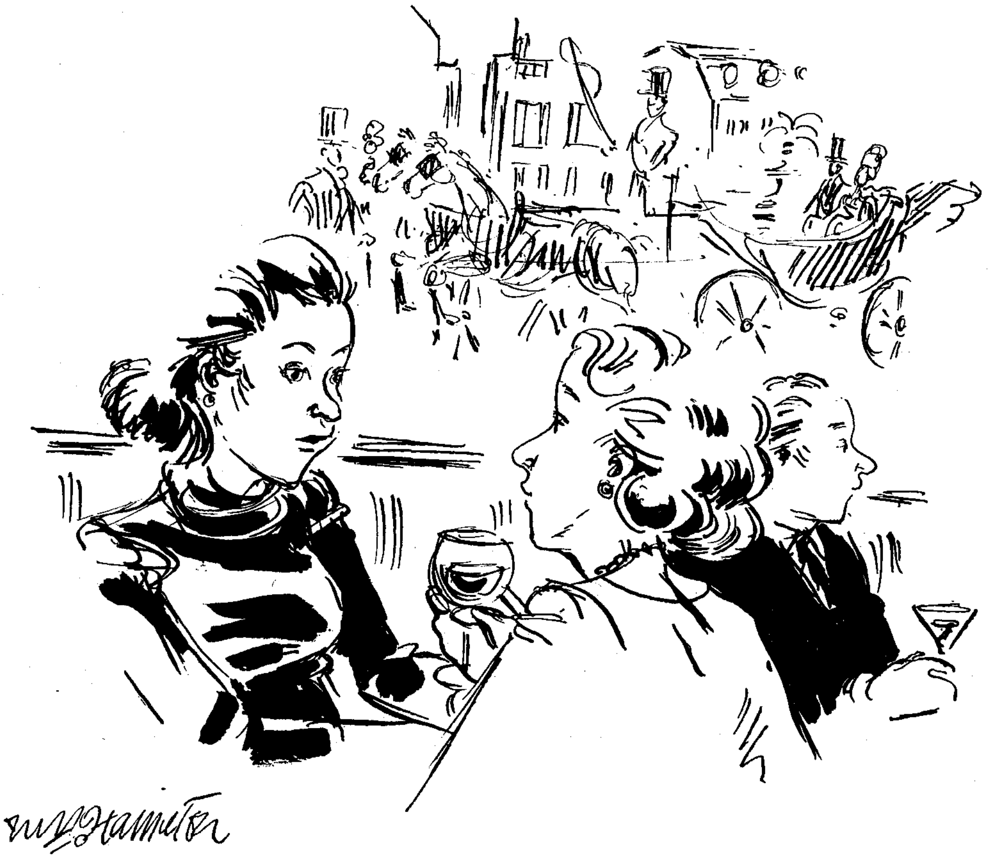
rooms than we know what to do with. You and I could talk." But no one came. None of them wanted to have to watch poor old Alec dying.

The children would recall later on that their cook had worn a straw hat in the kitchen so that steam condensing on the ceiling would not drop on her head, and that she wore the same hat to their father's funeral. Barbara would remind them about the food. She had been barely twenty at the beginning of the war, and there were meals for which she had never stopped feeling hungry. Three times a day, now, she sat down to cream and butter and fresh bread, new-laid eggs, jam you could stand a spoon in: breakfasts out of a storybook from before the war. As she preferred looking at food to eating it, it must have been the idea of her table spread that restored richness to her skin, lustre to her hair. She had been all cream and gold once, but war and marriage and Alec's illness and being hard up and some other indefinable disappointment had skimmed and darkened her. And yet she felt shot through with happiness sometimes, or at least by a piercing clue as to what bliss might be. This sensation, which she might have controlled more easily in another climate, became so natural, so insistent, that she feared sometimes that its source might be religious and that she would need to reject—out of principle—the felicity it promised. But no; she was, luckily, too earthbound for such nonsense. She could experience sudden felicity merely seeing her cook arrive with laden baskets, or the gardener crossing the terrace with a crate of flowering plants. (He would bed these out under the olive trees, where they perished rapidly.) Lou Mas at such times seemed to shrink to a toy house she might lift and carry; she would remember what it had been like when the children were babies still, and hers alone.

Carrying Alec's breakfast tray, she came in wearing the white dressing gown that had been his sister's parting gift to her. Her hair, which she now kept thick and loose, was shades lighter than it had been in England. He seemed barely to see her. But, then, everything dazzled him now. She buttered toast for him, and spread it with jam, saying, "Do try it, darling. You will never taste jam like this again." Of course, it thundered with prophecy. Her vision blurred—not because of tears, for she did not cry easily. It was as if a sheet of pure water had come down with an enormous crashing sound, cutting her off from Alec.

Now that winter was here, he moved with the sun instead of away from it. Shuffling to the balcony, he leaned on her shoulder. She covered him with blankets, gave him a book to read, combed his hair. He had all but stopped speaking, though he made an effort for strangers. She thought, What would it be like to be shot dead? Only the lingering question contained in a nightmare could account for this, but her visionary dreams had left her, probably because Alec's fate, and so to some measure her own, had been decided once and for all. Between house and sea the gardener crouched with a trowel in his hand. His work consisted of bedding-out, and his imagination stopped at salvia: the ground beneath the olive trees was dark red with them. She leaned against the warm parapet and thought of what he might see should he look up—herself, in white, with her hair blazing in the sun. But when he lifted his face it was only to wipe sweat from it with the shirt he had taken off. A dream of loss came back: she had been ordered to find new names for refugee children whose names had been forgotten. In real life, she had wanted her children to be called Giles, Nigel, and Samantha, but Alec had interfered. All three had been conceived on his wartime leaves, before he was taken prisoner. The children had her gray eyes, her skin that freckled, her small bones and delicate features (though Molly showed signs of belonging to a darker, sturdier race), but none of them had her richness, her shine. They seemed to her and perhaps to each other thin and dry, like Alec.

Everything Mademoiselle said was useless or repetitive. She explained, " 'Lou Mas' means 'the farm,' " which the children knew. When they looked out the dining-room window, she remarked, "You can see Italy." She came early in order to share their breakfast; the aunt she lived with, the aunt with the frescoes, kept all the food in their palace locked up. "What do you take me for?" she sometimes asked them, tragically, of some small thing, such as their not paying intense attention. She was not teaching them much—only some French, and they were picking this up faster now than she could instruct. Her great-grandfather had been



"Believe me, it's hell to live with genius—even advertising genius."

• •

a French volunteer against Garibaldi (an Italian bandit, she explained); her grandfather was founder of a nationalist movement; her father had been murdered on the steps of his house at the end of the war. She was afraid of Freemasons, Socialists, Protestants, and Jews, but not of drowning or falling from a height or being attacked by a mad dog. When she discovered that the children had been christened (Alec having considered baptism a rational start to agnostic life), she undertook their religious education, which was not at all what Barbara was paying for.

After lunch, they went upstairs to visit Alec. He lay on his deck chair, tucked into blankets, as pale as clouds. James suddenly wailed out, believing he was singing, "We'll ring all the bells and kill all the Protestants." Silence; then James said, "Are there any left? Any Protestants?"

"I am left, for one," said his father.

"It's a good thing we came down here, then," said the child calmly. "They couldn't get at you."

Mademoiselle said, looking terrified, "It refers to old events in France."

"It wouldn't have mattered." Alec's belief had gone to earth as soon as he had realized that the men he admired were in doubt. His conversation, like his reading, was increasingly simple. He was reading a book about gardening. He held it close to his face. Daylight tired him; it was like an intruder between memory and the eye. He read, "Nerine. Guernsey Lily. Ord. Amaryllidaceae. First introduced, 1680." Introduced into England, that meant. "Oleander, 1596. East Indian Rose Bay, 1770. Tamarind Tree, 1633. Chrysanthemum, 1764." So England had flowered, become bedecked, been bedded-out.

The book had been given him by a neighbor. The Webbs not only had people working for them, and delicious nursery food to eat, and a garden running down to the sea, but distinguished people living on either side—Mr. Edmund Cranefield of Villa Osiris to the right, and Mrs. Massie at Casa Scotia on the left. To reach their houses you had to climb thirty steps to the road, then descend more stairs on their land. Mr. Cranefield had a lift, which looked like a large crate stood on its side. Within it was a kitchen chair. He sat on the chair and was borne up to the road on an electric rail. No one had ever seen him doing this. When he went to Morocco, during the worst of the winter, he had the lift disconnected and covered with rugs, the pond drained and the fish put in tanks, and his two peacocks, who screamed every dawn as if a fox were at them, boarded for a high fee with a private zoo. Casa Scotia belonged to Mrs. Massie, who was lame, wore a tweed cape, never went out without a hat, walked with a stick, and took a good twenty minutes to climb her steps.

Mr. Cranefield was a novelist, Mrs. Massie the author of a whole shelf of gardening books. Mr. Cranefield never spoke of his novels or offered to lend them; he did not even say what their titles were. "You must tell me every one!" Barbara cried, as if she were about to rush out and return with a wheelbarrow full of books by Mr. Cranefield.

He sat upstairs with Alec, and they talked about different things, quite often about the war. Just as Barbara was beginning to imagine Mr. Cranefield did not like her, he invited her to tea. She brought Molly along for protection, but soon saw he was not drawn to women—at least, not in the way she supposed men to be. She wondered then if she should keep Will and James away from him. He showed Barbara and Molly the loggia where he worked on windless mornings; a strong mistral had once blown one hundred and forty pages across three gardens—some were even found in a hedge at Casa Scotia. On a table were oval picture frames holding the likeness of a fair girl and a fair young man. Looking more closely, Barbara saw they were illustrations cut out of magazines. Mr. Cranefield said, "They are the pair I write about. I keep them there so that I never make a mistake."

"Don't they bore you?" said Barbara.

"Look at all they have given me." But the most dispossessed peasant, the filthiest housemaid, the seediest nail-biting doctor in Rivabella had what he was pointing out—the view, the sea. Of course, a wave of the hand cannot take in everything; he probably had more than this in reserve. He turned to Molly and said kindly, "When you are a little older you can do some typing for me," because it was his experience that girls liked doing that—typing for Mr. Cranefield while waiting for someone to marry. Girls were fond of him: he gave sound advice about love affairs, could read the future in handwriting. Molly knew nothing about him then, but she would recall later on how Mr. Cranefield, who had invented women deep-sea divers, women test pilots, could not imagine—in his innocence, in his manhood—anything more thrilling to offer a girl when he met one than “You can type.”

Barbara broke in, laughing: “She is only eleven.”

This was true, but it seemed to Molly a terrible thing to say.

Mrs. Massie was not shy about bringing *her* books around. She gave several to Alec, among them “Flora’s Gardening Encyclopedia,” seventeenth edition, considered her masterpiece. All her books were signed “Flora,” though it was not her name. She said about Mr. Cranefield, “Edmund is a great, pampered child. Spoiled by adoring women all his life. Not by me.” She sat straight on the straightest chair, her hands clasped on her stick. “I do my own typing. My own gardening, too,” though she did say to James and Will, “You can help in the garden for pocket money, if you like.”

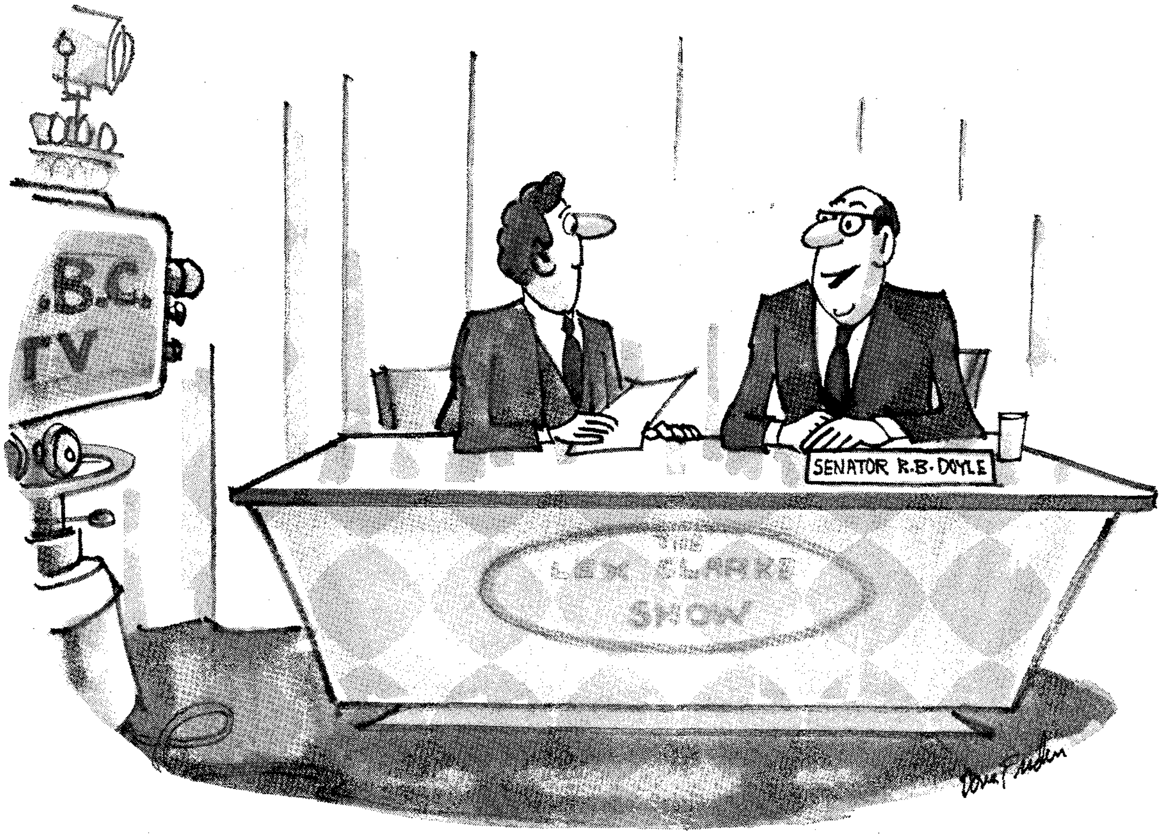
IN the late spring, the second Elizabeth was crowned. Barbara ordered a television set from a shop in Nice. It was the first the children had seen. Two men carried it with difficulty down the steps from the road, and soon became tired of lifting it from room to room while Barbara decided where she wanted it. She finally chose a room they kept shut usually; it had a raised platform at one end and until the war had been the site of amateur theatricals. The men set the box down on the stage and began fiddling with antennae and power points while the children ran about arranging rows of chairs. One of the men said they might not have a perfect view of the Queen the next day, the day of the Coronation, because of Alps standing in the way. The children sat down and stared at the screen. Horizontal lightning streaked across its face. The men described implosion, which had killed any number of persons all over the world. They said that should the socket and plug begin to smoke, Barbara was to make a dash for the meter box and pull out the appropriate fuse.

“The appropriate fuse?” said Barbara. The children minded sometimes about the way she laughed at everything.

When the men had gone, they trooped upstairs to tell Alec about the Alps and implosion. He was resting in preparation for tomorrow’s ceremony, which he would attend. It was clear to Molly that her father would not be able to get up and run if there was an accident. Kneeling on the tiles (this was in early June), she pressed her face to his hand. Presently he slipped the hand away to turn a page. He was reading more of the book Mrs. Massie had pounded out on her 1929 Underwood—four carbons, single-spaced, no corrections, every page typed clean: “Brussels sprouts—see Brassica.” Brassica must be English, Alec thought. That was why he withdrew his hand—to see about Brassica. What use was his hand to Molly or her anxiety to him now? Why hold her? Why draw her into his pale world? She was a difficult, dull, clumsy child, something of a moper when her brothers teased her but sulky and tough when it came to Barbara. He had watched Barbara, goaded by Molly, lose control of herself and slap the girl’s face, and he had heard Molly’s pitiful credo: “You can’t hurt me. My vaccination hurt worse than that.” “Hurt more,” Alec in silence had amended. “Hurt me *more* than that.”

He found Brassica. It was Borecole, Broccoli, Cabbage, Cauliflower. His eyes slid over the rest of what it was until “Native to Europe—BRITAIN,” which Mrs. Massie had typed in capital letters during the war, with a rug around her legs in unheated Casa Scotia, waiting for the Italians or the Germans or the French to take her away to internment in a lorry. He was closer in temper to Mrs. Massie than to anyone else except his sister, though he had given up priorities. His blood was white (that was how he saw it), and his lungs and heart were bleached, too, and starting to disintegrate like snowflakes. He was a pale giant, a drained Gulliver, cast up on the beach, open territory for invaders. (Barbara and Will were sharing a paperback about flying saucers whose occupants had built Stonehenge.) Alec’s intrepid immigrants, his microscopic colonial settlers, had taken over. He had been easy to subdue, being courteous by nature, diffident by choice. He had been a civil servant, then a soldier; had expected the best, relied on good behavior; had taken to prison camp thin books about Calabria and Greece; had been evasive, secretive, brave, unscrupulous only sometimes—had been English and middle-class, in short.

That night Alec had what the doctor called “a crisis” and Alec termed “a bad patch.” There was no question of his coming down for the Coronation



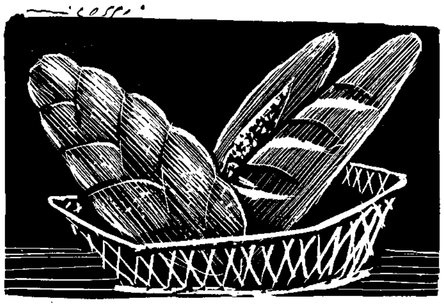
“And for those of you who may disagree with my public stance on Salt II, remember, privately I’m saying quite the opposite.”

the next day. The children thought of taking the television set up to him, but it was too heavy, and Molly burst into tears thinking of implosion and accidents and Alec trapped. In the end the Queen was crowned in the little theatre, as Barbara had planned, in the presence of Barbara and the children, Mr. Cranefield and Mrs. Massie, the doctor from Rivabella, Major Lamprey and his old mother, Mrs. Massie's housekeeper, Barbara's cook and two of her grandchildren, and Mademoiselle. One after the other, these people turned their heads to look at Alec, gasping in the doorway, holding on to the frame. His hair was carefully combed and parted low on one side, like Mr. Cranefield's, and he had dressed completely, though he had a scarf around his neck instead of a tie. He was the last, the very last, of a kind. Not British but English. Not Christian so much as Anglican. Not Anglican but giving the benefit of the doubt. His children would never feel what he had felt, suffer what he had suffered, relinquish what he had done without so that this sacrament could take place. The new Queen's voice flowed easily over the Alps—thin, bored, ironed flat by the weight of what she had to remember—and came as far as Alec, to whom she owed her crown. He did not think that, precisely, but what had pulled him to his feet, made him stand panting for life in the doorway, would not occur to James or Will or Molly—not then, or ever.

He watched the rest of it from a chair. His breathing bothered the others: it made their own seem too quiet. He ought to have died that night. It would have made a reasonable ending. This was not a question of getting rid of Alec (no one wanted that) but of being able to say later, "He got up and dressed to see the Coronation." However, he went on living.

A nurse came every day, the doctor almost as often. He talked quietly to Barbara in the garden. A remission as long as this was unknown to him; it smacked of miracles. When Barbara would not hear of that, he said that Alec was holding on through will power. But Alec was not holding on. His invaders had pushed him off the beach and into a boat. The stream was white, and the shoreline, too. Everything was white, and he moved peacefully. He had glimpses of his destination—a room where the hems of thin curtains swept back and forth on a bare floor. His vision gave him green bronze doors sometimes; he supposed they were part of the same room.

He could see his children, but only barely. He had guessed what the boys might become—one a rebel, one turned inward. The girl was a question mark. She was stoic and sentimental, indifferent sometimes to pleasure and pain. Whatever she was or could be or might be, he had left her behind. The boys placed a row of bricks down the middle of the room they shared. In the large house they fought for space. They were restless and noisy, untutored and bored. "I'll always have a packet of love from my children," Barbara had said to a man once (not Alec).



At the start of their second winter one of the Laceys came down to investigate. This was Ron, the hotelkeeper. He had dark hair and was thin and pale and walked softly. When he understood that what Barbara had written about servants and dollars was true, he asked to see the accounts. There were none. He talked to Barbara without raising his voice; that day she let everyone working for her go, with the exception of the cook, whom Ron had said she was to keep because of Alec. He seemed to feel he was in a position of trust, for he ordered her—there was no other word for it—to place the children at once in the Rivabella town school: Lou Mas was costing the Lacey brothers enough in local taxes—they might as well feel they were getting something back. He called his sister "Bab" and Alec "Al." The children's parents suddenly seemed to them unlike anyone.

* *

YOU SEE?

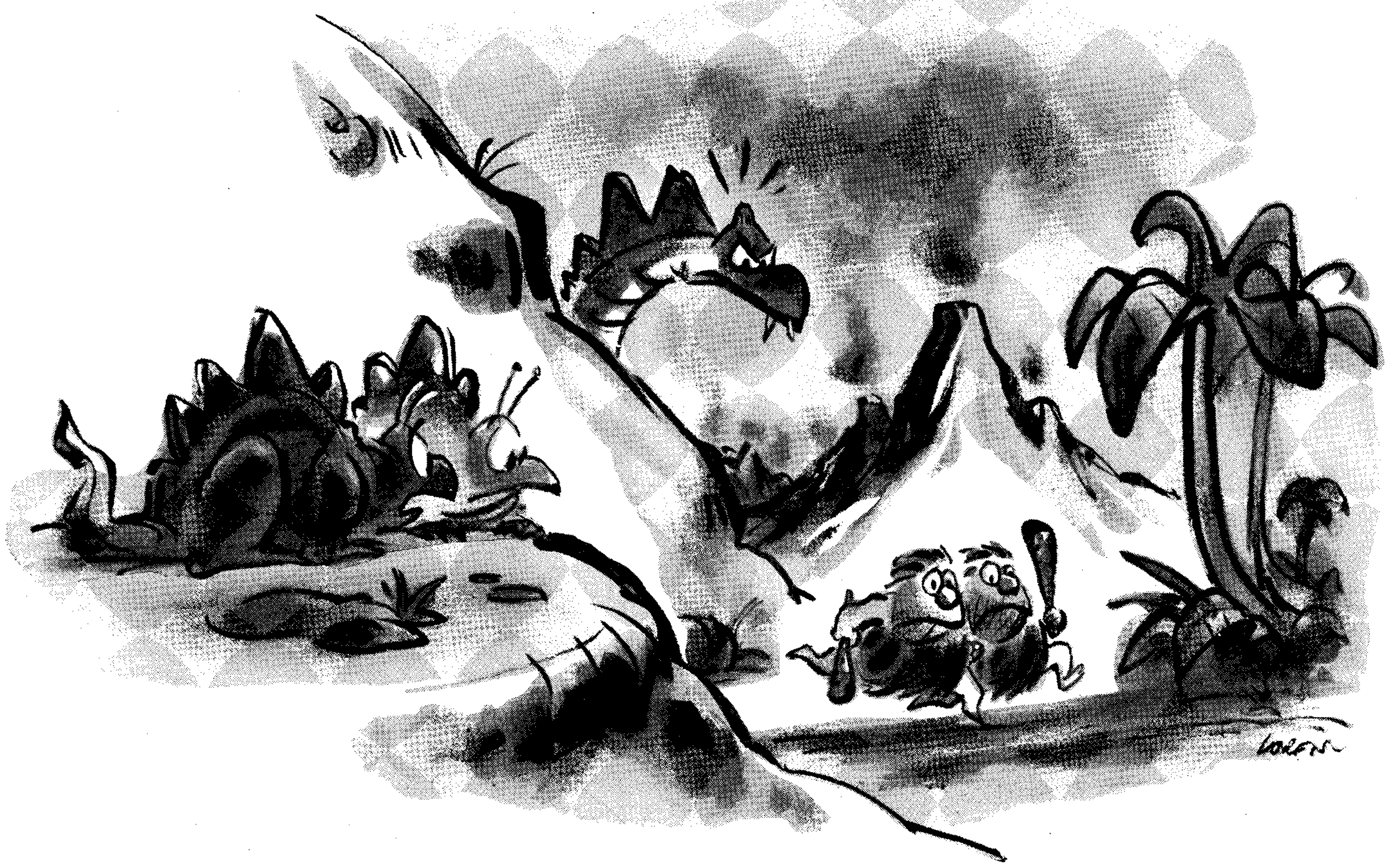
When I was a child in West Virginia
we drove out in the car
on summer nights,
windows rolled down,
looking for relief from the heat
that wallowed, trapped, in our valley.
The gray plush upholstery of the back seat,
a comfort in winter,
prickled angrily at the backs of my legs.

"Now wait, just you wait," my mother said,
and my father slowed down.
"You'll see," she said to me,
"if you put your head out the window—now!"

I thrust my head into the night
and suddenly
my face was awash in deep black air,
cool as the bottom of a well
and smelling of the thick earth beneath trees.
And then it was gone.
"You see?" my mother said.
"I knew that hollow was there."

Now I get off the subway
at a station in the old market
and walk down the platform
to a spot beneath a sidewalk grating.
Suddenly my face is awash
in the dark, turkey-red smell
of cinnamon and cloves
undercut by the hot yellow of horse urine
on straw.
I am deep in a past more ancient than my own.
"You see?" I say to myself.
"You see?"

—John Ratti



"Evolution sure goofed there. Those guys aren't particularly good at anything."

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When Ron left, Barbara marched the children up to Rivabella and made them look at the church. They had seen it, but she made them look again. She held the mistaken belief that religion was taught in French state schools, and she wanted to arm them. The children knew by now that what their mother called "France" was not really France down here but a set of rules, a code for doing things, such as how to recite the multiplication table or label a wine. Instead of the northern saints she remembered, with their sorrowful preaching, there was a southern St. Damian holding up a blazing sword. Any number of persons had seen him; Mademoiselle had, more than once.

"I want you to understand what superstition is," said Barbara, in clear, carrying English. "Superstition is what is wrong with Uncle Ron. He believes what he can't see, and what he sees he can't believe in. Now, imagine intelligent people saying they've seen this—this apparition. This St. George, or whatever." The church had two pink towers, one bearing a cross and the other a weathervane. St. Damian usually hovered between them. "In armor," said Barbara.

To all three children occurred "Why not?" Protect me, prayed the girl. Vanquish, said Will. Lead, ordered the youngest, seeing only himself in command. He looked around the square and said to his mother, "Could we go soon, please? Because people are looking."

That winter Molly grew breasts; she thought them enormous, though each could have been contained easily in a small teacup. Her brothers teased her. She went about with her arms crossed. She was tall for her age, and up in the town there was always some man staring. Elderly neighbors pressed her close. Major Lamprey, calling on Alec, kissed her on the mouth. He smelled of gin and pipe smoke. She scrubbed her teeth for minutes afterward. When she began to menstruate, Barbara said, "Now, Molly, you are to keep away from men," as if she weren't trying to.

The boys took their bicycles and went anywhere they wanted. In the evening they wheeled round and round the church square. Above them were swallows, on the edge of the square men and boys. Both were starting to speak better French than English, and James spoke dialect better than French. Molly disliked going up to Rivabella, unless she had to. She helped Barbara make the beds and wash the dishes, and she did her homework and then very often went over to talk to Mr. Cranefield. She discovered, by chance, that he had another name—E. C. Arden. As E. C. Arden, he was the author of a series of thumbed, comfortable novels (it was Mrs. Massie who lent Molly these), one of which, called "Belinda at Sea," was Molly's favorite book of any kind. It was about a girl who joined the crew of a submarine, disguised as a naval rating, and kept her identity a secret all the way to Hong Kong. In the end, she married the submarine commander, who apparently had loved her all along. Molly read "Belinda at Sea" three or four times without ever mentioning to Mr. Cranefield that she knew he was E. C. Arden. She thought it was a matter of deep privacy and that it was up to him to speak of it first. She did, however, ask what he thought of the saint on the church roof, using the name Barbara had, which was St. George.

"What?" said Mr. Cranefield. "That Ethiopian?"

The girl looked frightened—not of Ethiopians, certainly, but of confusion as to person, the adult world of muddle. Even Mr. Cranefield was *also* E. C. Arden, creator of Belinda.

Mr. Cranefield explained, kindly,

that up at Rivabella they had made a patron saint out of a mixture of St. Damian, who was an intellectual, and St. Michael, who was not, and probably a local pagan deity as well. St. Michael accounted for the sword, the pagan for the fire. Reliable witnesses had seen the result, though none of these witnesses were British. "We aren't awfully good at seeing saints," he said. "Though we do have an eye for ghosts."

Another thing still troubled Molly, but it was not a matter she could mention: she did not know what to do about her bosom—whether to try to hold it up in some way or, on the contrary, bind it flat. She had been granted, by the mistake of a door's swinging wide, an upsetting glimpse of Mrs. Massie changing out of a bathing suit, and she had been worried about the future shape of her own body ever since. She pored over reproductions of statues and paintings in books belonging to Mr. Cranefield. The Eves and Venuses represented were not reassuring—they often seemed to be made of India rubber. There was no one she could ask. Barbara was too dangerous; the mention of a subject such as this always made her go too far and say things Molly found unpleasant.

She did remark to both Mrs. Massie and Mr. Cranefield that she hated the Rivabella school. She said, "I would give anything to be sent home to England, but I can't leave my father."

After a long conversation with Mrs. Massie, Mr. Cranefield agreed to speak to Alec. Interfering with other people was not his way, but Molly struck him as being pathetic. Something told him that Molly was not useful leverage with either parent and so he mentioned Will first: Will would soon be fourteen, too old for the school at Rivabella. Unless the Webb children were enrolled, and quickly, in good French establishments—say, in lycées at Nice—they would become unfit for anything save menial work in a foreign language they could not speak in an educated way. Of course, the ideal solution would be England, if Alec felt he could manage that.

"I tell you, Harry, there are no echelons like the upper echelons."

Alec listened, sitting not quite straight in his chair, wearing a dressing gown, his back to a window. He found all light intolerable now. Several times, he lifted his hand as if he were trying to see through it. No one knew why Alec made these odd gestures; some people thought he had gone slightly mad because death was too long in coming. He parted his lips and whispered, "French school . . . If you would look after it," and then, "I would be grateful."

Mr. Cranefield dropped his voice, too, as if the gray of the room called for hush. He asked if Alec had thought of appointing a guardian for them. The hand Alec seemed to want transparent waved back and forth, stiffly, like a shut ivory fan.

All Barbara said to Mr. Cranefield was "Good idea," once he had assured her that French high schools were not priest-ridden.

"It might have occurred to *her* to have done something about it," said Mrs. Massie, when this was repeated.

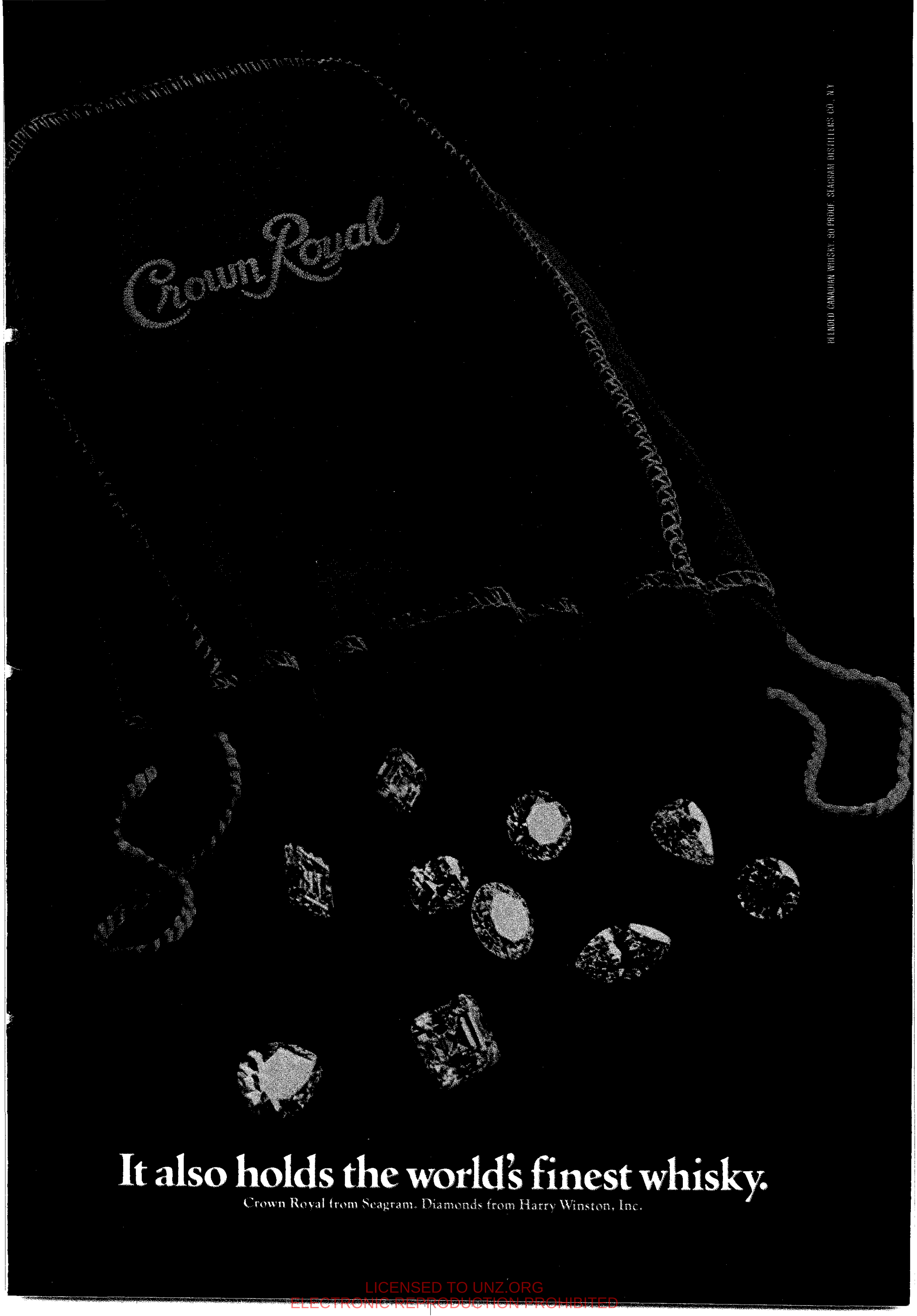
"Things do occur to Barbara," said Mr. Cranefield. "But she doesn't herself get the drift of them."

The only disturbing part of the new arrangement was that the children had been assigned to separate establishments, whose schedules did not coincide; this meant they would not necessarily travel in the same bus. Molly had shot up as tall as Will now. Her hair was dark and curled all over her head. Her bones and her hands and feet were going to be larger, stronger, than her mother's and brothers'. She looked, already, considerably older than her age. She was obstinately innocent, turning her face away when Barbara, for her own good, tried to tell her something about men.

Barbara imagined her willful, ignorant daughter being enticed, trapped, molested, impregnated, and disgraced. *And* ending up wondering how it happened, Barbara thought. She saw Molly's seducer, brutish and dull. I'd get him by the throat, she said to herself. She imagined the man's strong neck and her own small hands, her brittle bird bones. She said, "You are never, ever to speak to a stranger on the bus. You're not to get in a car with a man—not even if you know him."

"I don't know any man with a car."

"You could be waiting for a bus on a dark afternoon," said Barbara. "A car might pull up. Would you like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a lift? No, you must answer. No and no and no. It is different for the boys. There are the two of them. They could put up a fight."

"Nobody bothers boys," said Molly.

Barbara drew breath but for once in her life said nothing.

Alec's remission was no longer just miraculous—it had become unreasonable. Barbara's oldest brother hinted that Alec might be better off in England, cared for on National Health: they were paying unholy taxes for just such a privilege. Barbara replied that Alec had no use for England, where the Labour government had sapped everyone's self-reliance. He believed in having exactly the amount of suffering you could pay for, no less and no more. She knew this theory did not hold water, because the Laceys and Alec's own sister had done the paying. It was too late now; they should have thought a bit sooner; and Alec was too ravaged to make a new move.

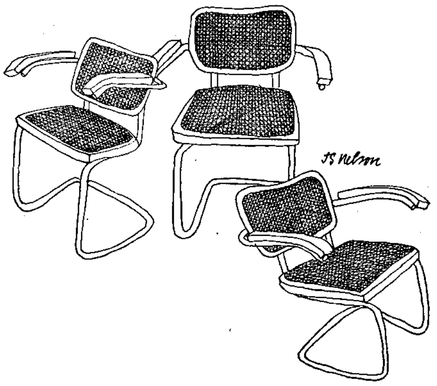
THE car that, inevitably, pulled up to a bus stop in Nice was driven by a Mr. Wilkinson. He had just taken Major Lamprey and the Major's old mother to the airport. He rolled his window down and called to Molly, through pouring rain, "I say, aren't you from Lou Mas?"

If he sounded like a foreigner's Englishman, like a man in a British joke, it was probably because he had said so many British-sounding lines in films set on the Riviera. Eric Wilkinson was the chap with the strong blue eyes and ginger mustache, never younger than thirty-four, never as much as forty, who flashed on for a second, just long enough to show there was an Englishman in the room. He could handle a uniform, a dinner jacket, tails, a monocle, a cigarette holder, a swagger stick, a polo mallet, could open a cigarette case without looking like a gigolo, could say without being an ass about it, "Bless my soul, wasn't that the little Maharani?" or even "Come along, old boy—fair play with Monica, now!" Foreigners meeting him often said, "That is what the British used to be like, when they were still all right, when the Riviera was still fit to live in." But the British who knew him were apt to glaze over: "You mean Wilkinson?" Mrs. Massie and Mr. Cranefield said, "Well, Wilkinson, what are you up to now?" There was no harm to him: his one-line roles did not support him, but he could do anything, even cook. He used his car as a private taxi, driving people to airports, meeting them when they came off cruise ships. He was not a chauffeur, never said "sir," but at the same time kept a certain distance, was not shy about money changing hands—no fake pride, no petit-bourgeois demand for a slipped envelope. Good-natured. Navy blazer. Summer whites in August. Wore a tie that carried a message. What did it stand for? A third-rate school? A disgraced, disbanded regiment? A club raided by the police? No one knew. Perhaps it was the symbol of something new altogether. "Still playing in those films of yours, Wilkinson?" He would flash on and off—British gent at roulette, British Army officer, British diplomat, British political agent, British anything. Spoke his line, fitted his monocle, pressed the catch on his cigarette case. His ease with other people was genuine, his financial predicament unfeigned. He had never been married, and had no children that he knew of.

"By Jove, it's nippy," said Wilkinson, when Molly had settled beside him, her books on her lap.

What made her do this—accept a lift from a murderer of schoolgirls? First, she had seen him somewhere safe once—at Mr. Cranefield's. Also, she was wet through, and chilled to the heart. Barbara kept refusing or neglecting or forgetting to buy her the things she needed: a lined raincoat, a jersey the right size. (The boys were wearing hand-me-down clothes from England, but no one Barbara knew of seemed to have a daughter.) The sleeves of her old jacket were so short that she put her hands in her pockets, so that Mr. Wilkinson would not despise her. He talked to Molly as he did to everyone, as if they were of an age, informing her that Major Lamprey and his mother were flying to Malta to look at a house. A number of people were getting ready to leave the South of France now; it had become so seedy and expensive, and all the wrong people were starting to move in.

"What kind of wrong people?" She sat tense beside him until he said, "Why, like Eric Wilkinson, I should think," and she laughed when his own laugh said she was meant to. He drove beyond his destination—a block of flats that he waved at in passing and that Molly in a confused way supposed he owned. They stopped in the road behind Lou Mas; she thanked him fervently, and then, struck with something, sat staring at him: "Mr. Wilkinson," she said. "Please—I am not allowed to be in cars with men alone. In case someone happened to see us, would you mind just coming and meeting my mother? Just so she can see who you are?"



"God bless my soul," said Wilkinson, sincerely.

Once, Alec had believed that Barbara was not frightened by anything, and that this absence of fear was her principal weakness. It was true that she had begun drifting out of her old life now, as calmly as Alec drifted away from life altogether. Her mock phrase for each additional Lou Mas catastrophe had become "the usual daily developments." The usual developments over seven rainy days had been the departure of the cook, who took with her all she could lay her hands on, and a French social-security fine that had come down hard on the remains of her marble block of money, reducing it to pebbles and dust. She had never filled out employer's forms for the people she had hired, because she had not known she was supposed to and none of them had suggested it; for a number of reasons having to do with government offices and tax files, none of them had wanted even this modest income to be registered anywhere. As it turned out, the gardener had also been receiving unemployment benefits, which, unfairly, had increased the amount of the fine Barbara had to pay. Rivabella turned out to be just as grim and bossy as England—worse, even, for it kept up a camouflage of wine and sunshine and olive trees and of amiable southern idiots who, if sacked, thought nothing of informing on one.

She sat at the dining-room table, wearing around her shoulders a red cardigan Molly had outgrown. On the table were the Sunday papers Alec's sister continued to send faithfully from England, and Alec's lunch tray, exactly as she had taken it up to him except that everything on it was now cold. She glanced up and saw the two of them enter—one stricken and guilty-looking, the other male, confident, smiling. The recognition that leaped between Barbara and Wilkinson was

YESTERYEAR

the last thing that Wilkinson in his right mind should have wanted, and absolutely everything Barbara now desired and craved. Neither of them heard Molly saying, "Mummy, this is Mr. Wilkinson. Mr. Wilkinson wants to tell you how he came to drive me home."

IT happened at last that Alec had to be taken to the Rivabella hospital, where the local poor went when it was not feasible to let them die at home. Eric Wilkinson, new family friend, drove his car as far as it could go along a winding track, after which they placed Alec on a stretcher; and Wilkinson, Mr. Cranefield, Will, and the doctor carried him the rest of the way. A soft April rain was falling, from which they protected Alec as they could. In the rain the doctor wept unnoticed. The others were silent and absorbed. The hospital stood near the graveyard—shamefully near, Wilkinson finally remarked, to Mr. Cranefield. Will could see the cemetery from his father's new window, though to do so he had to lean out, as he'd imagined passengers doing and having their heads cut off in the train game long ago. A concession was made to Alec's status as owner of a large villa, and he was given a private room. It was not a real sickroom but the place where the staff went to eat and drink when they took time off. They cleared away the plates and empty wine bottles and swept up most of the crumbs and wheeled a bed in.

The building was small for a hospital, large for a house. It had been the winter home of a Moscow family, none of whom had come back after 1917. Alec lay flat and still. Under a drift of soot on the ceiling he could make out a wreath of nasturtiums and a bluebird with a ribbon in its beak.

At the window, Will said to Mr. Cranefield, "We can see Lou Mas from here, and even your peacocks."

Mr. Cranefield fretted. "They shouldn't be in the rain."

Alec's neighbors came to visit. Mrs. Massie, not caring who heard her (one of the children did), said to someone she met on the hospital staircase, "Alec is a gentleman and always will be, but Barbara . . . Barbara." She took a rise of the curved marble stairs at a time. "If the boys were girls they'd be sluts. As it is, they are ruffians. Their old cook saw one of them stoning a cat to death. And now there is Wilkinson. Wilkinson." She moved on alone, repeating his name.

Everyone was saying "Wilkinson" now. Along with "Wilkinson" they said "Barbara." You would think that having been married to one man who was leaving her with nothing, leaving her dependent on family charity, she would have looked around, been more careful, picked a reliable kind of person. "A foreigner, say," said Major Lamprey's mother, who had not cared for Malta. Italians love children, even other people's. She might have chosen—you know—one of the cheerful sort, with a clean shirt and a clean white handkerchief, proprietor of a linen shop. The shop would have kept Barbara out of mischief.

No one could blame Wilkinson, who had his reasons. Also, he had said all those British-sounding lines in films, which in a way made him all right. Barbara had probably said she was Irish once too often. "What can you expect?" said Mrs. Massie. "Think how they were in the war. They keep order when there is someone to bully them. Otherwise . . ." The worst she had to say about Wilkinson was that he was preparing to flash on as the colonel of a regiment in a film about desert warfare; it had been made in the hilly country up behind Monte Carlo.

"Not a grain of sand up there," said Major Lamprey. He said he wondered what foreigners thought they meant by "desert."

"A colonel!" said Mrs. Massie.

"Why not?" said Mr. Cranefield.

"They must think he looks it," said Major Lamprey. "Gets a fiver a day, I'm told, and an extra fiver when he speaks his line. He says, 'Don't underestimate Rommel.' For a fiver I'd say it"—though he would rather have died.

The conversation veered to Wilkinson's favor. Wilkinson was merry; told irresistible stories about directors, unmalicious ones about film stars; repeated comic anecdotes concerning underlings who addressed him as "Guv." "I wonder who they can be," said Mrs. Massie. "It takes a Wilkinson to find them." Mr. Cranefield was more indulgent; he had to be. A sardonic turn of mind would have been resented by E. C. Arden's readers. The blond-headed pair on his desk stood for a world of triumphant love, with which his readers felt easy kinship. The fair couple, though competent in any domain, whether restoring a toppling kingdom or taming a tiger, lived on the same plane as all human creatures except England's enemies. They raised the level of existence—raised it, and flattened it.

Mr. Cranefield—as is often and incorrectly said of children—lived in a world of his own, too, in which he kept everyone's identity clear. He did not confuse St. Damian with an Ethiopian, or Wilkinson with Raffles, or Barbara with a slut. This was partly out of the habit of neatness and partly because he could not make up his mind to live openly in the world he wanted, which was a homosexual one. He said about Wilkinson and Barbara and the blazing scandal at Lou Mas, "I am sure there is no harm in it. Barbara has too much to manage alone, and it is probably better for the children to have a man about the place."

When Wilkinson was not travelling, he stayed at Lou Mas. Until now his base had been a flat he'd shared with a

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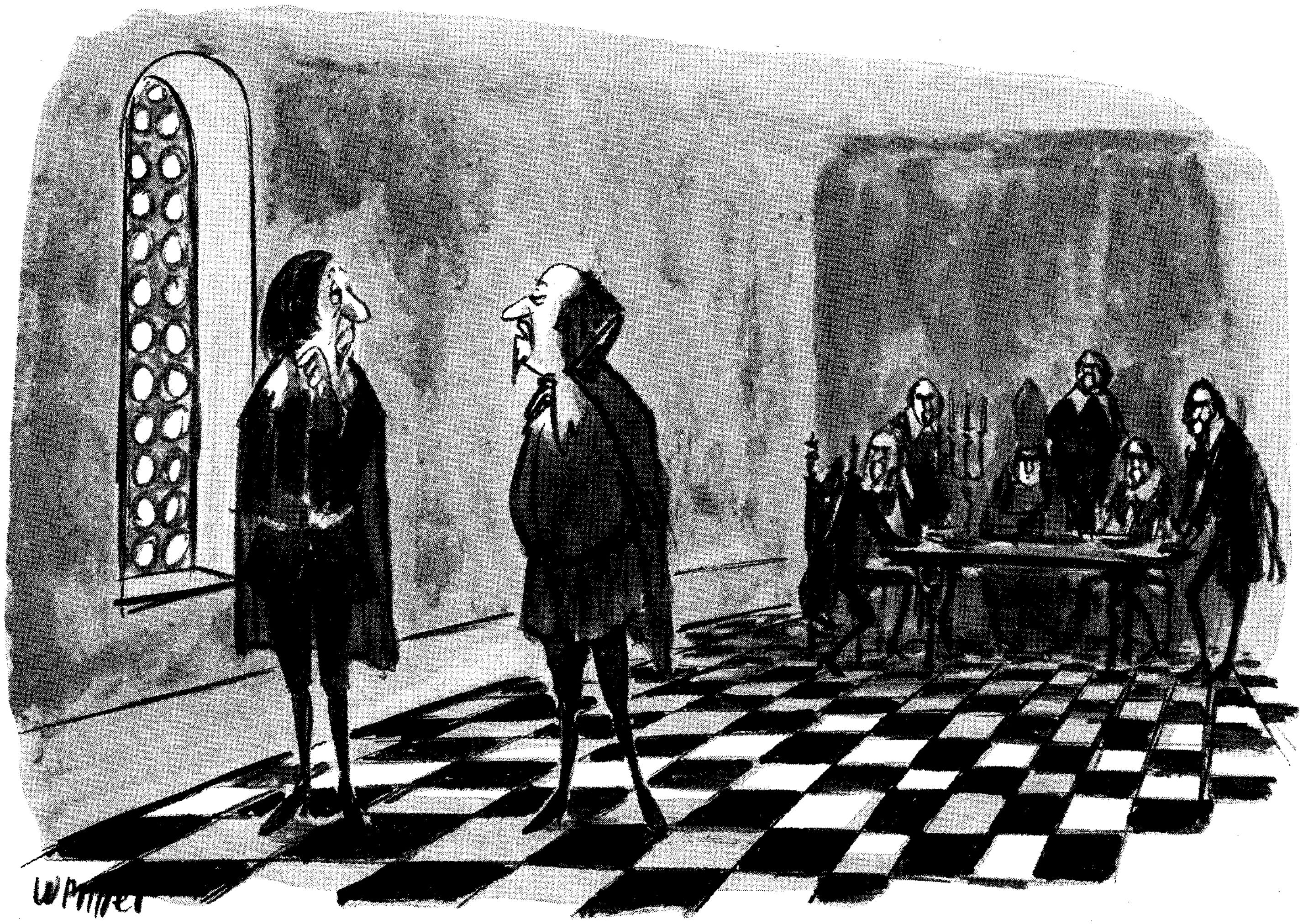

"Look, if you can't stand the Byzantine intrigue, perhaps you should get out of the cabal."

• •

friend who was a lawyer and who was also frequently away. Wilkinson left most of his luggage behind; there was barely enough of his presence to fill a room. For a reason no one understood Barbara had changed everyone's room around: she and Molly slept where Alec had been, the boys moved to Barbara's room, and Wilkinson was given Molly's bed. It seemed a small bed for so tall a man.

Molly had always slept alone, until now. Some nights, when Wilkinson was sleeping in her old room, she would waken just before dawn and find that her mother had disappeared. Her feeling at the sight of the empty bed was one of panic. She would get up, too, and go in to Will and shake him, saying, "She's disappeared."

"No, she hasn't. She's with Wilkinson." Nevertheless, he would rise and stumble, still nearly sleeping, down the passage—Alec's son, descendant of civil servants, off on a mission.

Barbara slept with her back against Wilkinson's chest. Outside, Mr. Cranefield's peacocks greeted first light by screaming murder. Wilkinson never moved. Had he shown he was awake, he might have felt obliged to say a suitable line—something like "I say, old chap, you are a bit of a trial, you know."

Will's mother picked up the nightgown and robe that lay white on the floor, pulled them on, flung her warm hair back, tied her sash—all without haste. In the passage, the door shut on the quiet Wilkinson, she said tenderly, "Were you worried?"

"Molly was."

Casual with her sons, she was modest before her daughter. Changing to a clean nightdress, she said, "Turn the other way." Turning, Molly saw her mother, white and gold, in the depths of Alec's mirror. Barbara had her arms raised, revealing the profile of a breast with at its tip the palest wash of rose, paler than the palest pink flower. (Like a Fragonard, Barbara had been told, like a Boucher—not by Alec.) What Molly felt now was immense relief. It was not the fate of every girl to turn into India rubber. But in no other way did she wish to resemble her mother.

Like the residue left by winter rains, awareness of Barbara and Wilkinson seeped through the house. There was a damp chill about it that crept to the bone. One of the children, Will, perceived it as torment. Because of the mother defiled, the source of all such knowledge became polluted, probably forever. The boys withdrew from Barbara, who had let the weather in. James imagined ways of killing Wilkinson, though he drew the line at killing Barbara. He did not want her dead, but different. The mother he wanted did not stand in public squares pointing crazily up to invisible saints, or begin sleeping in one bed and end up in another.

Barbara felt that they were leaving her; she put the blame on Molly, who had the makings of a prude, and who, at worst, might turn out to be something like Alec's sister. Barbara said to Molly, "I had three children before I was twenty-five, and I was alone, and there were all the air raids. The life I've tried to give you and the boys has been so different, so happy, so free." Molly folded her arms, looked

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"*I must ask you something, Miss Begett. Did you try the tortoni?*"

• •

down at her shoes. Her height, her grave expression, her new figure gave her a bogus air of maturity: she was only thirteen, and she felt like a pony flicked by a crop. Barbara tried to draw near: "My closest friend is my own daughter," she wanted to be able to say. "I never do a thing without talking it over with Molly." So she would have said, laughing, her bright head against Molly's darker hair, if only Molly had given half an inch.

"What a cold creature you are," Barbara said sadly. "You live in an ice palace. There is so little happiness in life unless you let it come near. I always at least had an *idea* about being happy." The girl's face stayed shut and locked. All that could cross it now was disappointment.

One night when Molly woke Will, he said, "I don't care where she is." Molly went back to bed. Fetching Barbara had become a habit. She was better off in her room alone.

When they stopped coming to claim her, Barbara felt it as mortification. She gave up on Molly, for the moment, and turned to the boys, sat curled on the foot of their bed, sipping wine, telling stories, offering to share her cigarette, though James was still twelve. James said, "He told us it was dangerous to smoke in bed. People have died that way." "He" meant Alec. Was this all James would remember? That he had been warned about smoking in bed?

James, who was embarrassed by this attempt of hers at making them equals, thought she had an odd smell, like a cat. To Will, at another kind of remove, she stank of folly. They stared at her, as if measuring everything she still had to mean in their lives. This expression she read as she could. Love for Wilkinson had blotted out the last of her dreams and erased her gift of second sight. She said unhappily to Wilkinson, "My children are prigs. But, then, they are only half mine."

Mademoiselle, whom the children now called by her name—Geneviève—still came to Lou Mas. Nobody paid her, but she corrected the children's French, which no longer needed correcting, and tried to help with their homework, which amounted to interference. They had always in some way spared her; only James, her favorite, sometimes said, "No, I'd rather work alone." She knew now that the Webbs were poor, which increased her affection: their descent to low water equalled her own. Sometimes she brought a packet of biscuits for their tea, which was a dull affair now the cook had gone. They ate the biscuits straight from the paper wrapping: nobody wanted to wash an extra plate. Wilkinson, playing at British something, asked about her aunt. He said "Madame la Comtesse." When he had gone, she cautioned the children not to say that but simply "your aunt." But as Geneviève's aunt did not receive foreigners, save for a few such as Mrs. Massie, they had no reason to ask how she was. When Geneviève realized from something said that Wilkinson more or less lived at Lou Mas, she stopped coming to see them. The Webbs had no further connection with Rivabella then except for their link with the hospital, where Alec still lay quietly, still alive.

Barbara went up every day. She asked the doctor, "Shouldn't he be having blood transfusions—something of that kind?" She had never been in a hospital except to be born and to have her children. She was remembering films she had seen—bottles dripping liquids, needles taped to the crook of an arm, nursing sisters wheeling oxygen tanks down white halls.

The doctor reminded her that this was Rivabella—a small town where half the population lived without employment. He had been so sympathetic at first, so slow to present a bill. She could not understand what had changed him; but she was hopeless at reading faces now. She could scarcely read her children's.

She bent down to Alec, so near that her eyes would have seemed enormous had he been paying attention. She told him the name of the scent she was wearing; it reminded her and perhaps Alec, too, of jasmine. Eric had brought it back from a dinner at Monte Carlo, given to promote this very perfume. He was often invited to these things, where he represented the best sort of Britishness. "Eric is being the greatest help," she said to Alec, who might have been listening. She added, for it had to be said sometime, "Eric has very kindly offered to stay at Lou Mas."

Mr. Cranefield and Mrs. Massie

continued to plod up the hill, she with increasing difficulty. They brought Alec what they thought he needed. But he had no addictions, no cravings, no use for anything now but his destination. The children were sent up evenings. They never knew what to say or what he could hear. They talked as if they were still eleven or twelve, when Alec had stopped seeing them grow.

To Mr. Cranefield they looked like imitations of English children—loud, humorless, dutiful, clear. "James couldn't come with us tonight," said Molly. "He was quite ill, for some reason. He brought his dinner up." All three spoke the high, thin English of expatriate children who, unknowingly, mimic their mothers. The light bulb, hanging crooked, left Alec's face in shadow. When the children had kissed Alec and departed, Mr. Cranefield could hear them taking the hospital stairs headlong, at a gallop. The children were young and alive, and Alec was forty-something and nearly always sleeping. Unequal chances, Mr. Cranefield thought. They can't really beat their breasts about it. When Mrs. Massie was present, she never failed to say, "Your father is tired," though nobody knew if Alec was tired or not.

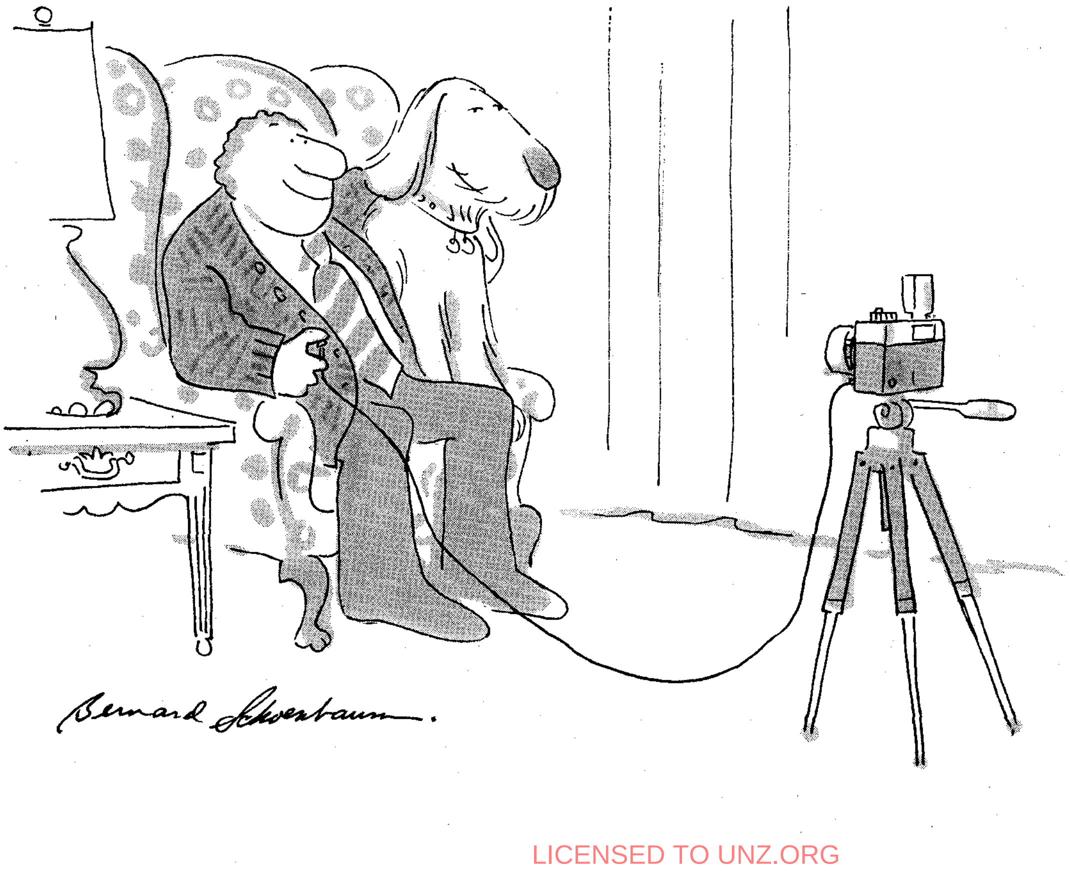
The neighbors pitied the children. Meaning only kindness, Mr. Cranefield reminded Molly that one day she would type, Mrs. Massie said something more about helping in the garden. That was how everyone saw them now—grubbing, digging, lending a hand. They had become Wilkinson's secondhand kin but without his panache, his ease in adversity. They were Alec's offspring: stiff. Humiliated, they overheard and garnered for memory: "We've asked Wilkinson to come over and cook up a curry. He's hours in the kitchen, but I must say it's worth every penny." "We might get Wilkinson to drive us to Rome. He doesn't charge all that much, and he's such good company." Always Wilkinson, never Eric, though that was what Barbara had called him from their first meeting. To the children he was, and remained, "Mr. Wilkinson," friend of both parents, occasional guest in the house.

THE rains of their third southern spring were still driving hard against the villa when Barbara's engineer brother wrote to say they were letting Lou Mas. Everything dripped wet as she stood near a window, with bougainvillea soaked and wild-looking on one side of the pane and steam forming on the other, to read this letter. The new tenants were a family of planters who had been forced to leave Malaya; it had a connection with political events, but Barbara's life was so full now that she never looked at the papers. They would be coming there in June, which gave Barbara plenty of time to find another home. He—her brother—had thought of giving her the Lou Mas cottage, but he wondered if it would suit her, inasmuch as it lacked electric light, running water, an indoor lavatory, most of its windows, and part of its roof. This was not to say it could not be fixed up for the Webbs in the future, when Lou Mas had started paying for itself. Half the rent obtained would be turned over to Barbara. She would have to look hard, he said, before finding brothers who were so considerate of a married sister. She and the children were not likely to suffer from the change, which might even turn out to their moral advantage. Barbara supposed this meant that Desmond—the richest, the best-educated, the most easily flabbergasted of her brothers—was still mulling over the description of Lou Mas Ron must have taken back.

With Wilkinson helping, the Webbs moved to the far side of the hospital, on a north-facing slope, away from the sea. Here the houses were tall and thin with narrow windows, set in gardens of raked gravel. Their neighbors included the mayor, the more prosperous shopkeepers, and the coach of the local football team. Barbara was enchanted to find industrial activity she had not suspected—a thriving ceramics factory that produced figurines of monks whose heads were mustard pots, dogs holding thermometers in their paws, and the patron saint of Rivabella wearing armor of pink, orange, mauve, or white. These were purchased by tourists who had trudged up to the town in the hope of seeing early-Renaissance frescoes.

Barbara had never missed a day with Alec—not even the day of the move. She held his limp hand and told him stories. When he was not stunned by drugs, or too far lost in his past, he seemed to be listening. Sometimes he pressed her fingers. He seldom spoke more than a word at a time. Barbara described to him the pleasures of moving, and how pretty the houses were on the north side, with their gardens growing gnomes and shells and tinted bottles. Why make fun of such people, she asked his still face. They probably know, by instinct, how to get the best out of life. She meant every word, for she was profoundly in love and knew that Wilkinson would never leave her except for a greater claim. She combed Alec's hair and bathed him; Wilkinson came whenever he could to shave Alec and cut his nails and help Barbara change the bedsheets; for it was not the custom of the hospital staff to do any of this.

Sometimes Alec whispered, "Diana," who might have been either his sister or Mrs.



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Massie. Barbara tried to remember her old prophetic dreams, from that time when, as compensation for absence of passion, she had been granted second sight. In none had she ever seen herself bending over a dying man, listening to him call her by another woman's name.

They lived, now, in four dark rooms stuffed with furniture, some of it useful. Upstairs resided the widow of the founder of the ceramics factory. She had been bought out at a loss at the end of the war, and disapproved of the new line of production, especially the monks. She never interfered, never asked questions—simply came down once a month to collect her rent, which was required in cash. She did tell the children that she had never seen the inside of an English villa, but did not seem to think her exclusion was a slight; she took her bearings from a very small span of the French middle-class compass.

Barbara and Wilkinson made jokes about the French widow lady, but the children did not. To replace their lopped English roots they had grown the sensitive antennae essential to wanderers. They could have drawn the social staircase of Rivabella on a blackboard, and knew how low a step, now, had been assigned to them. Barbara would not have cared. Wherever she stood now seemed to suit her. On her way home from the hospital she saw two men, foreigners, stop and stare and exchange remarks about her. She could not understand the language they spoke, but she saw they had been struck by her beauty. One of them seemed to be asking the other, "Who can she be?" In their new home she took the only bedroom—an imposing matrimonial chamber. When Wilkinson was in residence he shared it as a matter of course. The boys slept on a pullout sofa in the dining room, and Molly had a couch on a glassed-in veranda. The veranda contained their landlady's rubber plants, which Molly scrupulously tended. The boys had stopped quarrelling. Alec's children seemed to have been collected under one roof by chance, like strays, or refugees. Their narrow faces, their gray eyes, their thinness and dryness were similar but not alike; a stranger would not necessarily have known they were of the same father and mother. The boys still wore secondhand clothes sent from England; this was their only connection with English life.

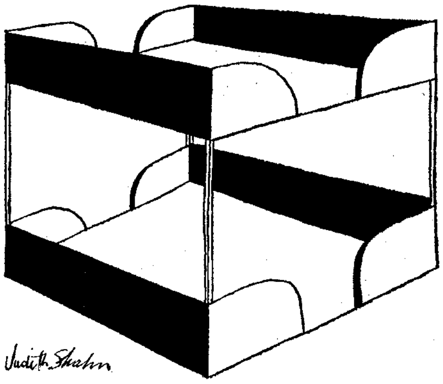
On market days Molly often saw their old housemaid or the laundress. They asked for news of Alec, which made Molly feel cold and shy. She was dressed very like them now, in a cotton frock and rope-soled shoes from a market stall. "Style is all you need to bring it off," Barbara had assured her, but Molly had none—at least not that kind. It was Molly who chose what the family would eat, who looked at prices and kept accounts and counted her change. Barbara was entirely busy with Alec at the hospital, and with Wilkinson at home. With love, she had lost her craving for nursery breakfasts. She sat at table smoking, watching Wilkinson telling stories. When Wilkinson was there, he did much of the cooking. Molly was grateful for that.

The new people at Lou Mas had everyone's favor. If there had been times when the neighbors had wondered how Barbara and Alec could possibly have met, the Malayan planter and his jolly wife were an old novel known by heart. They told about jungle terrorists, and what the British ought to be doing, and they described the owner of Lou Mas—a Welshman who was planning to go into politics. Knowing Barbara to be Irish, no one could place the Welshman. The story started up that Barbara's family were bankrupt and had sold Lou Mas to a Welsh war profiteer.

Mrs. Massie presented the new people with "Flora's Gardening Encyclopedia." "It is by way of being a classic," she said. "Seventeen editions. I do all my typing myself."

"Ah, well, poor Barbara," everyone said now. What could you expect? Luckily for her, she had Wilkinson. Wilkinson's star was rising. "Don't underestimate Rommel" had been said to some effect—there was a mention in the *Sunday Telegraph*. "Wilkinson goes everywhere. He's invited to everything at Monte Carlo. He must positively live on lobster salad." "Good for old Wilkinson. Why shouldn't he?" Wilkinson had had a bad war, had been a prisoner somewhere.

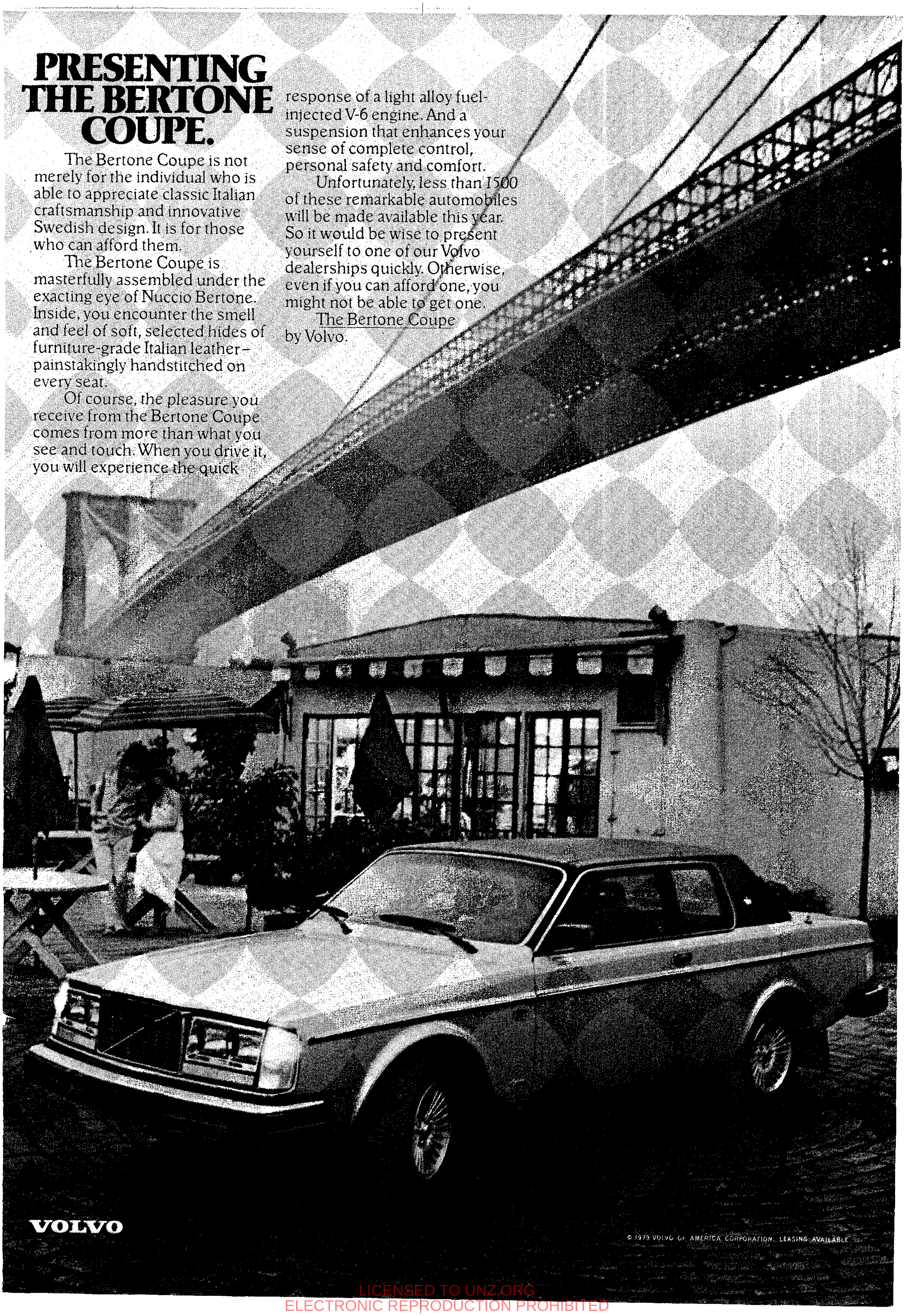
Who imagined that story, Mr. Cranefield wondered. Some were mixing up Wilkinson with the dying Alec, others seemed to think Alec was already dead. By August it had become established that Wilkinson had been tortured by the Japanese and had spent the years since trying to leave the memory behind. He never mentioned what he'd been through, which was to his credit. Barbara and three kids must have been the last thing he wanted, but that was how it was with Wilkinson—too kind for his own good, all too ready to lend a hand, to solve a problem. Perhaps, rising, he would pull the Webbs with him. Have you seen that girl hanging about in the market? You can't tell her from the butcher's child.



From Alec's bedside Barbara wrote a long letter to her favorite brother, the pilot, Mike. She told about Alec, "sleeping so peacefully as I write," and described the bunch of daisies Molly had put in a jug on the windowsill, and how well Will had done in his finals ("He will be the family intellectual, a second Alec"), and finally she came round to the matter of Wilkinson: "You probably saw the rave notice in the *Telegraph*, but you had no way of knowing of course it was someone I knew. Well, here is the whole story. Please, Mike, do keep it to yourself for the moment, you know how Ron takes things sometimes." Meeting Eric had confirmed her belief that there was something in the universe more reasonable than God—at any rate more logical. Eric had taken a good look at the Lou Mas cottage and thought something might be done with it after all. "You will adore Eric," she promised. "He is marvellous with the children and so kind to Alec," which was true.

"Are you awake, love?" She moistened a piece of cotton with mineral water from a bottle that stood on the floor (Alec had no table) and wet his lips with it, then took his hand, so light it seemed hollow, and held it in her own, telling him quietly about the Lou Mas cottage, where he would occupy a pleasant room overlooking the sea. He flexed his fingers; she bent close: "Yes, dear. What is it, dear?" For the first time since she'd known him he said, "Mother." She waited; but no, that was all. She saw herself on his balcony at Lou Mas in her white dressing gown, her hair in the sun, saw what the gardener would have been struck by if only he had looked up. She said to herself, "I gave Alec three beautiful children. That is what he is thanking me for now."

Her favorite brother had been away from England when her letter came,



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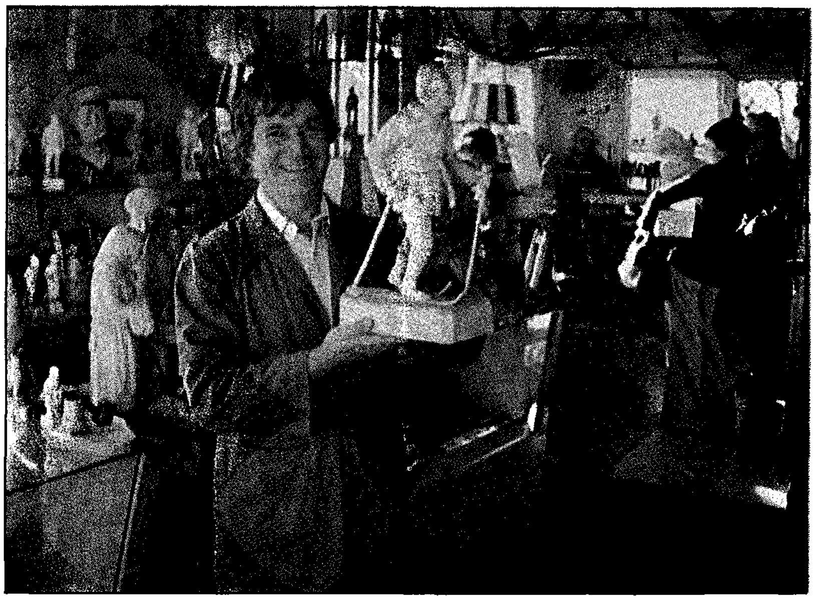

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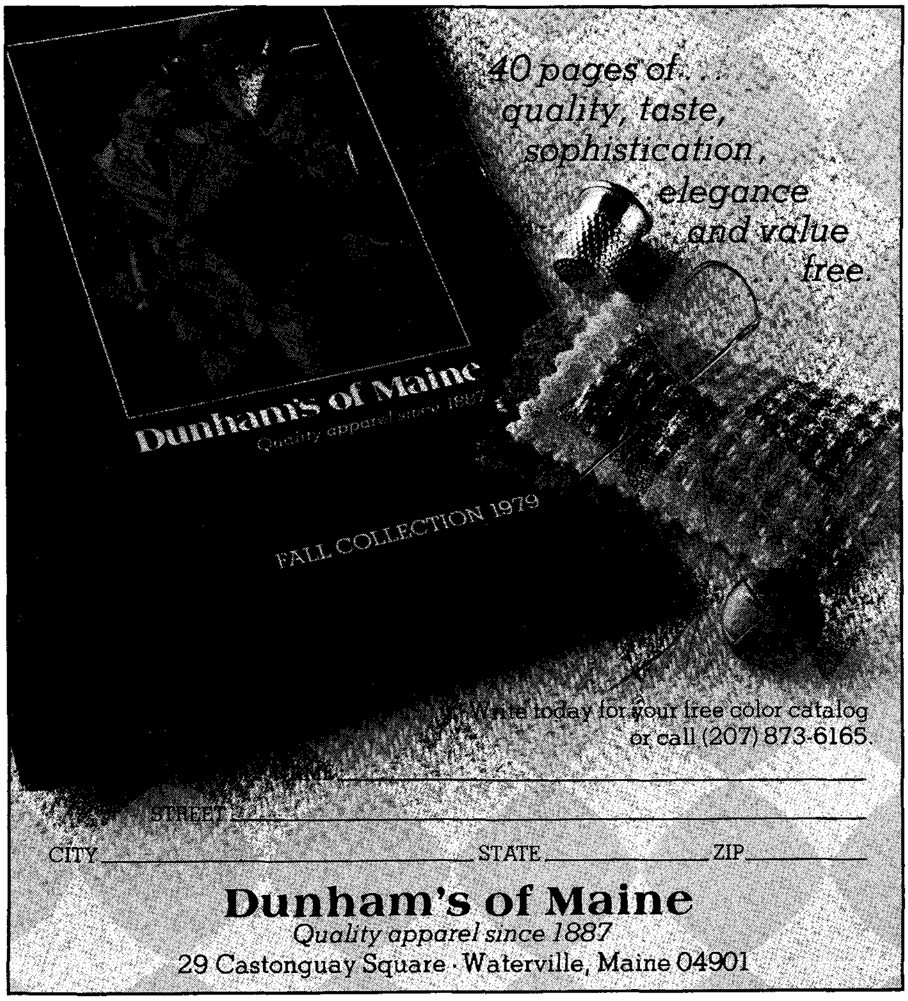

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so that it was late in September when he answered to call her a bitch, a trollop, a crook, and a fool. He was taking up the question of her gigolo boyfriend with the others. They had been supporting Alec's family for three years. If she thought they intended to take on her lover (this written above a word scratched out); and here the letter ended. She went white, as her children did, easily. She said to Wilkinson, "Come and talk in the car, where we can be quiet," for they were seldom alone.

She let him finish reading, then said, in a voice that he had never heard before but that did not seem to surprise him, "I grew up blacking my brothers' boots. Alec was the first man who ever held a door open for me."

He said, "Your brothers all did well," without irony, meaning there was that much to admire.

"Oh," she said, "if you are comparing their chances with Alec's, if that's what you mean—the start Alec had. Well, poor Alec. Yes, a better start. I often thought, Well, there it is with him, that's the very trouble—a start too good."

This exchange, this double row of cards face up, seemed all they intended to reveal. They instantly sat differently, she straighter, he more relaxed.

Wilkinson said, "Which one of them actually owns Lou Mas?"

"Equal shares, I think. Though Desmond has power of attorney and makes all the decisions. Alec and I *own* Lou Mas, but only legally. They put it in our name because we were emigrating. It made it easier for them, with all the taxes. We had three years, and not a penny in rent."

Wilkinson said, in a kind of anguish, "Oh, God bless my soul."

It was Wilkinson's English lawyer friend in Monte Carlo who drew up the papers with which Alec signed his share of Lou Mas over to Barbara, and Alec and Barbara revoked her brother's power of attorney. Alec, his obedient hand around a pen and the hand firmly held in Barbara's, may have known what he was doing but not why. The documents were then put in the lawyer's safe to await Alec's death, which occurred not long after.

THE doctor, who had sat all night at the bedside, turning Alec's head so that he would not strangle vomiting (for that was not the way he wished him to die), heard him breathing deeply and ever more deeply and then no longer. Alec's eyes were closed, but the doctor pressed the lids with his fingers. Believing in his own and perhaps Alec's damnation, he stood for a long time at the window while the roof and towers of the church became clear and flushed with rose; then the red rim of the sun emerged, and turned yellow, and it was as good as day.

There was only one nurse in the hospital, and a midwife on another floor. Summoning both, he told them to spread a rubber sheet under Alec, and wash him, and put clean linen on the bed.

At that time, in that part of France, scarcely anyone had a telephone. The doctor walked down the slope on the far side of Rivabella and presented himself unshaven to Barbara in her nightdress to say that Alec was dead. She dressed and came at once; there was no one yet in the streets to see her and to ask who she was. Eric followed, bringing the clothes in which Alec would be buried. All he could recall of his prayers, though he would not have said them around Barbara, were the first words of the Collect: "Almighty God, unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid."

Barbara had a new friend—her French widowed landlady. It was she who arranged to have part of Barbara's wardrobe dyed black within twenty-four hours, who lent her a black hat and gloves and a long crêpe veil. Barbara let the veil down over her face. Her friend, whose veil was tied round her hat and floated behind her, took Barbara by the arm, and they walked to the cemetery and stood side by side. The Webbs' former servants were there, and the doctor, and the local British colony. Some of the British thought the other woman in black must be Barbara's Irish mother: only the Irish poor or the Royal Family ever wore mourning of that kind.

The graveyard was so cramped and small, so crowded with dead from the time of Garibaldi and before, that no one else could be buried. The coffins of the recent dead were stored in cells in a thick concrete wall. The cells were then sealed, and a marble plaque affixed in lieu of a tombstone. Alec had to be lifted to shoulder level, which took the strength of several persons—the doctor, Mr. Cranefield, Barbara's brothers, and Alec's young sons. (Wilkinson would have helped, but he had already wrenched his shoulder quite badly carrying the coffin down the hospital steps.) Molly thrust her way into this crowd of male mourners. She said to

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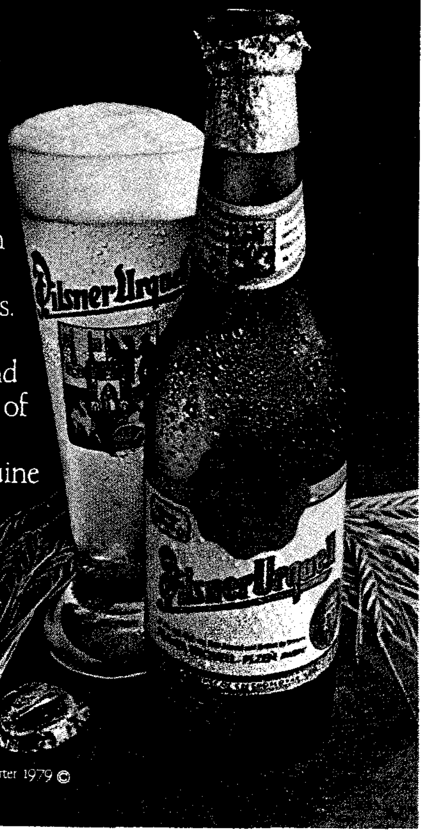

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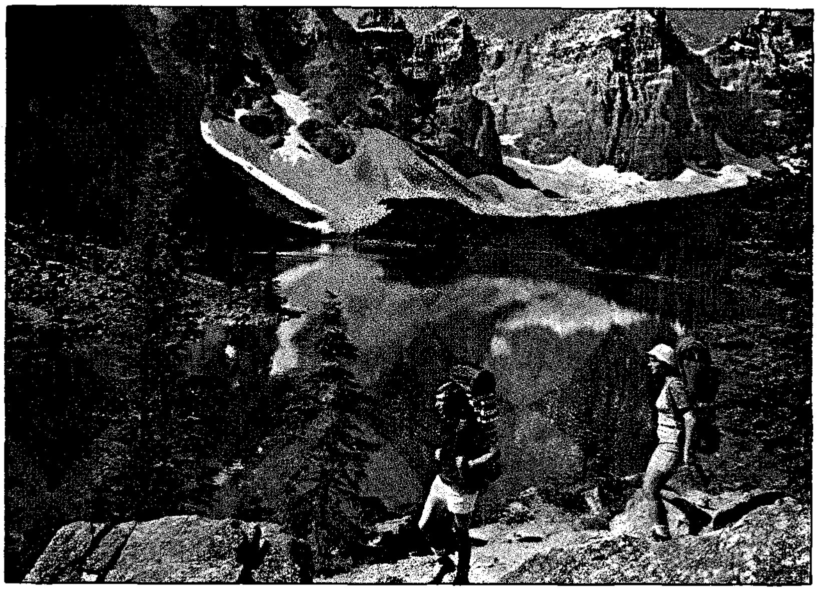

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her mother, "Not you—you never loved him."

God knows who might have heard that, Barbara thought.

Actually, no one had, except for Mrs. Massie. Believing it to be true, she dismissed it from memory. She was composing her own obituary: "Two generations of gardeners owed their . . ." "Two generations of readers owed their gardens . . ."

"Our Father," Alec's sister said, hoping no one would notice and mistake her for a fraud. Nor did she wish to have a scrap of consideration removed from Barbara, whose hour this was. Her own loss was beyond remedy, and so not worth a mention. There was no service—nothing but whispering and silence. To his sister, it was as if Alec had been left, stranded and alone, in a train stalled between stations. She had not seen him since the day he left England, and had refused to look at him dead. Barbara was aware of Diana, the mouse, praying like a sewing machine somewhere behind her. She clutched the arm of the older widow and thought, I know, I know, but she can get a job, can't she? I was working when I met Alec, wasn't I? But what Diana Webb meant by "work" was the fine stitching her own mother had done to fill time, not for a living. In Diana's hotel room was a box containing the most exquisite and impractical child's bonnet and coat made from some of the white silk Alec had sent her from India, before the war. Perhaps a luxury shop in Monte Carlo or one of Barbara's wealthy neighbors would be interested. Perhaps there was an Anglican clergyman with a prosperous parish. She opened her eyes and saw that absolutely no one in the cemetery looked like Alec—not even his sons.

The two boys seemed strange, even to each other, in their dark, new suits. The word "father" had slipped out of their grasp just now. A marble plaque on which their father's name was misspelled stood propped against the wall. The boys looked at it helplessly.

Is that all? people began wondering. What happens now?

Barbara turned away from the wall and, still holding the arm of her friend, led the mourners out past the gates.

It was I who knew what he wanted, the doctor believed. He told me long before. Asked me to promise, though I refused. I heard his last words. The doctor kept telling himself this. "I heard his last words"—though Alec had not said anything, had merely breathed, then stopped.

"Her father was a late-Victorian

poet of some distinction," Mrs. Massie's obituary went on.

Will, who was fifteen, was no longer a child, did not look like Alec, spoke up in that high-pitched English of his: "Death is empty without God." Now, where did that come from? Had he heard it? Read it? Was he performing? No one knew.

As they shuffled out, all made very uncomfortable by Will, Mrs. Massie leaned half on her stick and half on James, observing, "You were such a little boy when I saw you for the first time at Lou Mas." Because his response was silence, she supposed he was waiting to hear more. "You three must stick together now. The Three Musketeers." But they were already apart.

Major Lamprey found himself walking beside the youngest of the Laceys. He told Mike what he told everyone now—why he had not moved to Malta. It was because he did not trust the Maltese. "Not that one can trust anyone here," he said. "Even the mayor belongs to an anarchist movement, I've been told. Whatever happens, I intend to die fighting on my own doorstep."

The party was filing down a steep incline. "You will want to be with your family," Mrs. Massie said, releasing James and leaning half her weight on Mr. Cranefield instead. They picked up with no trouble a conversation dropped the day before. It was about how Mr. Cranefield—rather, his other self, E. C. Arden—was likely to fare in the second half of the nineteen-fifties: "It is a question of your not being too modern and yet not slipping back," Mrs. Massie said. "I never have to worry. Gardens don't change."

"I am not worried about new ideas," he said. "Because there are none. But words, now. 'Permissive.' "

"What's that?"

"It was in the *Observer* last Sunday. I suppose it means something. Still. One mustn't. One can't. There are limits."

Barbara met the mayor coming the other way, too late, carrying a wreath with a purple ribbon on which was written, in gold, "From the Municipality—Sincere Respects." Waiting for delivery of the wreath had made him tardy. "For a man who never went out, Alec made quite an impression," Mrs. Massie remarked.

"His funeral was an attraction," said Mr. Cranefield.

"Can one call that a funeral?" She was still thinking about her own.

Mike Lacey caught up to his sis-

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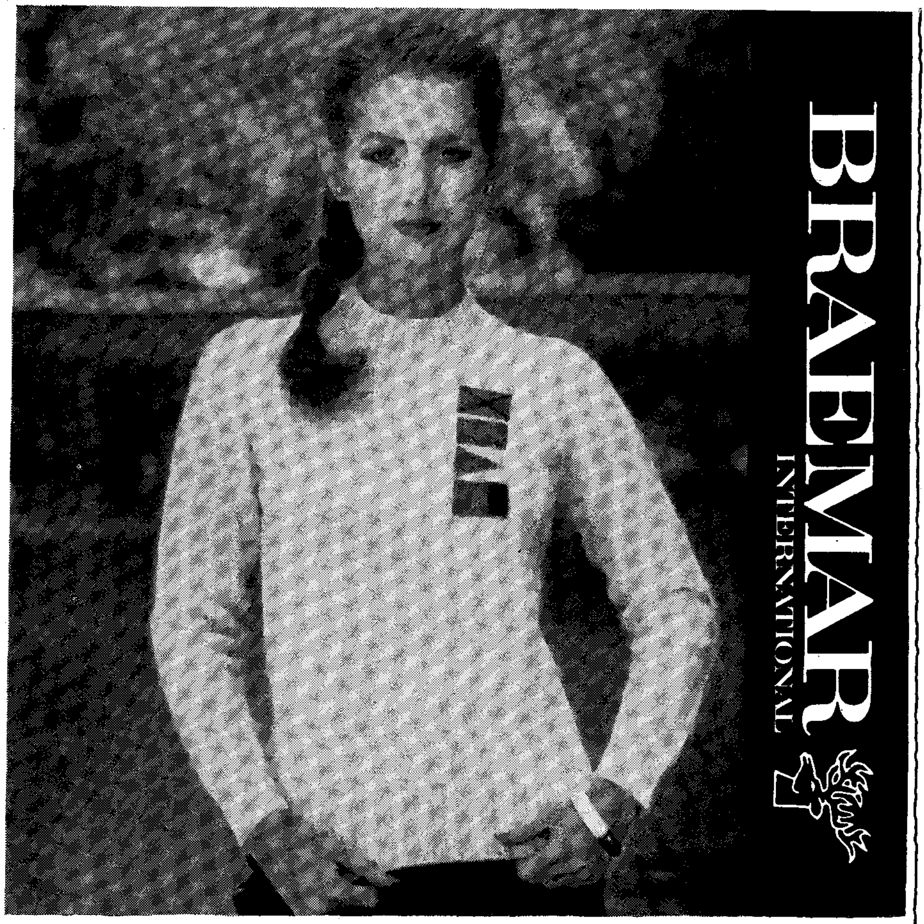

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ter. They had once been very close. As soon as she saw him, she stood motionless, bringing the line behind her to a halt. He said he knew this was not the time or place, but he had to let her know she was not to worry. She would always have a roof over her head. They felt responsible for Alec's children. There were vague plans for fixing up the cottage. They would talk about it later on.

"Ah, Mike," she said. "That is so kind of you." Using both hands, she lifted the veil so that he could see her clear gray eyes.

The procession wound past the hospital and came to the church square. Mr. Cranefield had arranged a small after-funeral party, as a favor to Barbara, who had no real home. Some were coming and some were not; the latter now began to say goodbye. Geneviève, whose face was like a pink sponge because she had been crying so hard, flung herself at James, who let her embrace him. Over his governess's dark shoulder he saw the faces of people who had given him secondhand clothes, thus (he believed) laying waste to his life. He smashed their faces to particles, left the particles dancing in the air like midges until they dissolved without a sound. Wait, he was thinking. Wait, wait.

Mr. Cranefield wondered if Molly was going to become her mother's hostage, her moral bail—if Barbara would hang on to her to show that Alec's progeny approved of her. He remembered Molly's small, anxious face, and how worried she had been about St. George. "You will grow up, you know," he said, which was an odd thing to say, since she was quite tall. They walked down the path Wilkinson had not been able to climb in his car. She stared at him. "I mean, when you grow up you will be free." She shook her head. She knew better than that now, at fourteen.

Mr. Cranefield's attention slipped from Molly to Alec to the funeral, to the extinction of one sort of Englishman and the emergence of another. Most people looked on Wilkinson as a prewar survival, what with his I say's and By Jove's, but he was really an English mutation, a new man, wearing the old protective coloring. Alec would have understood his language, probably, but not the person behind it. A landscape containing two male figures came into high relief in Mr. Cranefield's private image of the world, as if he had been lent trick spectacles. He allowed the vision to fade. Better to stick to the blond pair

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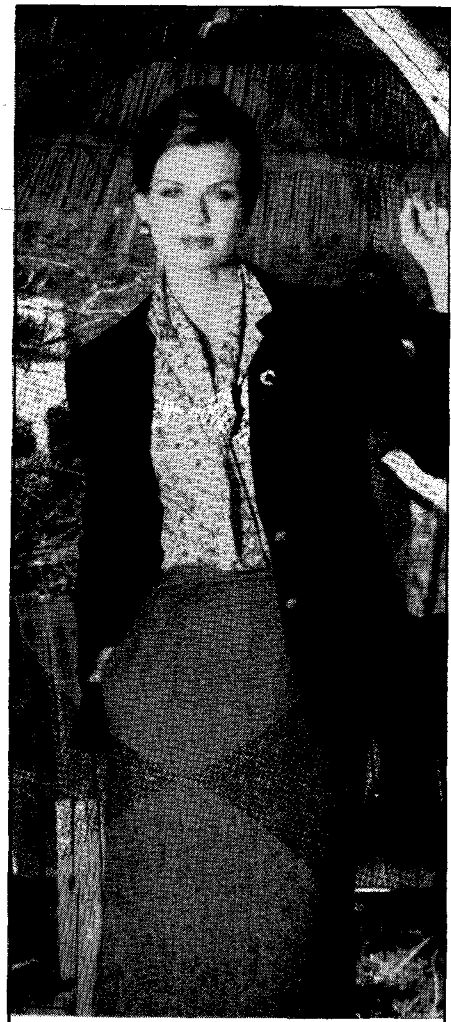

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on his desk; so far they had never let him down. I am not impulsive, or arrogant, he explained to himself. No one would believe the truth about Wilkinson even if he were to describe it. I shall not insist, he decided, or try to have the last word. I am not that kind of fool. He breathed slowly, as one does when mortal danger has been averted.

The mourners attending Mr. Cranefield's party reached the motor road and began to straggle across: it was a point of honor for members of the British colony to pay absolutely no attention to cars. The two widows had fallen back, either so that Barbara could make an entrance or because the older woman believed it would not be dignified for her to exhibit haste. A strong west wind flattened the black dresses against their breasts and lifted their thick veils.

How will he hear me, Molly wondered. You could speak to someone in a normal grave, for earth is porous and seems to be life, of a kind. But how to speak through marble? Even if she were to place her hands flat on the marble slab, it would not absorb a fraction of human warmth. She had to tell him what she had done—how it was she, Molly, who had led the intruder home, let him in, causing Alec, always courteous, to remove himself first to the hospital, then farther on. Disaster, the usual daily development, had to have a beginning. She would go back to the cemetery, alone, and say it, whether or not he could hear. The disaster began with two sentences: "Mummy, this is Mr. Wilkinson. Mr. Wilkinson wants to tell you how he came to drive me home."

Barbara descended the steps to Mr. Cranefield's arm in arm with her new friend, who was for the first time about to see the inside of an English house. "Look at that," said the older widow. One of the peacocks had taken shelter from the wind in Mr. Cranefield's electric lift. A minute earlier Alec's sister had noticed, too, and had thought something that seemed irrefutable: no power on earth would ever induce her to eat a peacock.

Who is to say I never loved Alec, said Barbara, who loved Wilkinson. He was high-handed, yes, laying down the law as long as he was able, but he was always polite. Of course I loved him. I still do. He will have to be buried properly, where we can plant something—white roses. The mayor told me that every once in a while they turn one of the Russians out, to make room. There must be a waiting list. We could put

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Alec's name on it. Alec gave me three children. Eric gave me Lou Mas.

Entering Mr. Cranefield's, she removed her dark veil and hat and revealed her lovely head, like the sun rising. Because the wind had started blowing leaves and sand, Mr. Cranefield's party had to be moved indoors from the loggia. This change occasioned some confusion, in which Barbara did not take part; neither did Wilkinson, whose wrenched shoulder was making him feel ill. She noticed her children helping, carrying plates of small sandwiches and silver buckets of ice. She approved of this; they were obviously well brought up. The funeral had left Mr. Cranefield's guests feeling hungry and thirsty and rather lonely, anxious to hold on to a glass and to talk to someone. Presently their voices rose, overlapped, and created something like a thick woven fabric of blurred design, which Alec's sister (who was not used to large social gatherings) likened to a flying carpet. It was now, with Molly covertly watching her, that Barbara began in the most natural way in the world to live happily ever after. There was nothing deliberate about this: she was simply borne in a single direction, though she did keep seeing for a time her black glove on her widowed friend's black sleeve.

Escorting lame Mrs. Massie to a sofa, Mr. Cranefield said they might as well look on the bright side. (He was still speaking about the second half of the nineteen-fifties.) Wilkinson, sitting down because he felt sick, and thinking the remark was intended for him, assured Mr. Cranefield, truthfully, that he had never looked anywhere else. It then happened that every person in the room, at the same moment, spoke and thought of something other than Alec. This lapse, this inattention, lasting no longer than was needed to say "No, thank you" or "Oh, really?" or "Yes, I see," was enough to create the dark gap marking the end of Alec's span. He ceased to be, and it made absolutely no difference after that whether or not he was forgotten. —MAVIS GALLANT

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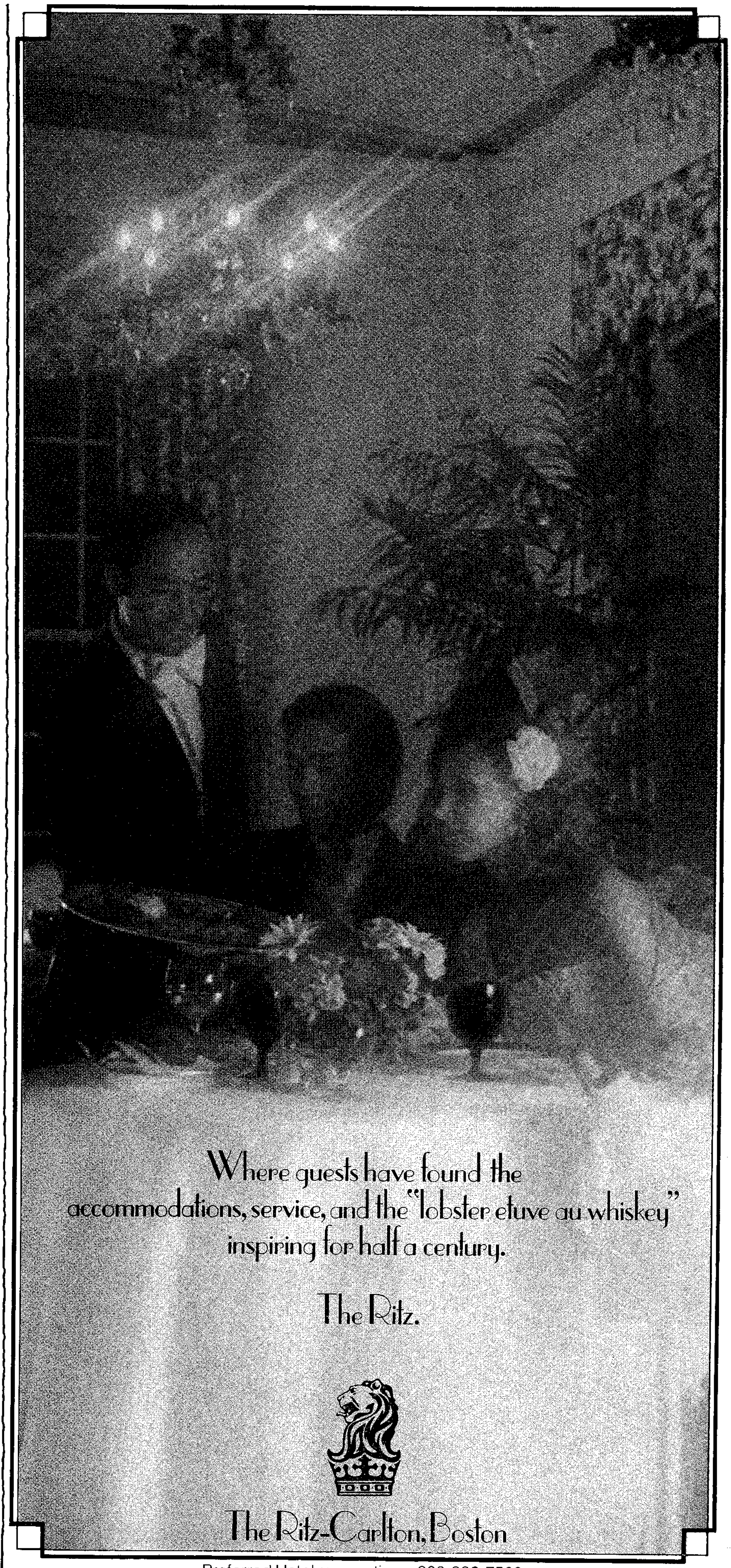
Meanwhile, Lieut. James Cowan of the Manhattan Burglary Squad said that there had been no break in last Saturday's theft of $750,000 worth of gold and silver from the Rand Paseka Manufacturing Company's offices at 153 Waverly Place. He said the Insurance Company of North America had raised its offer of a reward to $750,000 for information leading to recovery of the property and arrest of the thieves. —*The Times.*

Well, it's their money.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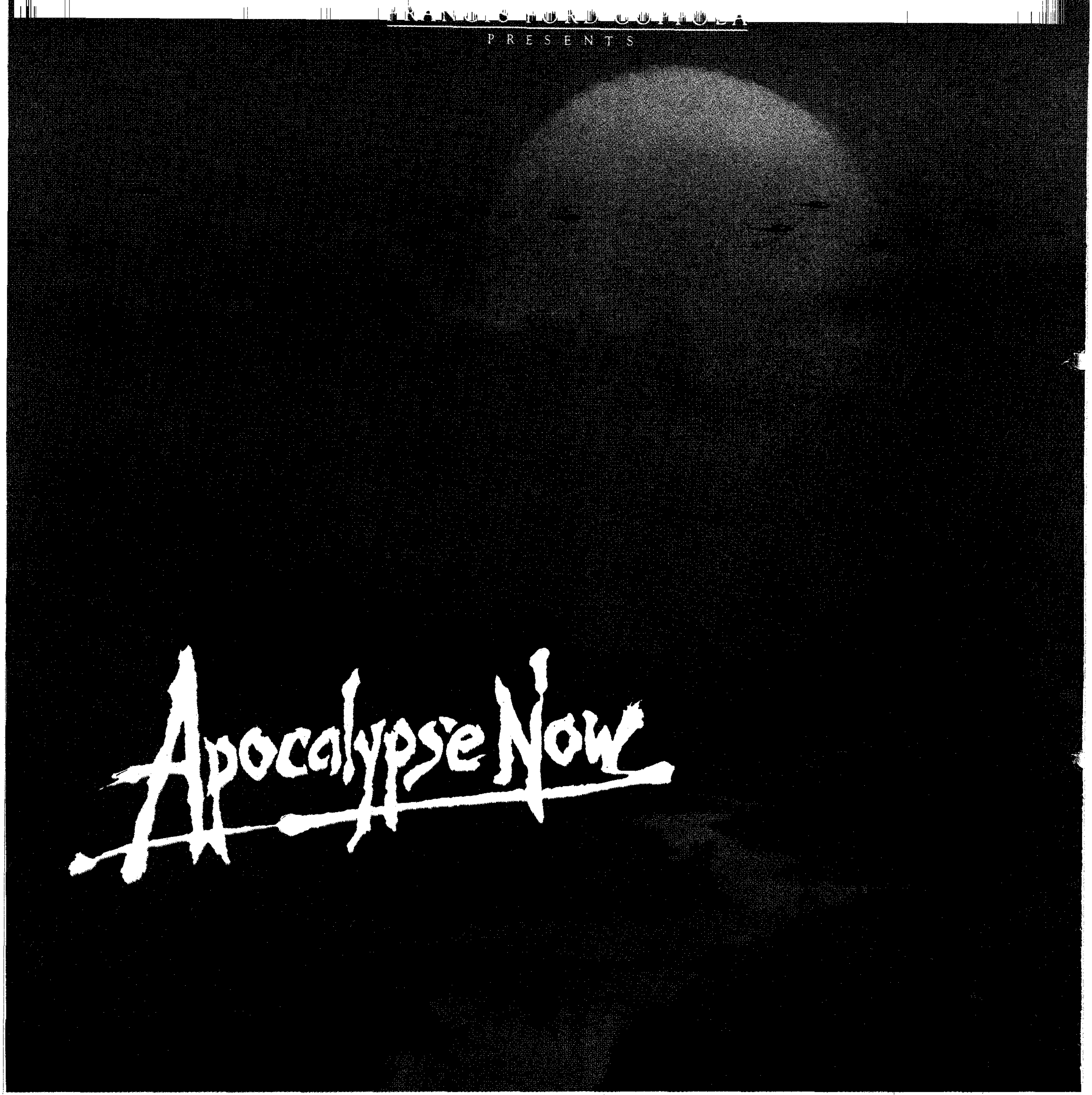

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THE THEATRE

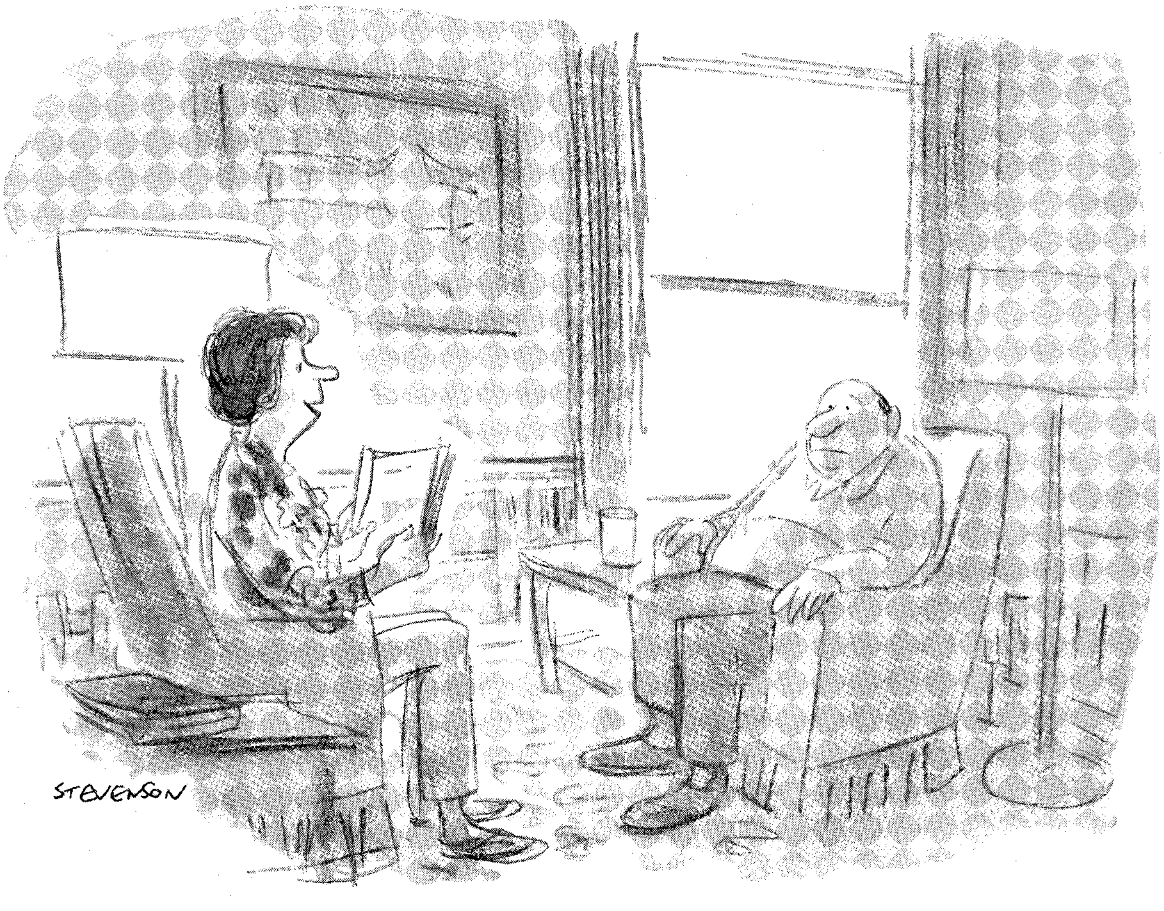
Frisbees

"EVERY GOOD BOY DESERVES FAVOUR," by Tom Stoppard and André Previn, played an engagement last week at the Metropolitan Opera House so limited as to be practically strangulated—a scant eight performances of a curious little dramatic work, which deals, mostly in comic terms, with madness, sanity, justice, tyranny, freedom, incarceration, and family love, among other topics worthy of our attention. With characteristic insouciance, Mr. Stoppard tossed these topics into the air like so many brightly colored verbal Frisbees, letting them circle about just above the heads of the audience (a favorite place for Mr. Stoppard's playthings to find themselves), accompanied by Mr. Previn's often quite thunderous movie-score music. The work, which the authors describe as "a play for actors and orchestra," runs for something over an hour, without intermission. According to program notes furnished by Stoppard, it came into existence because Previn, principal conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra, asked him to write something that would require the services of a full symphony orchestra. "Invitations don't come much rarer than that," Stoppard said, and he set to work at once.

Nobody in the English-speaking theatre since Wilde and Shaw has written with greater zest and flow than Stoppard—his name is radically antithetical to his nature—but he soon discovered that there are few stage situations capable of accommodating several dozen violinists, flutists, bassoonists, timpanists, and the like; finally, he ended up with an ingenious, if not very convincing, plot that concerns a couple of inmates of a mental hospital somewhere in the Soviet Union. One of the inmates, who is truly mad, imagines himself to be playing the triangle in an immense symphony orchestra; the other, truly sane, is a political dissident, certified as mad in order to keep him permanently under lock and key. In Stoppard's view, the Russian system makes prisons and hospitals interchangeable methods of achieving and preserving the iron domination of a ruling class. A big subject for a small comedy, though once Stoppard has wound up his pretty toy and set it in motion it skitters about in a fashion sufficiently merry, and it concludes (to our bewilderment) with a *coup de théâtre*—a son singing simple words of hope to his long-suffering father—that is either highly optimistic or deeply pessimistic; as far as I could tell, we were free to elect whichever interpretation we preferred.

The cast of the play was headed by Eli Wallach and René Auberjonois, and both were excellent. They were supported by, among others, Remak Ramsay, as a dishonorable doctor, and Bobby Scott, as an endearing son. The exiguous setting and the costumes were the handiwork of Eldon Elder, the lighting was by Thomas Skelton, and the orchestra was conducted by David Gilbert. The title of the play, by the way, is an English version of the ancient mnemonic for beginning students of the piano; the common—and much less pleasing—American version is "Every Good Boy Does Fine." In my extreme youth, it helped lead my fingers to E, but my ear flinched at the coarse inaccuracy of "fine."

SPEAKING of coarseness, Vinnette Carroll's "But Never Jam Today," at the Longacre, was a worthless musical version of Lewis Carroll's "Alice" stories. A more gratuitous mauling of an immaculate original it would be hard for me to conceive of. Niccolo Tucci always refers to literary misadventures of this kind as "defoliations of the classics;" surely it's time that people learned to resist the temptation to plunder their betters in the dread name of novelty. The music for "But Never Jam Today" was by Bert Keyes and Bob Larimer; Larimer also wrote the lyrics and collaborated on the book with Miss Carroll. The setting—a cheap-looking arrangement of wooden decks—and the costumes, which might well have come off the body-contact racks at Herman's, were by William Schroder, and the lighting was by Ken Billington. Miss Carroll directed. In an



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earlier version, the show closed in Philadelphia; it's a wise rule of thumb in the theatre that when you close in Philadelphia you *stay* closed.

GILDA RADNER, of the "Saturday Night Live" show, has a tremendous following on TV, and she deserves a following on Broadway as well. She opened last week at the Winter Garden in a revue called "Gilda Radner—Live from New York," and waves of applause greeted not only the ending of each of her skits but the beginning as well—which is to say that the audience was already familiar with, and looking forward to enjoying, her one-woman repertory of contemporary types, including an adolescent daydreamer, a gauche schoolteacher in Bed-Stuy, a high-school pianist with postnasal drip and a passion for the music of Marvin Hamlisch, and a raw-voiced news announcer named Roseanne Roseannadanna. Miss Radner launches the show as herself, very welcomely; she is a good-looking young woman who appears unaffectedly delighted to be who she is and where she is, and just under the surface of this delight she lets us glimpse a bewilderment that she shares with all the rest of us, of all ages: Can time really be rushing by so fast? Can it be that we look back upon our yesterdays as happy not because they were happy but because they are yesterdays? Miss Radner's remembrance of things past embraces high-school dances in a streamer-bedecked gym and listening to Mel Brooks as the Two-Thousand-Year-Old Man while a new boyfriend essays a few not very daring kisses. There is much of Salinger, and even of Tarkington, in Miss Radner, along with Mick Jagger and Patti Smith.

A companion from "Saturday Night Live," Don Novello, comes as close as need be to stealing the show from Miss Radner with his daft monologues as Father Guido Sarducci, the rock critic and gossip columnist of the Vatican newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano*. One monologue is a slide show on the American economy that was supposed to be delivered by Cardinal Dario Fungi, "the world's oldest cardinal." Cardinal Fungi appears in a wheelchair, in full canonicals, unconscious; we learn from Father Sarducci that he is suffering from a severe case of jet lag cum Quaaludes. In another monologue, Father Sarducci gives a wonderfully funny talk on the latest theological view of sin and its posthumous consequences. Novello is the priest our civilization has been looking for in vain for centuries, and we will do well never to let him go.

No fewer than nine writers are given credit for "Gilda Radner—Live from New York," including Miss Radner, Novello, and Lorne Michaels, who produced and directed the show. The settings are by Eugene Lee and Akira Yoshimura, the costumes are by Franne Lee and Karen Roston, and the lighting is by Roger Morgan. My nonexistent pink cardinal's hat is off to the lot of them. —BRENDAN GILL

• •

THE MOLE

"There goes The Mole!" Mother cried.
"You children look quick or you'll miss
him!" It was Father, disappearing down
the cellar stairs. Every day he'd retreat
to his radio shack, stay past midnight.

He'd built a rig others envied, came
from miles around to see. Every day
he'd jam the airwaves, ruin the block's TV.
Every day we'd hear him sit before the mike
calling "CQ, CQ, calling CQ" to whoever

listened at the other end. He once
claimed to reach Moscow. "Ralph's the handle,
calling from W3CAT, the Old Cat Station—
W-3-Cat-Alley-Tail." He *was* a handsome
cat; Mother once adored him, I know.

But what I'll never know is: Why he'd talk
to any stranger far away and not once
climb back up the stairs to the five of us
to say, "Hello . . . Hello . . . Hello . . . Hello."

—ROBERT PHILLIPS

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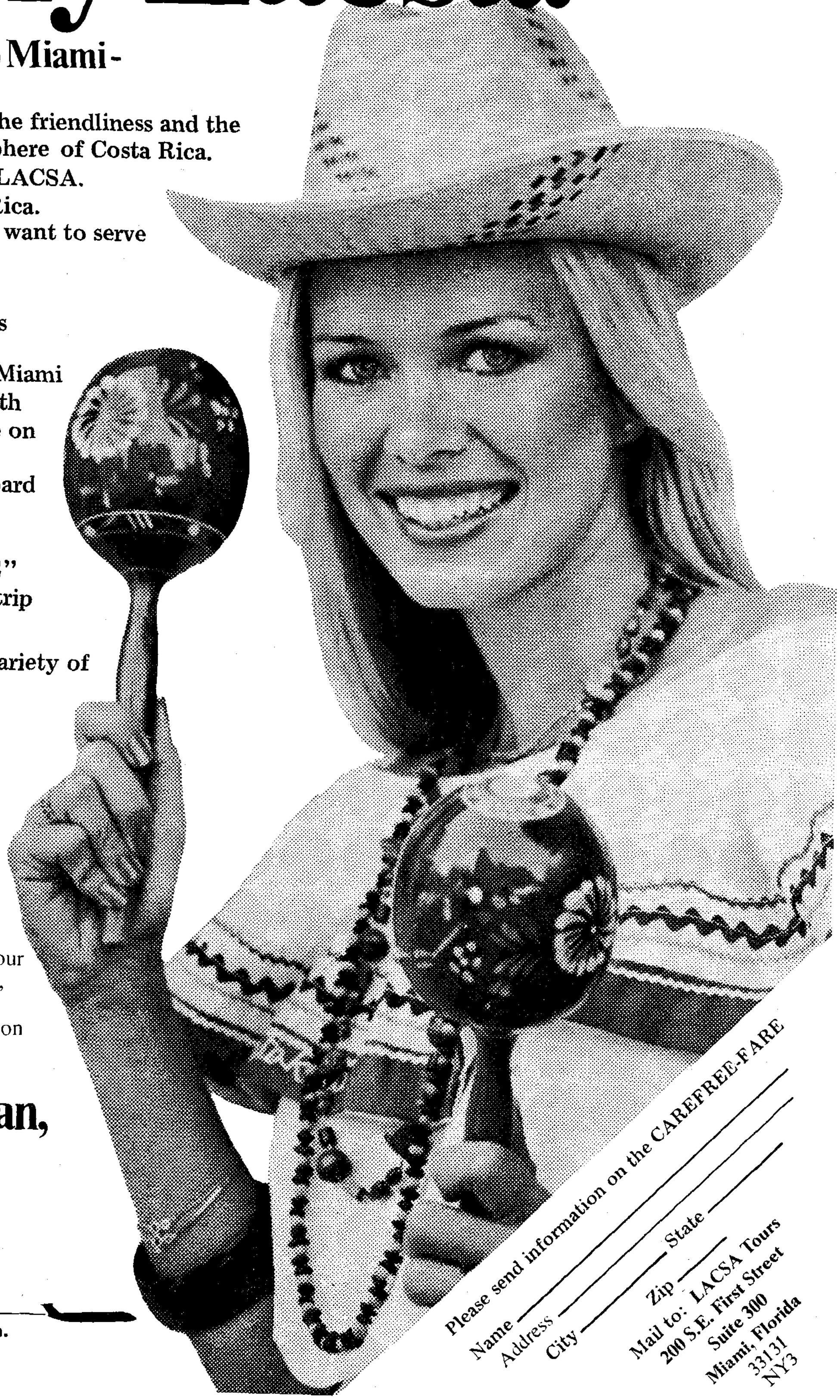

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DISTURBING THE UNIVERSE—II

Where does one go from a world of insanity?
Somewhere on the other side of despair.
—*T. S. Eliot, "The Family Reunion," 1939.*

I HAD intended, when the Second World War ended and I was discharged from Bomber Command headquarters, to go to Russia to study science and at the same time acquire an education in the Russian language and Russian literature. In 1946, the news from Russia became increasingly dismal, and I decided to try America instead. So in September, 1947, I enrolled as a graduate student in the Physics Department of Cornell University, in Ithaca. I went there to learn how to do research in physics under the guidance of Hans Bethe. Bethe is not only a great physicist but also an outstanding trainer of students. When I arrived at Cornell and introduced myself to the great man, two things about him immediately impressed me. First, there was a lot of mud on his shoes. Second, the other students called him Hans. I had never seen anything like that in England. In England, professors were treated with respect and wore clean shoes.

Within a few days, Hans found me a good problem to work on. He had an amazing ability to choose good problems, not too hard and not too easy, for students of widely varying skills and interests. He had eight or ten of us doing research problems and never seemed to find it a strain to keep us busy and happy. He ate lunch with us at the cafeteria almost every day. After a few hours of conversation, he could judge accurately what each student was capable of doing. It had been arranged that I would be at Cornell for only nine months, and so he gave me a problem that he knew I could finish in that time. It worked out exactly as he said it would.

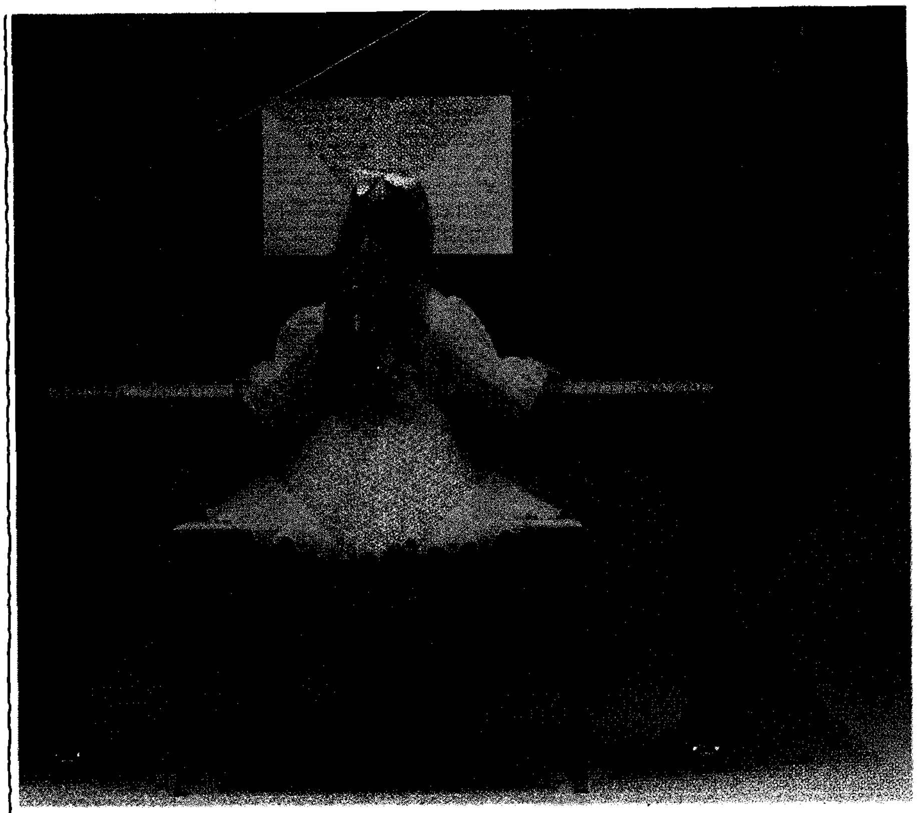
I was lucky to arrive at Cornell at that particular moment. The year 1947 was the year of the postwar flowering of physics, when new ideas and new experiments were sprouting everywhere from seeds of a kind that had lain dormant through the war. The scientists who had spent the war years at places like Bomber Command headquarters and Los Alamos came back to the universities impatient to get started again in pure science. They were in a hurry to make up for the years they had lost, and they went to work with energy and enthusiasm. In 1947, pure science was beginning to hum. And right in the middle of the renascence of pure physics was Hans Bethe. At that time, there was a single, central unsolved problem absorbing the attention of a large fraction of the world's physicists. We called it the quantum-electrodynamics problem. The problem was simply that there existed no accurate theory to describe the everyday behavior of atoms and electrons as they emit and absorb light. Quantum-electrodynamics was the name of the missing theory. It was called quantum because it had to take into account the quantum nature of light, electro because it had to deal with electrons, and dynamics because it had to describe forces and motion. We had inherited from the pre-war generation of physicists—Einstein and Niels Bohr and Werner Heisenberg and Paul Dirac—the basic ideas for such a theory. But the basic ideas were not enough. The basic ideas could tell you roughly how an atom would behave. But we wanted to be able to calculate the behavior exactly. Of course, it often happens in science that things are too complicated to be calculated exactly, and one has to be content with a rough, qualitative understanding. In 1947, the strange thing was that even the simplest and most elementary objects, hydrogen atoms and light quanta, could not be accurately understood. Hans Bethe was convinced that a correct and exact theory would emerge if we could figure out how to calculate consistently, using the old, pre-war ideas. He stood like Moses on the mountain showing us the promised land. It was for us students to move in and make ourselves at home there.

"Finished ventilating? Good! Now I'm going to ventilate."

A few months before I arrived at Cornell, two important things had happened. First, there had been some experiments at Columbia University, in New York, that measured the behavior of an electron a thousand times as accurately as it had been measured before. These, giving the theorists some accurate numbers that they had to try to explain, had made the problem of creating an accurate theory far more urgent. Second, Hans Bethe himself had done the first theoretical calculation that went substantially beyond what had been done before the war. He had calculated the energy of an electron in an atom of hydrogen and found an answer that agreed fairly well with the Columbia measurement. This showed that he was on the right track. But his calculation was still a pastiche of old ideas held together by physical intuition. It had no firm mathematical basis, and it was not even consistent with Einstein's principle of relativity. That was how things stood in September, when I joined Hans' group of students.

The problem that Hans gave me was to repeat his calculation of the electron energy with the minimal changes that were needed to make it consistent with Einstein. It was an ideal problem for somebody like me, who had a good mathematical background and little knowledge of physics. I plunged in and filled hundreds of pages with calculations, learning the physics as I went along. After a few months, I had an answer, and it, too, agreed near enough with Columbia. My calculation, too, was a pastiche. I had not improved on Hans' calculation in any fundamental sense. I had come no closer than Hans had to a basic understanding of the electron. But those winter months of calculation had given me skill and confidence. I had mastered the tools of my trade. I was now ready to start thinking.

As a relaxation from quantum-electrodynamics, I was encouraged to spend a few hours a week in the student laboratory doing experiments. These were not real research experiments. We were just going through the motions—repeating famous old experiments, knowing beforehand what the answers ought to be. The other students grumbled at having to waste their time doing Mickey Mouse experiments. But I found the experiments fascinating. In all my time in England, I had never been let loose in a laboratory. All these strange objects that I had read about—crystals and magnets and prisms and spectroscopes—were actually there and could be touched and handled. It seemed like a miracle when I measured the electric voltage produced by light of various colors falling on a metal surface and found Einstein's law of the photoelectric effect to be really true. But I came to grief on the Millikan oil-drop experiment. Robert Millikan was a great physicist at the Uni-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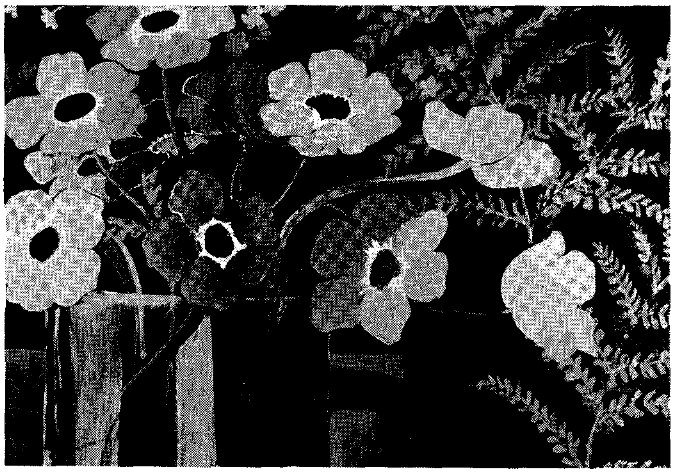

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versity of Chicago, and it was he who first measured the electric charge of individual electrons. He made a mist of tiny drops of oil and watched them float around under his microscope while he pulled and pushed them with strong electric fields. The drops were so small that some of them carried a net electric charge of only one or two electrons. I had my oil drops floating nicely, and then I grabbed hold of the wrong knob to adjust the electric field. They found me stretched out on the floor, and that finished my career as an experimenter.

I have never regretted my brief and almost fatal exposure to experiments. This experience brought home to me as nothing else could the truth of Einstein's remark "One may say the eternal mystery of the world is its comprehensibility." Here was I sitting at my desk week after week doing the most elaborate and sophisticated calculations to figure out how an electron should behave. And here was the electron on my little oil drop knowing quite well how to behave without waiting for the result of my calculations. How could one seriously believe that the electron cared about my calculations? And yet the experiments at Columbia showed that it did care. Somehow or other, all this complicated mathematics that I was scribbling established rules that the electron on the oil drop was bound to follow. One knows that this is so. Why it is so—why the electron pays attention to one's mathematics—is a mystery that even Einstein could not fathom.

At our daily lunches with Hans, we talked endlessly about physics—about the technical details and about the deep philosophical mysteries. On the whole, Hans was more interested in details than in philosophy. When I raised philosophical questions, he would often say, "You ought to go and talk to Oppy about that." Oppy was Robert Oppenheimer, then the newly appointed director of the Institute for Advanced Study, at Princeton. Sometime during the winter, Hans spoke with Oppy about me, and they agreed that after my nine months at Cornell I should go for a year to Princeton. I looked forward to working with Oppy, but I was also a bit scared. Oppy was already a legendary figure. He had been the originator and leader of the bomb project at Los Alamos. Hans had worked under him there as head of the Theoretical Division. Hans had enormous respect for Oppy. But he warned me not to expect an easy life at Princeton. He said Oppy did not suffer fools

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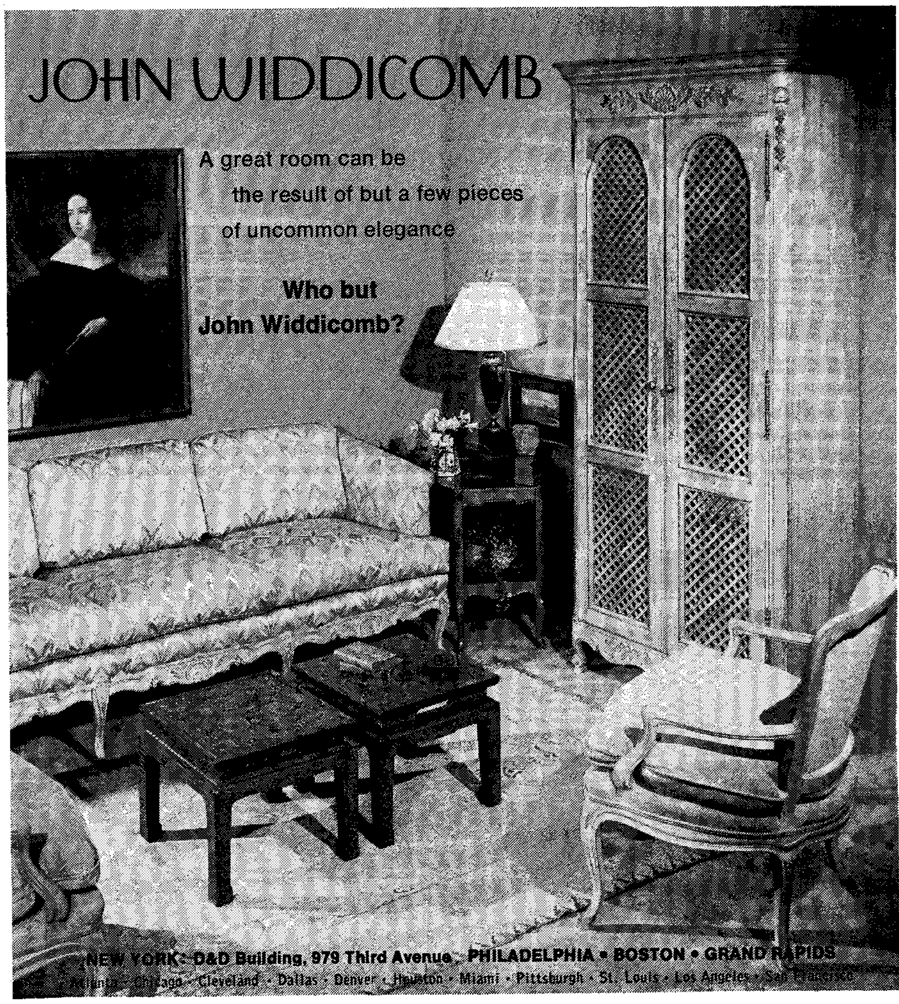
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gladly and was sometimes hasty in deciding who was a fool.

One of our group of students at Cornell was Giovanni Rossi Lomanitz, a rugged character from Oklahoma who lived in a dilapidated farmhouse outside Ithaca and was rumored to be a Communist. Lomanitz had not been at Los Alamos but had worked with Oppy on the bomb project in California before Los Alamos was started. Being a Communist was not such a serious crime in 1947 as it became later. Seven years later, when Oppy was accused of being a security risk, one of the charges against him was that he had tried to stop the Army from drafting Lomanitz. Roger Robb, the prosecuting attorney at the hearing, read sinister motives into Oppy's concern for Lomanitz. Oppy replied to Robb, "The relations between me and my students were not that I stood at the head of a class and lectured." That remark summed up exactly what made both Hans and Oppy great teachers. In the late forties, security hearings and witch-hunts were far from our thoughts. Rossi Lomanitz was a student just like the rest of us. And Oppy was the great national hero whose face could be seen ornamenting the covers of *Time* and *Life*.

I had known before I came to Cornell that Hans had been at Los Alamos. I had not known beforehand that I would find a large fraction of the entire Los Alamos gang—Oppy being the chief exception—reassembled at Cornell. Hans had been at Cornell before the war, and when he returned he found jobs for as many as possible of the bright young people he had worked with at Los Alamos. So at Cornell we had Robert Wilson, who had been head of experimental physics at Los Alamos; Philip Morrison, who had gone to the Mariana Islands to take care of the bombs that were used at Hiroshima and Nagasaki; Richard Feynman, who had been in charge of one of the computing sections; and many others. I was amazed to see how quickly and easily I fitted in with this bunch of weaponeers, whose experience of the war had been so different from my own. There was endless talk about the Los Alamos days. Through all the talk shone a glow of pride and nostalgia. For every one of these people, the Los Alamos days had been a great experience—a time of hard work and comradeship and deep happiness. I had the impression that the main reason they were glad to be at Cornell was that the Cornell Physics Department retained something of the Los Alamos atmosphere. I, too, could feel this atmosphere—it was a vivid presence. It was youth, it was exuberance, it was informality, it was a shared ambition to do great things together in science without any personal jealousies or squabbles over credit. Hans Bethe and Dick Feynman did, many years later, receive well-earned Nobel Prizes, but nobody at Cornell was grabbing for prizes or for personal glory.

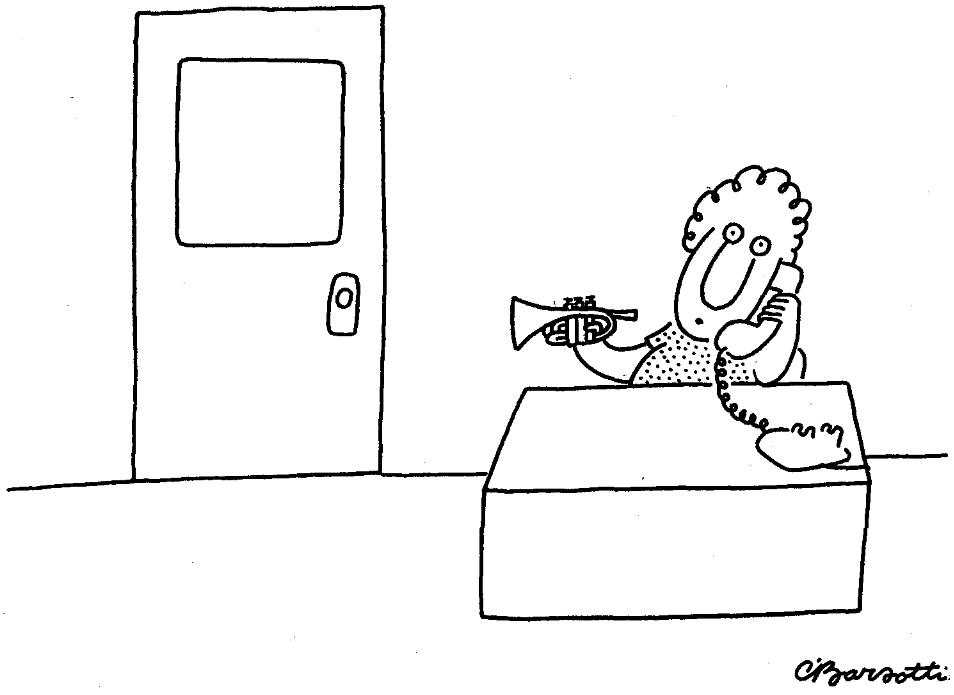
The Los Alamos people did not speak in public about the technical details of bombs. It was surprisingly easy to talk around that subject without getting onto dangerous ground. Once, however, I embarrassed everybody at the lunch table by remarking, in all innocence, "It's lucky that Eddington proved it's impossible to make a bomb out of hydrogen." There was an awkward silence, and the subject of conversation was abruptly changed. In those days, the existence of any thoughts about hydrogen bombs was a deadly secret. After lunch, one of the students took me aside and told me in confidence that unfortunately Eddington was wrong, and that a lot of work on hydrogen bombs had been done at Los Alamos—and would I please never refer to hydrogen bombs again. I was happy that they trusted me enough to let me in on the secret. After that, I felt I was really one of the gang.

Many of the Los Alamos veterans were involved in political activities aimed at educating the public about the nuclear facts of life. The main thrust of their message was that the American monopoly of nuclear weapons could not last, and that in the long run the only hope of survival would lie in a complete surrender of all nuclear activities to a strong international authority. Philip Morrison was especially eloquent in spreading this message. Oppy had been saying the same thing more quietly, to his friends inside the government. But by 1948 it was clear that the chance to establish an effective international authority on the basis of the wartime Soviet-American alliance had been missed. The nuclear-arms race had begun, and the idea of international control could be at best a long-range dream.

Our lunchtime conversations with Hans were often centered on Los Alamos and on the moral questions surrounding the development and use of the bomb. Hans was troubled by these questions, but few of the other Los Alamos people were troubled. It seemed that hardly anybody had been troubled until after Hiroshima. While the work was going on, they had been absorbed in scientific details and totally dedicated to the technical success of the project. They had been far too busy with their work to worry about the consequences. In May, 1945, Oppy had been a member of the group of scientists which Henry Stimson, the Secretary of War, had appointed to advise him about the use of the bombs. Oppy had supported Stimson's decision to use them as they were used. But Oppy had not at that time discussed the matter with any of his colleagues at Los Alamos. Not even with Hans. That responsibility he had borne alone.

In February, 1948, *Time* quoted Oppenheimer's famous confession "In some sort of crude sense, which no vulgarity, no humor, no overstatement can quite extinguish, the physicists have known sin; and this is a knowledge which they cannot lose." Most of the Los Alamos people at Cornell repudiated Oppy's remark indignantly. They felt no sense of sin. They had done a difficult and necessary job to help win the war. They felt that it was unfair of Oppy to weep in public over their guilt when anybody who built any kind of lethal weapon for use in war was equally guilty. I understood the anger of the Los Alamos people, but I agreed with Oppy. The sin of the physicists at Los Alamos did not lie in their having built a lethal weapon. To have built the bomb, when their country was engaged in a desperate war against Hitler's Germany, was morally justifiable. But they did not just build the bomb. They enjoyed building it. They had the time of their lives while they were building it. That, I believe, is what Oppy had in mind when he said they had sinned. And he was right.

After a few months, I was able to



"Would you like to hear some music while you hold?"

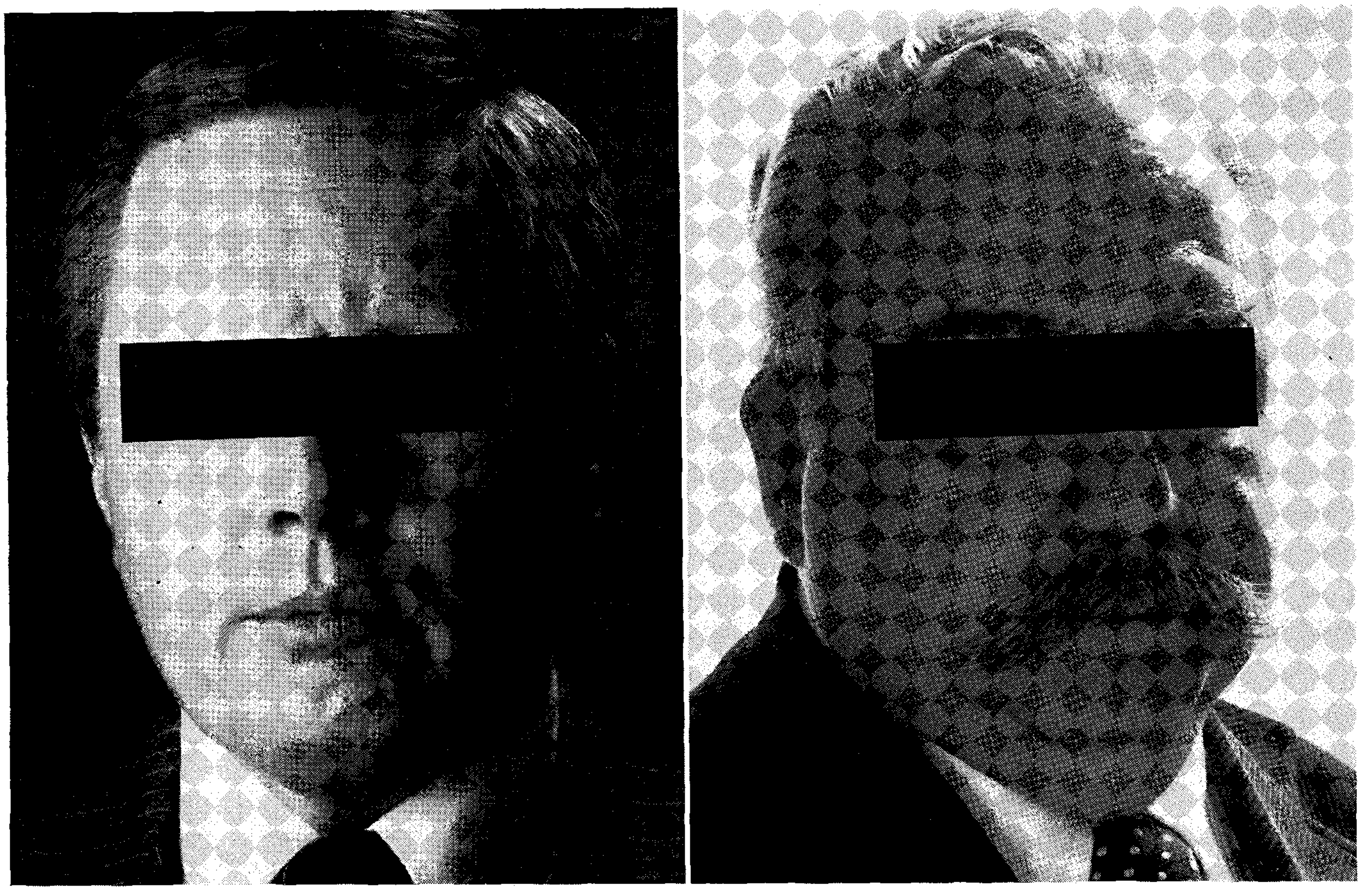
• •

identify a quality in the American students which I found strange and attractive. They lacked the tragic sense of life which was deeply ingrained in every European of my generation. They had never lived with tragedy and had no feeling for it. Having no sense of tragedy, they also had no sense of guilt. They seemed very young and innocent, although most of them were older than I was. They had come through the war without scars. Los Alamos had been for them a tremendous lark. It left their innocence untouched. That was why they were unable to accept Oppy's statement as expressing a truth about themselves.

For Europeans, the great turning point of history was the First World War, not the Second. The first war had created that tragic mood which was a part of the air we breathed long before the second war started. Oppy had grown up immersed in European culture and had acquired the tragic sense. Hans, being a European, had it, too. The younger and native-born Americans, with the exception of Dick Feynman, still lived in a world without shadows. Things are very different now, thirty years later. The Vietnam War produced in American life the same fundamental change of mood which the First World War produced in the life of Europe. The young Americans of today are closer in spirit to the Europeans than to the Americans of thirty years ago. The age of innocence is now over for all of us.

Dick Feynman was in respect to this innocence, as in almost every other respect, an exception. He was a young, native-born American who had lived with tragedy. He had loved and married a brilliant, artistic girl who was dying of t.b. They knew she was dying when they married. When Dick went to work at Los Alamos, Oppy arranged for his wife to stay at a sanitarium in Albuquerque, so that she and Dick could be together as much as possible. She died there, a few weeks before the war ended. As soon as I arrived at Cornell, I became aware of Dick as the liveliest personality in our department. In many ways, he reminded me of my poet friend Frank Thompson, who, as a Communist, had fought and died with the Bulgarian partisans in 1944. Dick was no poet and certainly no Communist. But he was like Frank in his loud voice, his quick mind, his intense interest in all kinds of things and people, his crazy jokes, and his disrespect for authority. I had a room in a student dormitory, and sometimes, around two o'clock in the morning, I would wake up to the sound of a strange rhythm pulsating over the silent campus. That was Dick playing his bongo drums. Dick was also a profoundly original scientist. He refused to take anybody's word for anything. This meant that he was forced to rediscover or reinvent for himself almost the whole of physics. It took him five years of concentrated work to reinvent quantum mechanics. He said that he couldn't understand the official version of quantum mechanics which was taught in textbooks, and so he had to begin afresh from the beginning. This was a heroic enterprise. He worked harder during those years than anybody else I have ever known. At the end, he had a version of quantum mechanics which he could understand. He then went on to calculate with his version of quantum mechanics how an electron should behave. He was able to reproduce the result that Hans, using the old ideas, had calculated a little earlier. But Dick could go much further. On the basis of his own ideas, he calculated fine details of the electron's behavior which Hans' method could not touch. Dick could calculate these things a lot more accurately, and a lot more easily, than anybody else could. The calculation that I did for Hans, using the old ideas, took me several months of work and several hundred sheets of paper. Dick could get the same answer calculating on a blackboard for half an hour.

So this was the situation that I found at Cornell. Hans was using the old, cookbook quantum mechanics, which Dick couldn't understand. Dick was using his own private quantum mechanics, which nobody else could understand. They were getting the same answers whenever their calculations concerned the same problems. And Dick could make a great many calculations that Hans couldn't. It was obvious to me that Dick's theory must be fundamentally right. I decided that my main job, after I finished the calculation for Hans, would be to understand Dick and explain his ideas in a language that the rest of the world could understand. In the spring of 1948, Hans and Dick went to a select meeting of experts arranged by Oppy at a lodge in the Pocono Mountains to discuss the quantum-electrodynamics problem. I was not invited, because I was not yet an expert. The Columbia experimenters were there, and Niels Bohr, and various other important physicists. The main event of the meeting was an eight-hour talk by Julian Schwinger, a young professor at Harvard who had been a student of Oppy's. Julian, it seemed, had solved the main problem. He had a new theory of quantum-electrodynamics which explained all the Columbia experiments. His theory was built on orthodox principles and was a masterpiece of mathematical technique. His calculations were extremely complicated, and few in the audience stayed with him all the way through the eight-hour exposition. But Oppy understood and approved everything. After Julian had finished, it was Dick's turn. Dick tried to tell the exhausted listeners how he could explain the same experiments



One of these men had a business that went into a slump, into the red and up in smoke.

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We're a major group of property and casualty insurance companies and we're alarmed by the rise in this violent, costly and dangerous crime. Not only does arson jeopardize lives and property, it costs policyholders a lot of money—approximately 40¢ of every claim dollar paid for fire losses. That's four times more than ten years ago.

Recently, the FBI re-classified arson as a major crime, in the same category as murder, rape and grand larceny. This re-classification will result in greater attention by federal, state and local law enforcement agencies. We in the insurance industry urged the government to take this action. We will continue working with law enforcement agencies to stop the spread of this vicious crime.

Here's what we're doing:

- Trying to take the profit out of arson by more extensive investigation of claims and by cooperating in the prosecution of more persons involved in "suspicious" fires.
- Supporting the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute's investigations of insurance fraud.
- Conducting arson-detection seminars for insurance personnel.
- Developing the Property Insurance Loss Register—a computerized file of previous loss claims which will alert investigators.
- Encouraging state legislators to pass stricter laws that carry heavier punishments for arson.
- Encouraging community and state arson task force programs to deal with arson problems on a local level.

Here's what you can do:

- Report any suspicious persons or activity to the police, fire department or fire marshal.
- Support efforts in your community to fight arson.

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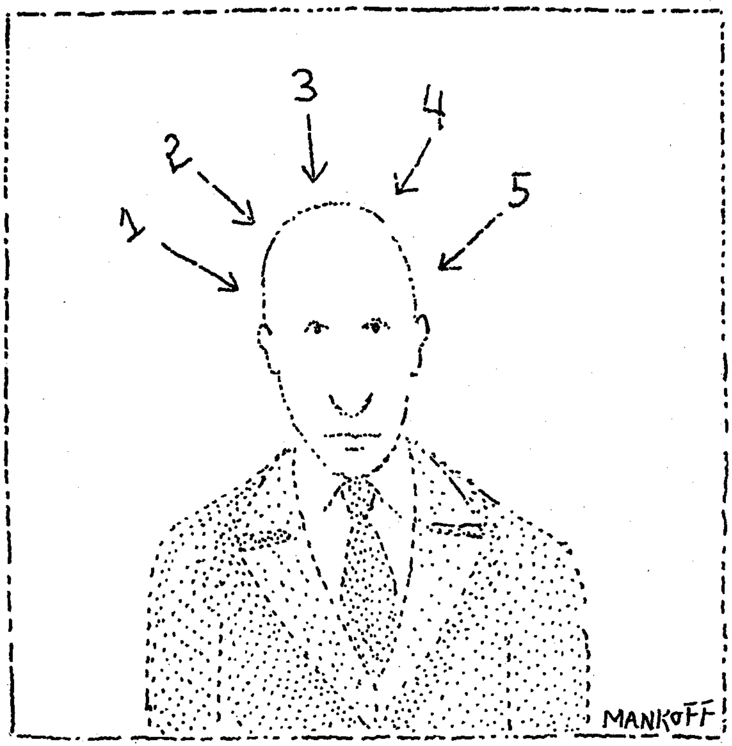
much more simply, using his own, unorthodox methods. Nobody understood a word that Dick said. At the end, Oppy made some scathing comments, and that was that. Dick came home from the meeting depressed.

During my last months at Cornell, I made an effort to see as much of Dick as possible. The beautiful thing about Dick was that you did not have to be afraid you were wasting his time. Most scientists, when you seek them out to talk with them, are very polite and let you sit down, and only after a while do you notice, from their bored expressions or their fidgety fingers, that they are wishing you would leave. Dick was not like that. When I came to his room and he didn't want to talk, he would just shout "Go away, I'm busy!" without even turning his head. So I would go away. And next time I came, if he let me sit down I knew he was not just being polite. We talked for many hours about his private version of physics, and I finally began to get the hang of it. The reason Dick's physics was so hard for ordinary physicists to grasp was that he did not use equations. Since the time of Newton, the usual way of doing theoretical physics had been to begin by writing down some equations and then to work hard calculating solutions of the equations. This was the way Hans and Oppy and Julian Schwinger did physics. Dick just wrote down the solutions out of his head without ever writing down the equations. He had a physical picture of the way things happen, and the picture gave him the solutions directly, with a minimum of calculation. It was no wonder that people who had spent their lives solving equations were baffled by him. Their minds were analytical; his mind was pictorial. My own training, since the far-off days when I struggled with H. T. H. Piaggio's differential equations, had been analytical. But as I listened to Dick and stared at the strange diagrams that he drew on the blackboard I gradually absorbed some of his pictorial imagination and began to feel at home in his version of the universe.

The essence of Dick's version was a loosening of all constraints. In orthodox physics, you say, Suppose an electron is in this state at a certain time. Then, by solving a certain differential equation, you calculate what it will do next. Instead of this, Dick said simply, The electron does whatever it likes. The electron goes all over space and time in all possible ways. It can even go backward in time whenever it chooses. If you start with an electron in this state at a certain time and you want to see whether it will be in some other state at another time, you just add together contributions from all the possible histories of the electron that take it from this state to the other. A history of the electron is any possible path in space and time, including paths zigzagging forward and back in time. The behavior of the electron is determined by just sweeping over the totality of histories according to some simple rules that Dick worked out. The method of calculating by sweeping over all histories and adding them together is called "sum-over-histories." And the same trick works, with minor changes, not only for electrons but for everything else: atoms, baseballs, elephants, and so on. Only, for baseballs and elephants the rules are more complicated.

This sum-over-histories way of looking at things is not really so mysterious, once you get used to it. Like other profoundly original ideas, it has been slowly absorbed into the fabric of physics, so that now, after thirty years, it is difficult to remember why at the beginning we found it so hard to grasp. I had the enormous luck to be there at Cornell in 1948 when the idea was newborn, and to be for a short time Dick's sounding board. I witnessed the concluding stages of the five-year-long intellectual struggle by which Dick fought his way through to his unifying vision. What I saw of Dick reminded me of something I had heard John Maynard Keynes say of Newton six years earlier: "His peculiar gift was the power of holding continuously in his mind a purely mental problem until he had seen straight through it. I fancy his pre-eminence is due to his muscles of intuition being the strongest and most enduring with which a man has ever been gifted."

In that spring of 1948, there was another memorable event. Hans received a small package from Japan in which were the first two issues of a new physics journal, *Progress of Theoretical Physics*, published in Kyoto. The two issues were printed in English, on brownish paper of poor quality. They contained a total of six short articles. The first article in Issue No. 2 was called "On a Relativistically Invariant Formulation of the Quantum Theory of Wave Fields," and its author was S. Tomonaga, of Tokyo University. At the bottom of the first page was a footnote explaining that the article was a translation, from the Japanese, of a paper that had originally appeared in 1943. Hans gave me the article to read. It set out, simply and lucidly, without any mathematical elaboration, the central idea of Julian Schwinger's theory. The implications of this were astonishing. Somehow or other, amid the ruin and turmoil of the war, and totally isolated from the rest of the world, Tomonaga had maintained in Japan a school of research in theoretical physics which was in some respects ahead of anything existing anywhere else at that time. He had pushed on alone and laid the foundations of the new quantum-electrodynamics five years before Schwinger and without any help from the Columbia experiments. He had not, in 1943, completed the theory and developed it as a practical tool. To Schwinger rightly belongs the credit for making the theory into a coherent mathematical structure. But Tomonaga had taken the essential first



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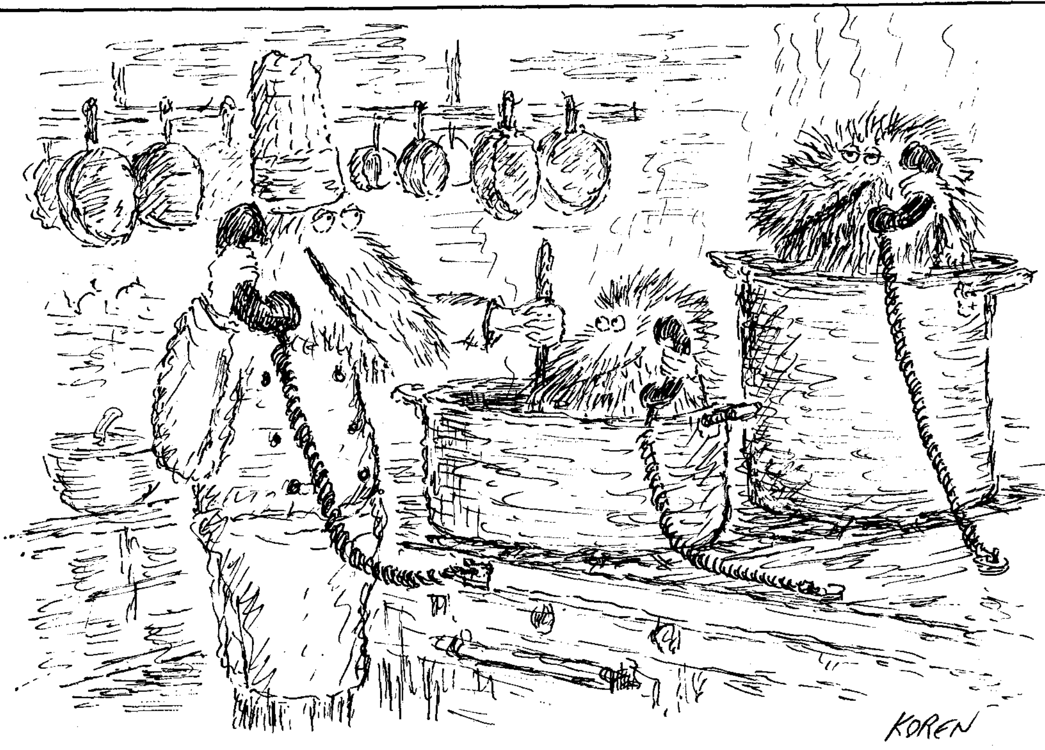

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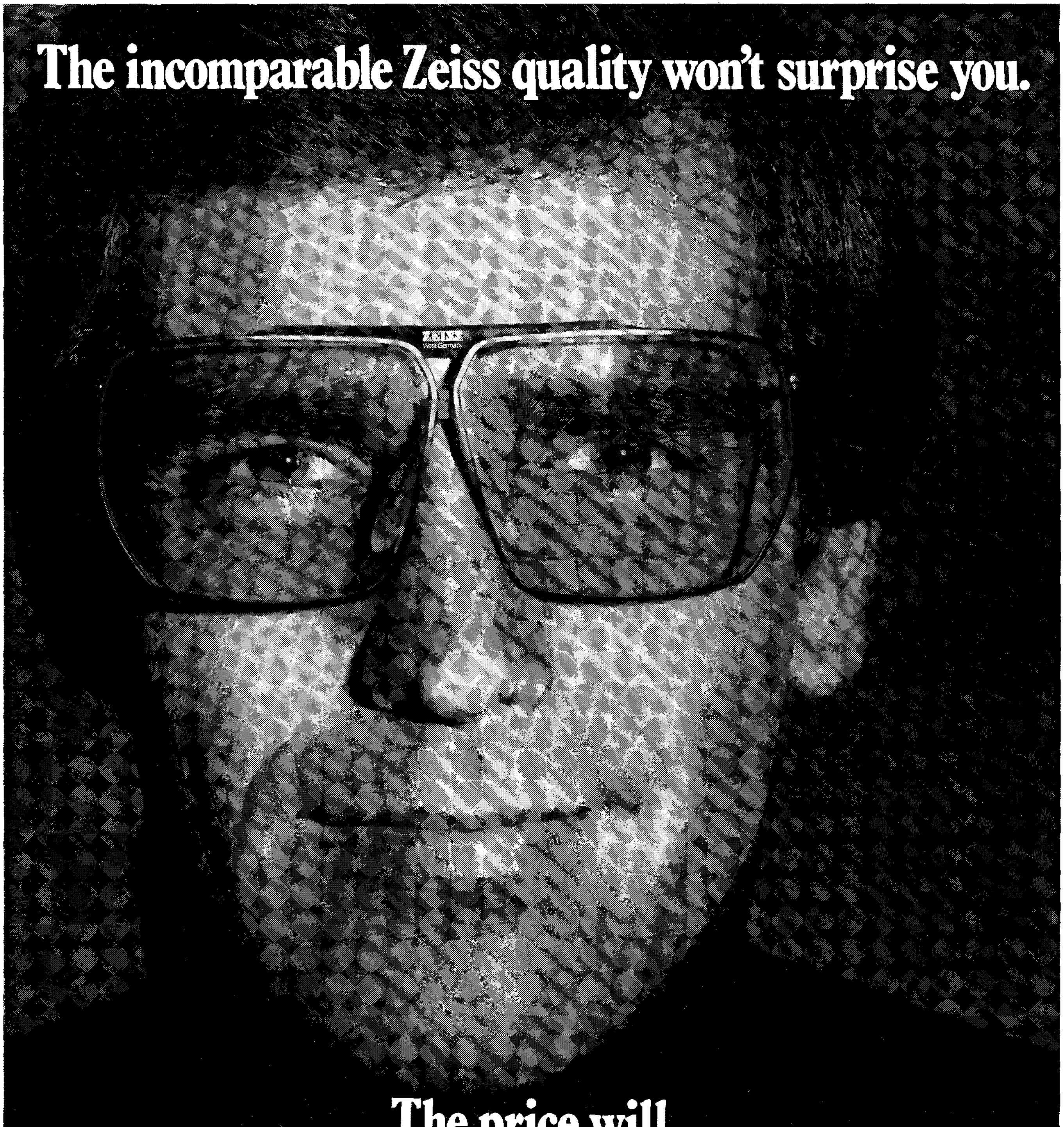
step. There he was, in the spring of 1948, sitting amid the ashes and rubble of Tokyo and sending us that pathetic little package. It came to us as a voice out of the deep.

A few weeks later, Oppy received a personal letter from Tomonaga describing the more recent work of the Japanese physicists. They had been moving ahead fast in the same direction as Schwinger. Regular communications were soon established. Oppy invited Tomonaga to visit Princeton, and a succession of Tomonaga's students later came to work with us at Princeton and at Cornell. When I met Tomonaga for the first time, at Princeton, in the summer of 1950, a letter to my parents recorded my immediate impression of him: "He is more able than either Schwinger or Feynman to talk about ideas other than his own. And he has enough of his own, too. He is an exceptionally unselfish person." Among the physics journals on his table was a copy of the New Testament.

THE term at Cornell ended in June, 1948, and Hans Bethe arranged an invitation for me to go for five weeks to a summer school at the University of Michigan, in Ann Arbor. Julian Schwinger would be lecturing there and would give a leisurely account of the theory that he had sketched in his eight-hour marathon talk at the Pocono meeting. It was a great chance for me to hear Schwinger's ideas straight from the horse's mouth. But there was a gap of two weeks between the end of term and the beginning of summer school. Dick Feynman said, "I'm driving to Albuquerque. Why don't you come along?" I looked at the map and saw that Albuquerque was not directly on the way to Ann Arbor, but I said yes, I'd come along. My stay in the United States was financed by a Harkness Fellowship, awarded by The Commonwealth Fund. The Fund generously included in its stipend the money for a summer vacation. I was expected to travel across the continent and gain a wider perspective of the United States than could be seen from a single campus. A free ride to Albuquerque would make a good beginning.

So I had Dick to myself most of the time for four days. Not all the time, because Dick loved to pick up hitchhikers. I enjoyed the hitchhikers, too. These were American nomads, people with restless feet, moving from one place to another carelessly and without hurry. England has its nomadic tribe of gypsies, but they live in a closed-off world of their own. I had never spoken to a gypsy. Dick talked with these nomads as if they were old friends. They told us their adventures, and Dick told them his. As we drove farther south and west, Dick's manner of speech changed. He was adapting to the accent and idiom of the people we picked up. Phrases like "I don't know nothin' " became more frequent. The closer we came to Albuquerque, the more Dick seemed to feel at ease with his surroundings.

We crossed the Mississippi at St. Louis and went through the Ozark country to Oklahoma. The Ozarks were the loveliest part of the trip: green hills covered with flowers and woods, which were interrupted only by an occasional quiet farmhouse. Oklahoma was a different world, rich and ugly, with new towns and factories springing up everywhere and bulldozers tearing away the earth. Oklahoma was in the middle of an oil boom. When we were nearly halfway to Oklahoma City, we ran into a rainstorm. In that country, it seemed, not only the people were rough and raw but nature was, too. It was my first taste of tropical rain. It made the heaviest rain I had ever seen in England look like a drizzle. We crawled for a while through the downpour and then ran into a traffic jam. Some boys told us there was six feet of water over the highway ahead of us and no way through. They said it had been raining like this for about a week. We turned around and retreated to a place called Vinita. There was nothing to do but find a room and wait for the floods to subside. The hotels were filled to capacity with stranded travellers. We were lucky to find a room that Dick and I could share for fifty cents each. On the door was a notice that said, "This hotel is under new management, so if you're drunk you came to the wrong place." In that little room, with the rain drumming on the dirty windowpanes, we talked the night through. Dick talked of his dead wife, of the joy he had had in nursing her and making her last days tolerable, of the tricks they had played together on the Los Alamos security people, of her jokes and her courage. He talked of death with an easy familiarity that can come only to one who has lived with spirit unbroken through the worst that death can do. Ingmar Bergman, in his film "The Seventh Seal," created the character of the juggler Jof, always joking and playing the fool, seeing visions and dreams that nobody else believes in, surviving at the end when death carries the rest away. Dick and Jof have a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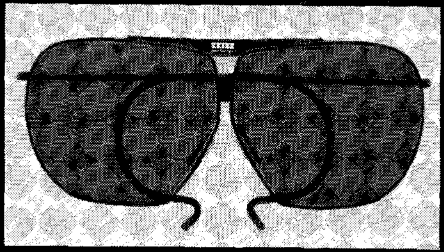

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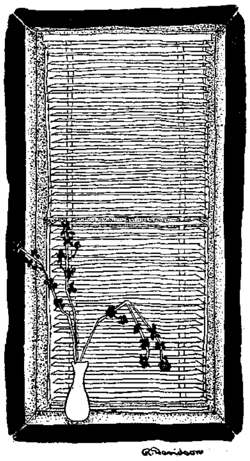
great deal in common. Many people at Cornell had told me Dick was crazy. In reality, he was the sanest of the whole crowd.

Dick talked a great deal, that night in Vinita, about his work at Los Alamos. It was Bob Wilson, our good friend and the chief experimental physicist at Cornell, who had invited Dick to take part in the work on the bomb. Dick had answered at once, by instinct, "No, I won't do it." Then he thought it over, and persuaded himself intellectually that he ought to work on the bomb to make sure that Hitler did not get it first. So he joined the project, first in Princeton and then in Los Alamos. He threw himself furiously into the work and quickly became a leader. He was only twenty-six when they made him head of one of the computing sections. The computers in those days were not electronic machines but human beings. Dick knew how to coach his team of computers so that they put their hearts and souls into the work. After he took over the section, the output of computed problems went up ninefold. The section was going full steam ahead, racing against time to have all the calculations done before the first bomb test, in July, 1945. Dick was organizing them and cheering them on. It was like a grand boat race. They were racing so hard that nobody noticed when the Germans dropped out of the war and left them racing alone. When they passed the finish line, the day of the Trinity bomb test, Dick sat on the hood of a jeep and banged his bongo drums in joy. Only later had he time to think, and to wonder whether his first, instinctive answer to Bob Wilson had not perhaps been the right one. After those days, he refused ever again to have anything to do with military work. He knew that he was too good at it and enjoyed it too much.



Dick had his own view of the future of nuclear weapons. Two illusions were current at that time. The conservative illusion was that American leadership in the development and production of these weapons could be maintained indefinitely and would give America lasting military and political supremacy. The liberal illusion was that when all governments became aware of the dangers of nuclear annihilation they would abandon war as an instrument of national policy. Either way, nuclear weapons would become in some sense a guarantee of perpetual peace. Dick succumbed to neither illusion. He thought that wars would continue to occur from time to time, and that nuclear weapons would be used. He felt that Americans were fools to think they deserved to get away scot-free after letting these weapons loose in the world. He expected that somebody would sooner or later come back to give the United States a taste of its own medicine. He saw no reason to believe that other countries would be wiser or kinder than this country had been. He found it amazing that people would go on living calmly in places like New York as if Hiroshima had never happened. As we drove through Cleveland and St. Louis, he was measuring in his mind's eye distances from ground zero—ranges of lethal radiation and of blast and fire damage. His view of the future was bleak indeed. I felt as if I were taking a ride with Lot through Sodom and Gomorrah. And yet Dick was never gloomy. He had absolute confidence in the ability of ordinary people to survive the crimes and follies of their rulers. It seemed to me that, like Jof the juggler, he would sit quietly sharing his fresh milk and wild strawberries with his guests on the eve of the Day of Judgment. He knew how tough ordinary people are, and that often they are at their best amidst death and destruction.

It happened that just a year earlier, in the summer of 1947, I had lived for three weeks in a city of rubble—the bombed-out German city of Münster. The University of Münster had invited a group of foreign students there to give the German students their first contact with the world outside. We had a German street plan of the city to help us find our way around the mountains of rubble. "Even a city of rubble," it said on the street plan, "in a time of poverty and misery, can express in the appearance of its streets and sidewalks and parks and gardens the pride and the resilience and the public spirit of its people." That was true. Every evening, when the weather was not too bad, many of the hungry people of Münster emerged from their cellars with violins and cellos and bassoons to give first-rate orchestral concerts in the open air. One night, they even put on an opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana." The opera was not the greatest, but the theatre, a grassy amphitheatre overshadowed by magnificent beech and chestnut trees, and the beauty of the evening and the silhouette of the city's ruined castle amply made up for the imperfections of the performance. By that time, I had become so accustomed to being hungry and walking over piles of rubble that I did not notice either anymore. Even in three weeks, you get completely used to living in a world of hunger and rubble. I talked to Dick about these experiences in Germany, and he said that it was all just as he would have expected. He could not imagine that any bombs, even nuclear bombs, could crush the spirit of humanity for long. "When you just think of all the crazy things we have survived," he said, "the atomic bomb is not such a big deal." Death is not such a big deal if you are Jof the juggler and can see the black wings of the angel of death flying over your head as you drive your wagon through the storm.

After the bombs, we talked of science. Dick and I were always disagreeing about science. We fought against each other's ideas, and that helped both of us to think straight. Dick distrusted my mathematics, and I distrusted his intuition. He had this wonderful vision of the world as a woven texture of world lines in space and time, with everything moving freely and with the various possible histories all added together at the end to account for what happened. It was essential to his view of things that it be universal. It must account for everything that happens in nature. You could not imagine the sum-over-histories picture being true for a part of nature and untrue for another part. You could not imagine it being true for electrons and untrue for gravity. It was a unifying principle that would either explain everything or explain nothing. And this made me profoundly skeptical. I knew how many great scientists had chased this will-o'-the-wisp of a unified theory. The ground of science was littered with the corpses of unified theories. Even Einstein had spent twenty years searching for a unified theory and had found nothing that satisfied him. I admired Dick tremendously, but I did not believe he could beat Einstein at his own game. Dick fought back against my skepticism, arguing that Einstein had failed because he stopped thinking in concrete physical images and became a manipulator of equations. I had to admit that that was true. The great discoveries of Einstein's earlier years were all based on direct physical intuition. Einstein's unified theories, evolved later, failed because they were only sets

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of equations without physical meaning. Dick's sum-over-histories theory was in the spirit of the young Einstein, not of the old Einstein. It was solidly rooted in physical reality. But I still argued against it, telling Dick that it was a magnificent dream rather than a scientific theory. Nobody but Dick could use his theory, because he was always invoking his intuition to make up the rules of the game as he went along. Until the rules were codified and were mathematically precise, I could not call it a theory.

d.ehrenberg

I accepted the orthodox view of the nature of physical theories. According to the orthodox view, grand unifying principles are not theories. We may hope that one day a complete unifying principle will be found for the whole of physics, but that is a job for future generations. For the present, nature divides itself conveniently into well-separated domains, and we are content to understand one domain at a time. A theory is a detailed and precise account of nature which is valid in one particular domain. Theories that belong to different domains use different concepts and illuminate our world from different angles. Today, we see the world of physics as being divided into three principal domains. The first is the domain of the very large, massive objects: planets and stars and galaxies, and the universe considered as a whole. In this domain, gravitation is the dominant force, and Einstein's general relativity is the triumphantly successful theory. The second is the domain of the very small: the short-lived particles that are seen in high-energy collisions and inside the nuclei of atoms. In this domain, the strong nuclear forces are dominant, and there is not yet any complete theory. Fragments of theories come and go, accounting more or less satisfactorily for some of the things the experimenters observe, but the domain of the very small remains today what it was in 1948—a world of its own still waiting to be thoroughly explored. Between the very large and the very small is the third domain, the middle ground of physics. The middle ground is an enormous domain, including everything intermediate in size between an atomic nucleus and a planet. It is the domain of everyday human experience. It includes atoms and electricity; light and sound; gases, liquids, and solids; chairs, tables, and people. The theory that we called quantum-electrodynamics was the theory of the middle ground. Its aim was to give a complete and accurate account of all physical processes in the third domain—excluding the very large and the very small.

So Dick and I argued through the night. Dick was trying to understand the whole of physics. I was willing to settle for a theory of the middle ground alone. He was searching for general principles that would be flexible enough so that he could adapt them to anything in the universe. I was searching for a neat set of equations that would account accurately for what happens in the middle ground. We went on arguing. Looking back on the argument now, thirty years later, it is easy to see that we were both right. One of the special beauties of science is that points of view which seem diametrically opposed turn out later, in a broader perspective, to be both right. I was right because it has turned out that nature likes to be compartmentalized. The theory of quantum-electrodynamics has turned out to do all that I expected of it. It predicts correctly, with enormous accuracy, the results of all the experiments that have been done in the domain of the middle ground. Dick was right because it has turned out that his general rules of space-time trajectories and sum-over-histories have a far wider range of validity than quantum-electrodynamics has. In the domain of the very small, now known as particle physics, the rigid formalism of quantum-electrodynamics has turned out to be too narrow, while Dick's flexible rules, now known as Feynman diagrams, are the first working tool of every theorist.

That stormy night, in our little room in Vinita, Dick and I were not looking thirty years ahead. I knew only that hidden somewhere in Dick's ideas was the key to a theory of quantum-electrodynamics simpler and more physical than Julian Schwinger's elaborate construction. Dick knew only that he had larger aims in view than tidying up Schwinger's equations. So the argument did not come to an end but left each of us going his own way. Before dawn, we succeeded in sleeping a little, and in the morning we started again in the direction of Oklahoma City. The rain continued, more gently than the day before. We got through Sapulpa, a town bursting at the seams as a result of the oil boom, and then the road was blocked again. Trying to detour, we arrived at the water's edge and saw the road disappear into a huge lake. On our way back through Sapulpa, we came upon a Cherokee Indian and his wife walking groggily along the roadside in the rain. They were soaked to the skin and jumped happily into the car. They were able to guide us onto an unpaved and muddy road that kept to high ground, clear of the floods. They soon got dry and cheerful in the car, and they stayed with us most of the day. They were trying to make their way to Shawnee, where they were working in an oilfield construction camp. Somehow, they had acquired five quarts of hooch whiskey, so they had walked off the job in Shawnee and taken the whiskey home to their family and friends in Sapulpa for a celebration. The celebration had ended when the five quarts were gone, the day before we picked the pair up. The floods forced us to detour along the high ground to the north, farther and farther away from Shawnee. When the Indians finally bade us a friendly goodbye and left us, they were much farther from Shawnee than they had been when we found them.

OUR last hurdle was the crossing of the Cimarron River. The river was about half a mile wide, the water brick-red and flowing furiously, with large standing waves. Every minute as we crawled across, I was expecting the bridge to be swept away. On the other side, the skies gradually cleared, and a few hours later we came peacefully into Texas, where we made one more overnight stop. The cactuses were blooming red in the desert and Dick was beside himself with joy as we sailed into Albuquerque. The sun was shining for us, and the police cars were screaming their welcome to us. It took Dick some time to realize that the police cars were signalling to us to stop. The police told us politely that we had violated all the traffic rules in the book and should appear forthwith before the justice of the peace. Fortunately, the J.P. was on duty and could handle the case immediately. The J.P. informed us that we should pay a fine of fifty dollars, since we had been doing seventy in a twenty-mile-an-hour zone and the fine was one dollar for every mile per hour over the limit. He said that this was the largest speeding fine he had ever imposed. We had broken the Albuquerque record. Dick then put on one of his finest performances, explaining how he had driven two thousand miles from Ithaca to Albuquerque to visit the girl that he intended to marry, and saying what a great city Albuquerque was and how happy he was to be back after being away for three years. Soon Dick and the J.P. were swapping stories about the war-

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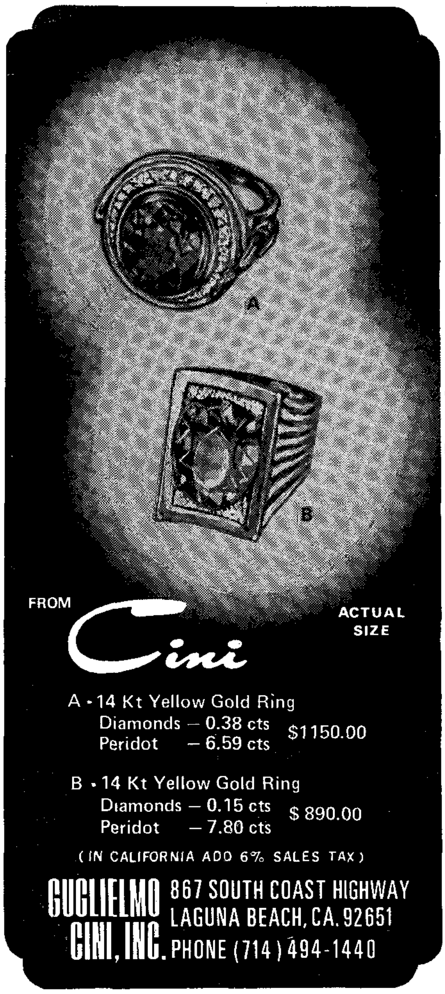

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time days in Albuquerque, and the end of it was that we were let off with a fine of fourteen dollars and fifty cents—ten dollars for speeding and four dollars and fifty cents for the expenses of the court. Dick and I split the fine, and all three of us shook hands on it. Then all three of us said goodbye and went our separate ways.

I took a Greyhound bus to Santa Fe and made my way by easy stages back to Ann Arbor. I soon found out that the way to enjoy long bus rides is to travel at night and rest or explore the countryside by day. People talk more and are friendlier on the night runs. On the long overnight stretch from Denver to Kansas City, I fell in with a couple of teen-agers—a sailor from San Francisco and a girl from Kansas. We talked the night away, beginning with love affairs, continuing with family histories and God, and ending with politics. It occurred to me that in a conversation between strangers in England the same subjects would have come up in the opposite order. The two of them were great talkers and kept it up in fine style until the sun broke through on the horizon ahead of us. At times they made me feel very old and at times very young.

In the five weeks in Ann Arbor, I made a host of new friends. The University of Michigan summer school was in those days, as it had been in the nineteen-thirties, the main gathering place for itinerant physicists in summertime. Julian Schwinger's lectures were a marvel of polished elegance, like a difficult violin sonata played by a virtuoso—more technique than music. Fortunately, Schwinger was friendly and approachable. I could talk with him at length, and more from these conversations than from the lectures I learned how his theory was put together. In the lectures, his theory was a cut diamond, brilliant and dazzling. When I talked with him in private, I saw it in the rough, as he had seen it himself before he started the cutting and polishing, and so I was able to grasp much better his way of thinking. The Ann Arbor physicists generously gave me a room to myself on the top floor of their building. Each afternoon, I hid up there under the roof for several hours to work through every step of Schwinger's lectures and every word of our conversations. I intended to master Schwinger's techniques as I had mastered Piaggio's differential equations ten years before. The five weeks went by quickly. I filled hundreds of pages with calculations, working through various simple problems by Schwinger's methods. At the end of the summer school, I felt that I understood Schwinger's theory as well as anybody could understand it, with the possible exception of Schwinger. That was what I had come to Ann Arbor to do.

During the Ann Arbor days, another beautiful thing happened. A long letter came from Münster—from one of the girls that I had got to know in the hungry time a year earlier. We had exchanged letters intermittently during the winter. She wrote in German, but the letter ended with her version of a quotation from Yeats:

> I would spread the clothes under
>   your feet,
> But I am poor, and have only
>   my dreams;
> I have spread my dreams under
>   your feet;
> Tread softly, because you tread on
>   my dreams.

I wondered whether a girl to whom English is a foreign language could possibly understand how good those lines are, as poetry. I decided that that girl probably understood. I promised myself I would tread softly.

From Ann Arbor, I took another Greyhound bus, and rode all the way to San Francisco. The most memorable part of this trip was the winding descent down Echo Canyon Creek from Wyoming to the Salt Lake basin. We passed through the mountain valleys in which the Mormon pioneers had settled a hundred years before. These valleys were tended and cared for like mountain valleys in Switzerland. Nowhere else in America had I seen land so cherished. You could tell at once that these people believed they had reached the promised land, and that they intended to leave it beautiful for their great-grandchildren.

I stayed ten days in San Francisco and Berkeley, taking a holiday from physics. I read Joyce's "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and Nehru's autobiography. I explored California a little and decided I liked Utah better. Comparing the achievements of the settlers in Utah and the settlers in California, who were building their civilizations at the same time, I felt that Utah achieved greatness, while California had greatness thrust upon it. There is nothing in California to equal the Mormon valleys, with each village clustering around its big temple, and the mountains on either side sweeping straight up to heaven.

At the beginning of September, it was time to go back East. I got onto a Greyhound bus and travelled non-stop for three days and nights, as far as Chicago. This time, I had nobody to talk to, and the roads were too bumpy for me to read, so I sat and looked out of the window and gradually fell into a comfortable stupor. As we were droning across Nebraska on the third day, something suddenly happened. For two weeks, I had not thought about physics, and now it came bursting into my consciousness like an explosion. Feynman's pictures and Schwinger's equations began sorting themselves out in my head with a clarity they had never had before. For the first time, I was able to put them all together. For an hour or two, I arranged and rearranged the pieces. Then I knew that they all fitted. I was without pencil and paper, but everything was so clear. I did not need to write it down. Feynman and Schwinger were just looking at the same set of ideas from different sides. Putting their methods together, you would have a theory of quantum-electrodynamics that combined the mathematical precision of Schwinger with the practical flexibility of Feynman. And then, finally, there would be a straightforward theory of the middle ground. It was my tremendous luck that I was the only person who had had a chance to talk at length to both Schwinger and Feynman and really understand what both of them were doing. In the hour of illumination, I gave thanks to my teacher Hans Bethe, who had made it possible. During the rest of the day, as we watched the sun go down over the prairie, I was mapping out in my head the shape of the paper I would write when I got to Princeton. The title of the paper would be "The Radiation Theories of Tomonaga, Schwinger, and Feynman." This way, I would make sure that Tomonaga got his fair share of the glory. As we moved on into Iowa, it grew dark, and I had a good, long sleep.

A few days later, I collected my belongings from Ithaca and went on to Princeton. I had grown so attached to Greyhound buses I was almost sorry to be at the end of the journey. But I had work to do in Princeton. On a fine September morning, I walked for the first time the mile and a half from my room in Princeton to the Institute for Advanced Study. It was exactly a year since I had left England to learn physics from the Americans. And now, a year later, here I was, walking down the road to the Institute on a fine September morning to teach the great Oppenheimer how to do physics. The whole situation seemed too absurd to be credible. I pinched myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming. But the sun still shone, and the birds still sang in the trees. I had better be careful, I said

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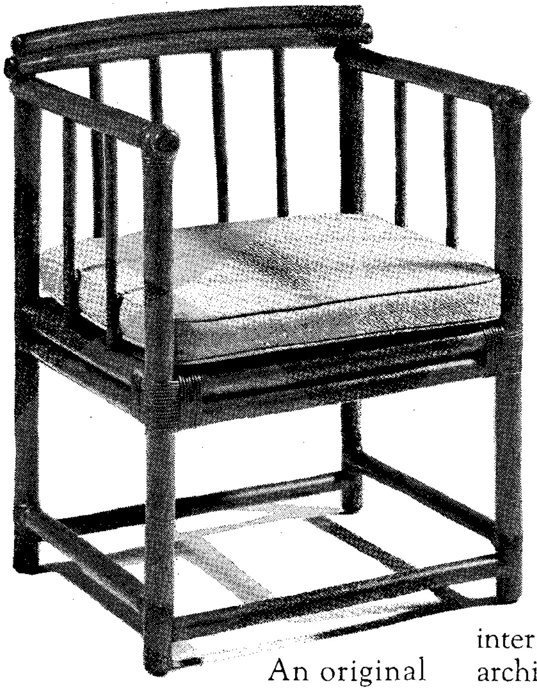

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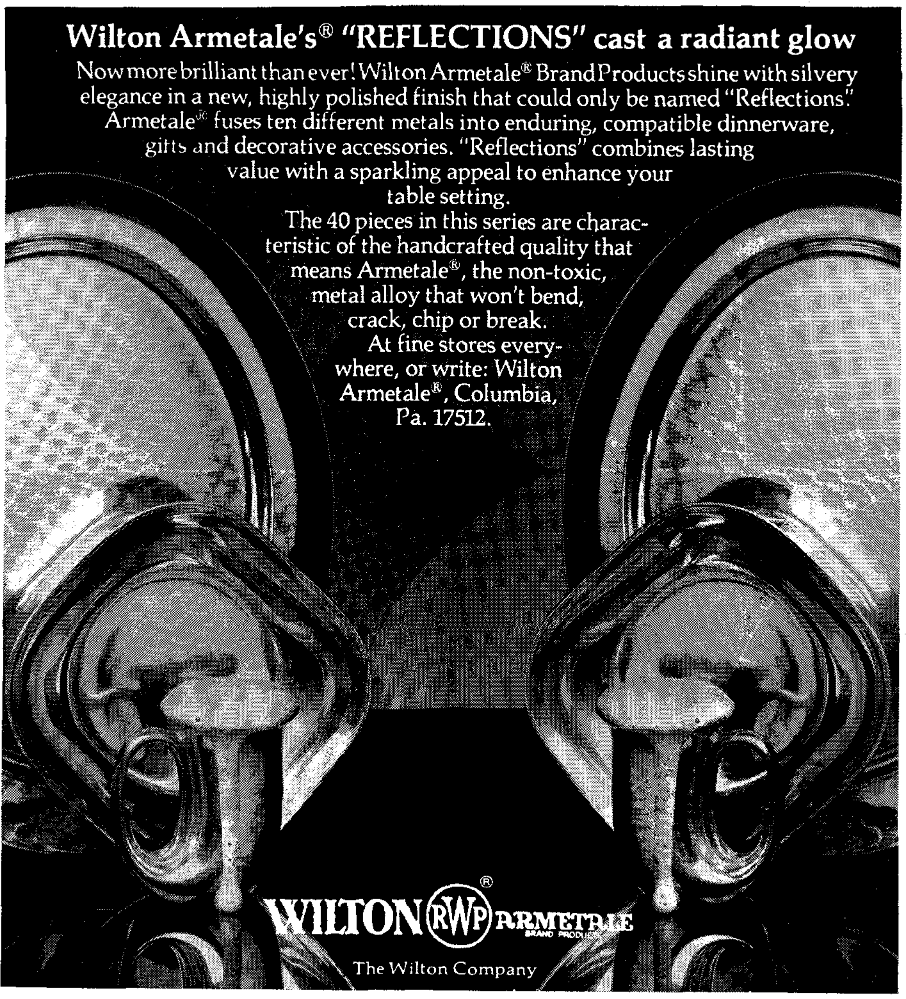

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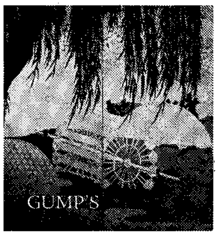

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to myself. Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams.

•

Seven years and the summer is
over
Seven years since the Archbishop
left us,
He who was always kind to his
people.
But it would not be well if he
should return....
For us, the poor, there is no action,
But only to wait and to witness....
O Thomas Archbishop,
O Thomas our Lord, leave us and
leave us be, in our humble
and tarnished frame of
existence, leave us; do not
ask us
To stand to the doom on the house,
the doom on the Archbishop,
the doom on the world.

I SAT in Oppenheimer's office in the fall of 1948 with these lines from T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral" ringing through my head. Eight young physicists—six men and two women—were sharing the office while the builders hurried to finish a new building that would provide an office for each of us. I wished the builders would never finish. It was much cozier and friendlier in the big office, with the eight of us sitting around a wooden table chatting and getting to know one another. We had come from many countries to the Institute for Advanced Study, each of us invited by Oppenheimer to work under his supervision. We were young and unencumbered with possessions. Our few books and papers fitted easily on the table. It was lucky for us that Oppenheimer was away in Europe and did not need his office. For six or seven weeks, we waited uneasily for his return. As the weeks passed, his absence seemed to loom larger and larger, as the Archbishop's absence looms in the first scene of Eliot's play, leading up to his dramatic entry and the swiftly ensuing tragedy. We did not know in 1948 what kind of tragedy was to be played, but the feeling of impending doom was in the air.

The year 1948 was the year of disillusion for those who had hoped against hope that a lasting peace would emerge from the chaos of the Second World War. That fall, while we were sitting helpless around Oppenheimer's table, Jews and Arabs were fighting in Palestine, Berlin was blockaded by Soviet troops and precariously supplied with the necessities of life by airlift, and the members of the United Nations were failing to agree upon a plan for effective international control of nuclear weapons. Europe and half Asia were still in ruins, and already mankind seemed to be rushing into even vaster and more destructive follies. We made grim calculations of the probable course of events if things should go badly in Berlin: a rapid Soviet occupation of what was left of Western Europe, and the atomic bombing of Soviet cities. Many of the American people believed that their stockpile of atomic bombs was by itself enough to defeat the Soviet Union. I knew better. I knew that this was the same kind of illusion that had led Napoleon in 1812 and Hitler in 1941 to disaster. In the fall of 1948, the danger seemed terribly real that the Americans would go the same way as Napoleon and Hitler, dreaming of a quick victory over the Soviet Union and awakening to find themselves in a war without end. I was seriously wondering whether I should go back to my parents in England, or should perhaps try to get them to join me in America before it was too late.

The eight of us sat in Oppenheimer's office and waited and worried. We knew that he bore a heavy responsibility, both for helping to bring new evil upon mankind and for trying to mitigate its consequences. We were glad that we had no share in his responsibility. We wanted only to be left in peace, to forget the war that we had survived, to escape the wars that were still to come. We were the women of Canterbury that Eliot uses as his chorus, standing on the steps of the Cathedral.

We have seen the young man
mutilated,
The torn girl trembling by the
mill-stream.
And meanwhile we have gone on
living,
Living and partly living...
Building a partial shelter,
For sleeping, and eating and
drinking and laughter.

God gave us always some reason,
some hope; but now a new
terror has soiled us, which
none can avert, none can
avoid, flowing under our feet
and over the sky.

Oddly, Eliot himself was also at the Institute—invited, like us, by Oppenheimer. Prim and shy, Eliot appeared each day in the lounge at teatime, sitting by himself with a newspaper and a teacup. It was thirteen years since he had written "Murder in the Cathedral." I wondered if he had any inkling of my private thoughts. Could this man, who had created out of the depths of his faith and despair the drama of the doomed Archbishop, be deaf to the echoes of his own words reverberating through our tragic century? Was he, too, waiting in terror and anguish for some portent of evil attending Oppenheimer's return? I never had the courage to ask him. None of our gang of young scientists succeeded in penetrating the barrier of fame and reserve that surrounded Eliot as a glass case surrounds a mummy.

Finally, Oppenheimer returned. We were driven out of our Garden of Eden in his office and exiled to our new building. He did not say, like the Archbishop:

> Peace. And let them be, in their
> exaltation.
> They speak better than they know,
> and beyond your understanding.

He had no memorable words of greeting for us. Indeed, he had very little time for us at all; instead, he rushed off almost at once to attend to some political business in Washington. His quick departure was for us a disappointment but also a relief. We could get on with our work just as well without him. It soon became clear that I had made a mistake in trying to cast him in the role of Eliot's Archbishop. Whatever his ultimate fate might be, it would not be a traditional martyrdom.

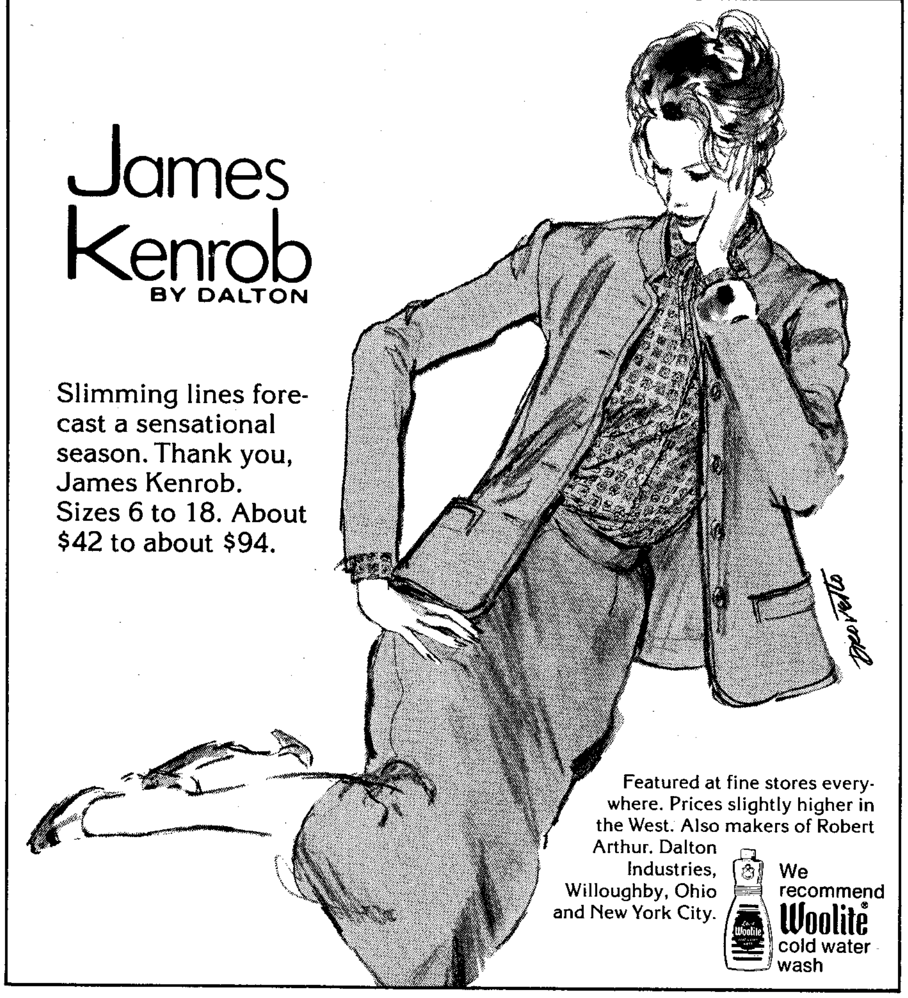
The matter was summed up well by two small boys overheard in conversation as they walked by our building. The building has a spire and a slightly ecclesiastical aura.

"Is that a church?" said one small boy.

"No, that's the Institute," said the other. "The Institute isn't a church, it's a place to eat."

Oppenheimer heard of this conversation later and was delighted. He vigorously repudiated attempts of his uncritical admirers to turn him into a saint. In 1964, a German writer wrote an adulatory play for television dramatizing Oppenheimer's hearing and condemnation. Oppenheimer tried in vain to stop the production of the play and threatened to sue the producers on the ground that it presented him in a false light. "They wanted to make that affair into a tragedy," said Oppenheimer, "but it was actually a farce."

Eliot was still at the Institute when the news arrived that he had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. Newspapermen swarmed around him, and he retreated even farther into his shell. The last time I saw him was at a grand party that Oppenheimer gave in his honor before he departed on his way to Stockholm. It was a standup supper for about a hundred people. Oppenheimer was resplendent in black tie, playing to perfection the part of the gracious host. When he



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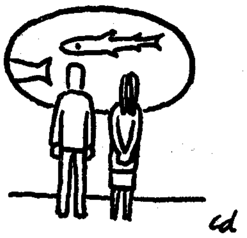
spoke to me, it was to give me the recipe for some excellent Mexican savories that were being served with the supper. Eliot was sequestered in a small drawing room with a group of elderly and distinguished people, apart from the main crowd. I did in the end shake Eliot's hand, but I did not find this a suitable occasion for asking him what he thought of Oppenheimer. Many years later, I asked Oppenheimer what he thought of Eliot. Oppenheimer loved Eliot's poetry and had enormous respect for his genius, but he had to admit that Eliot's stay at the Institute had not been a success: "I invited Eliot here in the hope that he would produce another masterpiece, and all he did here was to work on 'The Cocktail Party,' the worst thing he ever wrote."



During the anxious weeks with the young crowd in Oppenheimer's office, I had time to write the paper setting down in detail the thoughts that had come to me in the Greyhound bus in Nebraska. It was finished and sent off to the *Physical Review* before Oppenheimer returned, so he had no chance to argue about it. After he returned, I sent him a copy of the paper and waited for something to happen. Nothing happened. That was not surprising. After all, mine was a minor contribution to the grand design of science. All I had done was to unify and tidy up the details of the quantum-electrodynamics of Schwinger and Feynman. The big steps had been taken by Schwinger and Feynman before I began. They had formulated the ideas and left to me the job of working out the equations that reconciled them. I knew that Oppenheimer had always been more interested in ideas than in equations. It was natural that he would have many things to do more interesting and more urgent than reading my paper.

When, after some weeks, I had a chance to talk to Oppenheimer, I was astonished to discover that his reasons for being uninterested in my work were quite different from what I had imagined. I had expected that he would disparage my program as merely unoriginal, a minor adumbration of Schwinger and Feynman. On the contrary, he considered it to be fundamentally on the wrong track. He thought adumbrating Schwinger and Feynman to be a wasted effort, because he did not believe that the ideas of Schwinger and Feynman had much to do with reality. I had known that he had never appreciated Feynman, but it came as a shock to hear him now violently opposing Schwinger, his own student, whose work he had acclaimed so enthusiastically six months earlier. He had somehow become convinced during his stay in Europe that physics was in need of radically new ideas, and that this quantum-electrodynamics of Schwinger and Feynman was just another misguided attempt to patch up old ideas with fancy mathematics.

I was delighted to hear him talk in that style. It meant that my battle for recognition would be much more interesting. Instead of arguing with Oppenheimer about the dubious merits of my own work, I would be fighting for the entire program of quantum-electrodynamics—for Feynman's ideas and Schwinger's and Tomonaga's, too. Instead of fussing over details, we would be clashing on basic issues. Already I could feel that the Lord had delivered him into my hands.

Oppenheimer ran a weekly seminar, at which I took my turn as speaker. The first two occasions on which I tried to explain my ideas were disasters. After the second defeat, I reported the faltering progress of my campaign to my parents, in England: "I have been observing rather carefully his behavior during seminars. If one is saying, for the benefit of the rest of the audience, things that he knows already, he cannot resist hurrying one on to something else; then when one says things that he doesn't know or immediately agree with, he breaks in before the point is fully explained with acute and sometimes devastating criticisms, to which it is impossible to reply adequately even when he is wrong. If one watches him, one can see that he is moving around nervously all the time, never stops smoking, and I believe that his impatience is largely beyond his control. On Tuesday, we had our fiercest public battle so far, when I criticized some unwarrantably pessimistic remarks he had made about the Schwinger theory. He came down on me like a ton of bricks, and conclusively won the argument so far as the public was concerned. However, afterwards he was very friendly and even apologized to me."

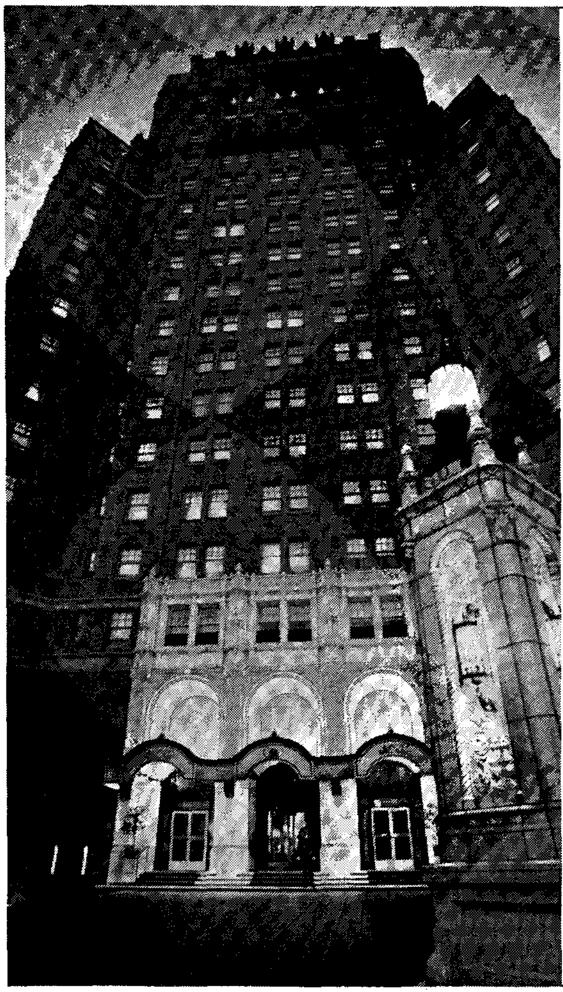
The turning point in our struggle came in the third round. My old friend and mentor Hans Bethe came down from Cornell to talk to our seminar.

He wanted to talk about some calculations he had been doing with the Feynman theory. My weekly letter home describes the scene: "He was received in the style to which I am accustomed, with incessant interruptions and confused babbling of voices, and had great difficulty in making even his main points clear; while this was going on he stood very calmly and said nothing, only grinned at me as if to say 'Now I see what you are up against.' After that, he began to make openings for me, saying in answer to a question, 'Well, I have no doubt Dyson will have told you all about that,' at which point I was not slow to say in as deliberate a tone as possible, 'I am afraid I have not got to that yet.' Finally, Bethe made a peroration in which he said explicitly that the Feynman theory is much the best theory and that people must learn it if they want to avoid talking nonsense: things which I have been saying for a long time but in vain."

From that point on, my path was made smooth. The next time I was scheduled to speak at the seminar, Oppenheimer actually listened. Twice more I spoke, and on the morning after my fifth talk I found in my mailbox Oppenheimer's formal note of surrender: a small piece of paper with the words "Nolo contendere, R.O." scrawled on it.

A few days later, Oppenheimer handed me a typed letter appointing me a long-term member of the Institute and defining a generous arrangement under which I could come for periodic visits to Princeton while continuing to live in England. As he gave me the letter, he delivered one of the Delphic utterances for which he was famous: "You can show this to the harbor master at Lowestoft when you start in your small boat." Perhaps he was thinking of the great physicist Niels Bohr, who escaped from German-occupied Denmark in a small boat in 1943 to get to Sweden, and from there went to England and then to join Oppenheimer in Los Alamos. But why Lowestoft? I never did figure that one out.

THE new year, 1949, started with a mammoth meeting of the American Physical Society in New York. Oppenheimer gave a presidential address in the biggest hall, and such was the glamour of his name after he had been on the cover of *Time* that the hall was packed with two thousand people half an hour before he was due to start. He spoke on the title "Fields and Quanta" and gave a very good



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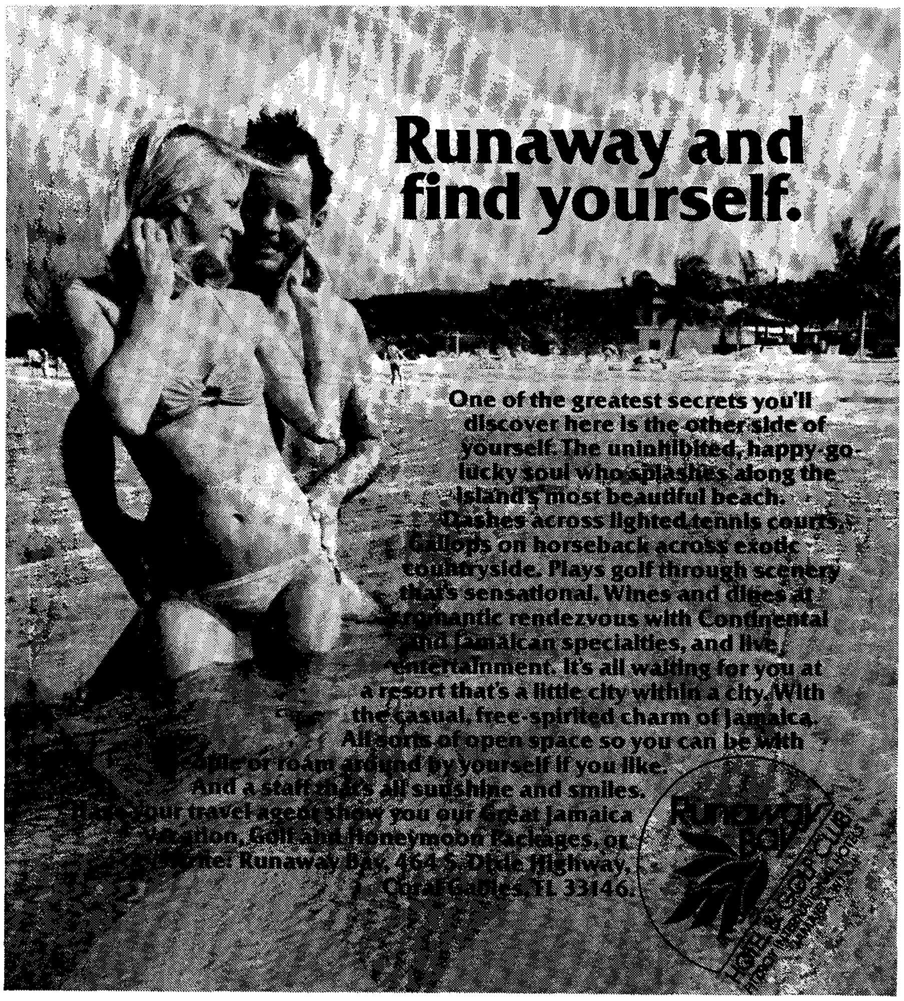

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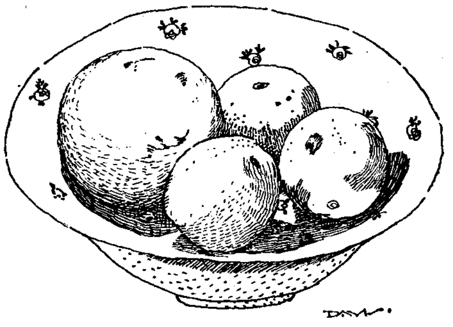
historical summary of the vicissitudes of our attempts to understand the behavior of atoms and radiation. At the end, he spoke with great enthusiasm of my work and said that it was pointing the way for the immediate future even if it did not seem deep enough to carry us farther than that. I was thinking happily to myself, Last year it was Julian Schwinger, this year it is me. Who will it be next year?

After a long winter, spring came to Princeton with a rush. Oppenheimer was spending more and more of his time in Washington. In addition to attending to his normal government business, he was defending his friend David Lilienthal, the first chairman of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, against a vicious political attack launched by the Republicans in Congress. He defended Lilienthal skillfully and successfully. But the attack was only one of the first stirrings of the hysteria that led to his own downfall five years later. While he was away in Washington, spring fever overcame our crowd of young physicists at the Institute. We gave up all pretense of serious work and started to enjoy ourselves. There were many parties and expeditions to the beach. One morning scene from that spring is particularly vivid in my memory: a battered old Dodge convertible with the top down, owned by one of the girls at the Institute and driven by another, with eight or ten young Institute members piled into the seats and hanging on to the back, careering at breakneck speed down through the Institute woods to the river, demolishing trees and scaring to death the wildlife and the distinguished professors taking their morning stroll. That scene went unrecorded in my weekly letter home. My proud parents did not need to know that I was running wild in Princeton with a bunch of young hooligans. None of us had ever been teen-agers, for we had passed through that period of our lives during the years of war and deprivation; now we were making up for the lost time. Some years later, I was married to the owner of the Dodge and wrecked it on an icy road in Ithaca, but that is another story.

The end of this story is that I eventually became a professor at the Institute and settled down there and lived happily ever after. I was a friend and colleague of Oppenheimer's for fourteen years—from the year before his hearing to the year of his death. I had plenty of time to acquaint myself with and reflect upon the qualities of this man, who played a paradoxical part both in my personal destiny and in the destiny of mankind. I was rarely privy to his thoughts. During the weeks of his hearing, when he was staying in Washington at an address that was held tightly secret to avoid the pestering attentions of the press, my only contact with him was to deliver through a lawyer intermediary a badly needed package of laundry from Princeton. After the hearing was over and the government had officially declared him untrustworthy, he came back to the Institute and talked about physics. Life continued as before, except that a big steel safe and two security guards who had watched over it night and day for seven years were no longer there. Some newspapers reported rumors that the trustees of the Institute were preparing to dismiss Oppenheimer, on the ground that a man publicly discredited could not adequately fulfill the director's duty of representing the Institute to the public. The trustees did announce that they would be holding a meeting to review Oppenheimer's directorship and to decide upon his continued appointment. I began discreet inquiries among my friends in England to make sure I would have a job there to retreat to, so that I could resign my professorship promptly and dramatically if Oppenheimer should be dismissed. The trustees held their meeting and issued a statement confirming his appointment and declaring their confidence in his leadership of the Institute. I was glad to be spared the inconvenience of making a noble gesture. I was also glad that I could stay with Oppenheimer in Princeton. As far as I was concerned, he was a better director after his public humiliation than he had been before. He spent less time in Washington and more time at the Institute. He was still a great public figure, a hero to the scientific brotherhood and to the international community of intellectuals, but he became more relaxed and more attentive to our day-to-day problems. He was able to get back to doing what he liked best—reading, thinking, and talking about physics.

Oppenheimer had a genuine, lifelong passion for physics. He wanted always



to keep struggling to understand the basic mysteries of nature. I know I disappointed him by not becoming a deep thinker. No doubt he had hoped when he impulsively appointed me a long-term member of the Institute that he was getting a young Bohr or a young Einstein. If he had asked my advice at that time, I would have told him, Dick Feynman is your man, I am not. I was then, and have always remained, a problem solver rather than a creator of ideas. I cannot, as Bohr and Feynman did, sit for years with my whole mind concentrated upon one profound question, for I am interested in many different things. When I came to Oppenheimer asking for guidance, he said, "Follow your own destiny." I did so, and the results, clearly, did not altogether please him. I followed my destiny into pure mathematics, into nuclear engineering, and into space technology and astronomy, solving problems that he rightly considered remote from the mainstream of physics. The same difference of temperament appeared in our discussions of the administration of the School of Physics of the Institute. He liked to concentrate new appointments in fundamental-particle physics; I liked to invite people in a wide variety of specialties. So we often disagreed, but we respected each other, and we understood each other better as we grew old together. We agreed on the essentials. We agreed on appointing the Chinese physicists Chen Ning Yang and Tsung-Dao Lee to Institute professorships while they were still young, and we rejoiced together as we watched them grow over our heads into great scientific leaders.

What was so special about Oppenheimer? During all those years of daily contact, I often asked myself this question. From time to time, exaggerated journalistic articles and television programs would appear, presenting him as a tragic hero. He dismissed all these effusions as unmitigated trash, but they contained a substratum of truth. I had not been altogether wrong at the beginning when I expected him to behave like the Archbishop in Eliot's play. He had a talent for self-dramatization, an ability to project to his audience an image larger than life. Perhaps my mistake had been only in choosing the wrong play for him to star in. The year 1935 was a time of despair for writers all over the world. Eliot was not the only one who turned to poetic drama as the appropriate medium for expressing the tragic mood of that time. In that year, "Murder in the Cathedral" appeared in England and Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset" in Ameri-

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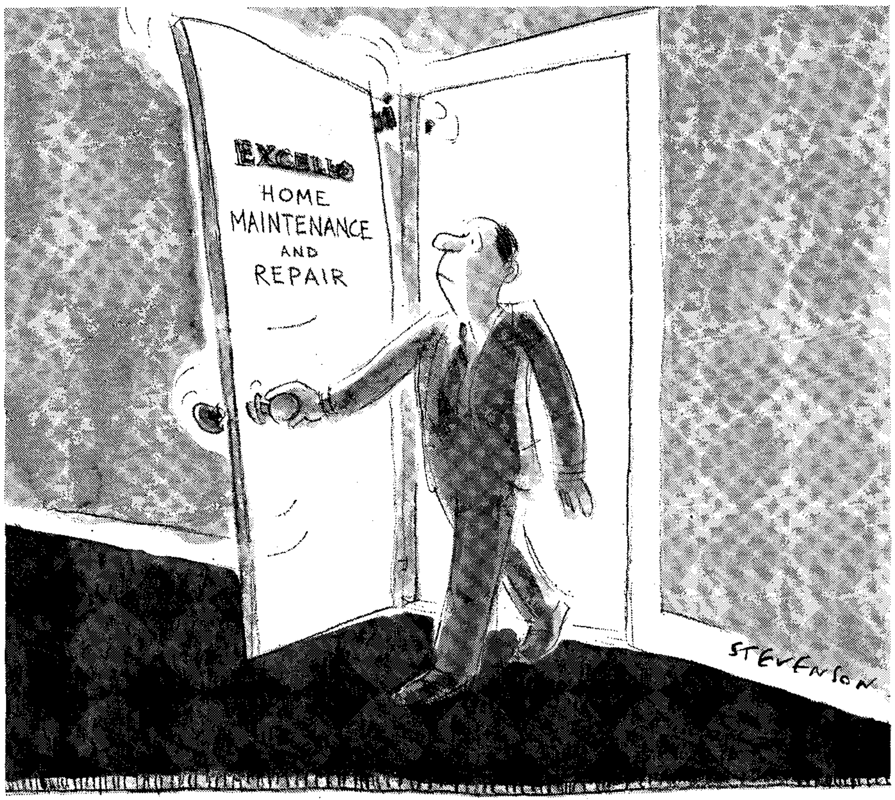

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ca. A year later, W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood wrote “The Ascent of F6.” It was played in London in 1937, with music by Benjamin Britten, and marvellously projected the shadow of coming events. “F6” is to “Murder in the Cathedral” as “Hamlet” is to “King Lear.” Eliot’s Archbishop is a man of power and pride redeemed, like King Lear, by serene submission to his fate in the hour of death. The hero of “F6” is a more sophisticated, more modern character. He is a mountain climber named Ransom and known to his friends as M.F.—a Hamletlike figure, compounded of arrogance, ambiguity, and human tenderness. Over the years, as I came to know Oppenheimer better, I found many aspects of his personality foreshadowed in M.F. I came to think that “F6” was in some sense a true allegory of his life.

The plot of “F6” is simple. M.F. is an intellectual polymath, expert in European literature and Eastern philosophy. The newspaper accounts of his youthful exploits—

> Was privately educated,
> By a Hungarian tutor.
> Climbed the west buttress of
> Clogwyn Du’r Arddu
> While still in his teens. . . .
> Made a new traverse on the
> Grandes Jorasses . . .
> Studied physiology in Vienna under
> Niedermeyer . . .
> Translated Confucius during a
> summer.
> Is unmarried. Hates dogs. Plays
> the viola da gamba.
> Is said to be an authority on
> Goya—

resemble strikingly the stories of Oppenheimer’s precocity and preciosity as a young man. As M.F. went to the mountains for spiritual solace, so Oppenheimer went to physics. F6 is an unclimbed mountain of supreme beauty: “Since boyhood, in dreams, I have seen the huge north face. On nights when I could not sleep I worked up those couloirs, crawled along the eastern arête, planning every movement, foreseeing every hold.” It is also a political prize, important to the security of the British Empire. It stands on a frontier of the Empire adjoining the territory of a hostile power, and the natives of the region have been led to believe that whoever first climbs the mountain shall rule over them. Lord Stagmantle, representing the political establishment, offers the necessary financial support for an expedition to climb the mountain, with M.F. as leader, just as General Leslie R. Groves, the director of the Manhattan Project, offered Oppenheimer the resources of the United States Army for the program that he was to direct at Los Alamos. M.F. refuses at first to be a party to the political game, but afterward accepts the offer. Oppenheimer said at his hearing, “When you see something that is technically sweet, you go ahead and do it and you argue about what to do about it only after you have had your technical success. That is the way it was with the atomic bomb.” F6 was technically sweet, too.

The drama of F6 illuminates many aspects of Oppenheimer’s nature. His combination of philosophical detachment with driving ambition. His dedication to pure science and his skill and self-assurance in the world of politics. His love of metaphysical poetry. His tendency to speak in cryptic poetic images (the harbor master at Lowestoft). The rapid and unpredictable shifts between warmth and coldness in his feelings toward those close to him. I once asked Oppenheimer if it was not a difficult thing for his children to have such a problematical figure for a father. He answered, “Oh, it’s all right for them. They have no imagination.” This reminded me of M.F.’s reply to a woman who accused him of being “afraid” when he at first refused to lead the expedition to F6:

> I am afraid of a great many things, Lady Isabel. But of nothing which you in your worst nightmares could ever imagine; and of that word least of all.

At the foot of the mountain stands a monastery, at which the expedition halts before beginning the ascent. The activities of the monks are directed toward the propitiation of the Demon who lives at the summit. The abbot carries a crystal ball into which each visitor looks in turn to see his personal vision of the Demon. Each sees an image of his own dreams and desires. When M.F. looks into the crystal, voices are heard coming out of the darkness offstage:

> Give me bread
> Restore my dead. . . .
> Give me a car
> Make me a star. . . .
> Make me strong
> Teach me where I belong. . . .
> Make me admired
> Make me desired. . . .
> Make us kind
> Make us of one mind
> Make us brave
> Save.

The others ask him what he sees. He says he sees nothing. Later, when he is alone, he reveals in a soliloquy what he saw: “Bring back the crystal. Let me look again and prove my vision a poor fake. . . . I thought I saw the raddled sick cheeks of the world light up at my approach as at the homecoming of an only son."

The abbot, whose role in the story is a little like that of Niels Bohr at Los Alamos, enters and explains the vision: "The Demon is real. Only his ministry and his visitation are unique for every nature. To the complicated and sensitive like yourself, Mr. Ransom, his disguises are more subtle. . . . I think I understand your temptation. You wish to conquer the Demon and then to save mankind."

The ascent proceeds in desperate haste as it is reported that a rival expedition is already beginning its assault on the other side of the mountain. A young climber in M.F.'s team is killed. M.F. comments, "The first victim to my pride. . . . The Abbot was perfectly right. My minor place in history is with the aberrant group of Caesars: the dullard murderers who hale the gentle from their beds of love and, with a quacking drum, escort them to the drowning ditch and the death in the desert."

So it goes on, until at the end M.F. lies dead at the summit, and the monks pronounce over his body the final chorus:

Free now from indignation,
Immune from all frustration,
He lies in death alone;
Now he with secret terror
And every minor error
Has also made Man's weakness
known.

Whom history has deserted,
These have their power exerted,
In one convulsive throe;
With sudden drowning suction
Drew him to his destruction.
But they to dissolution go.

When I saw this play in 1937, "whom history has deserted" meant the bankrupt political leadership of the British Empire, which was to be swept away in the approaching cataclysm of the Second World War. In 1954, the phrase meant to me Lewis Strauss, the chairman of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, his apparatus of security officers and informers, and his allies in the press, the government, and the military establishment who helped him drag Oppenheimer down in disgrace.

Auden and Isherwood succeeded remarkably in painting, or predicting, a good likeness of the character of Oppenheimer as I knew him from 1948 to 1965. But there was one essential feature missing both from the Oppenheimer I knew and from the portrait in the play. The missing element was a greatness of spirit to which those who

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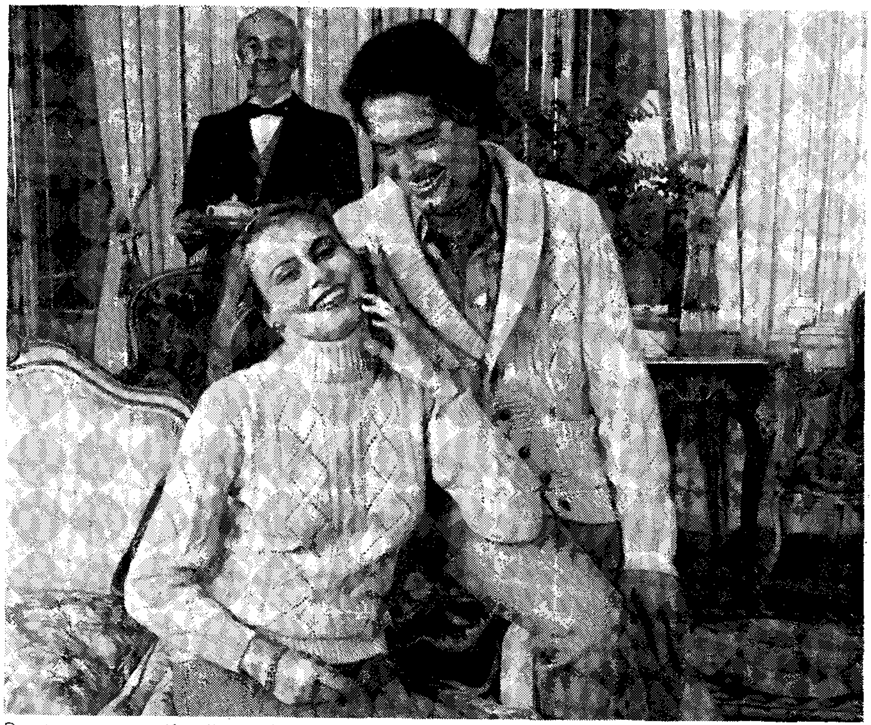

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worked with him at Los Alamos bear almost unanimous witness. Again and again in the reminiscences of Los Alamos veterans, we read how Oppenheimer communicated to the whole laboratory a personal style that made the enterprise run in harmony, like an orchestra in the hands of a superb conductor. Some of these reminiscences may be exaggerated, and tinged with nostalgia. But there can be no doubt that Oppenheimer's leadership left on his Los Alamos colleagues an indelible impression of greatness. I often asked myself between 1948 and 1965, What was this greatness, and why is it no longer visible in the Oppenheimer I know? Then, at last, in 1966, I saw it for myself. In February, 1966, Oppenheimer learned that he was dying of throat cancer. In the twelve months that remained to him, his spirit grew stronger as his bodily powers declined. The mannerisms of M.F. were discarded. He was simple, straightforward, and indomitably courageous. I saw then what his friends at Los Alamos had seen—a man carrying a crushing burden and still doing his job with such style and good humor that everyone around him felt uplifted by his example. The last time I saw him was in February, 1967, at a meeting of the faculty of the School of Physics of the Institute. We met to choose the visiting members for the following year. Each of us had to do a substantial amount of homework before the meeting, reading through a big brown box full of applications and judging their relative merits. Oppenheimer came to the meeting as usual, although he well knew that he would not be there to welcome the new members on their arrival. He could speak only with much difficulty, but he had done his homework and he remembered accurately the weak and the strong points of the various candidates. The last words I heard him say were "We should say yes to Weinstein. He is good." After this supreme effort of will, Robert Oppenheimer went home to his bed and collapsed into a sleep from which he never woke. He died three days later.

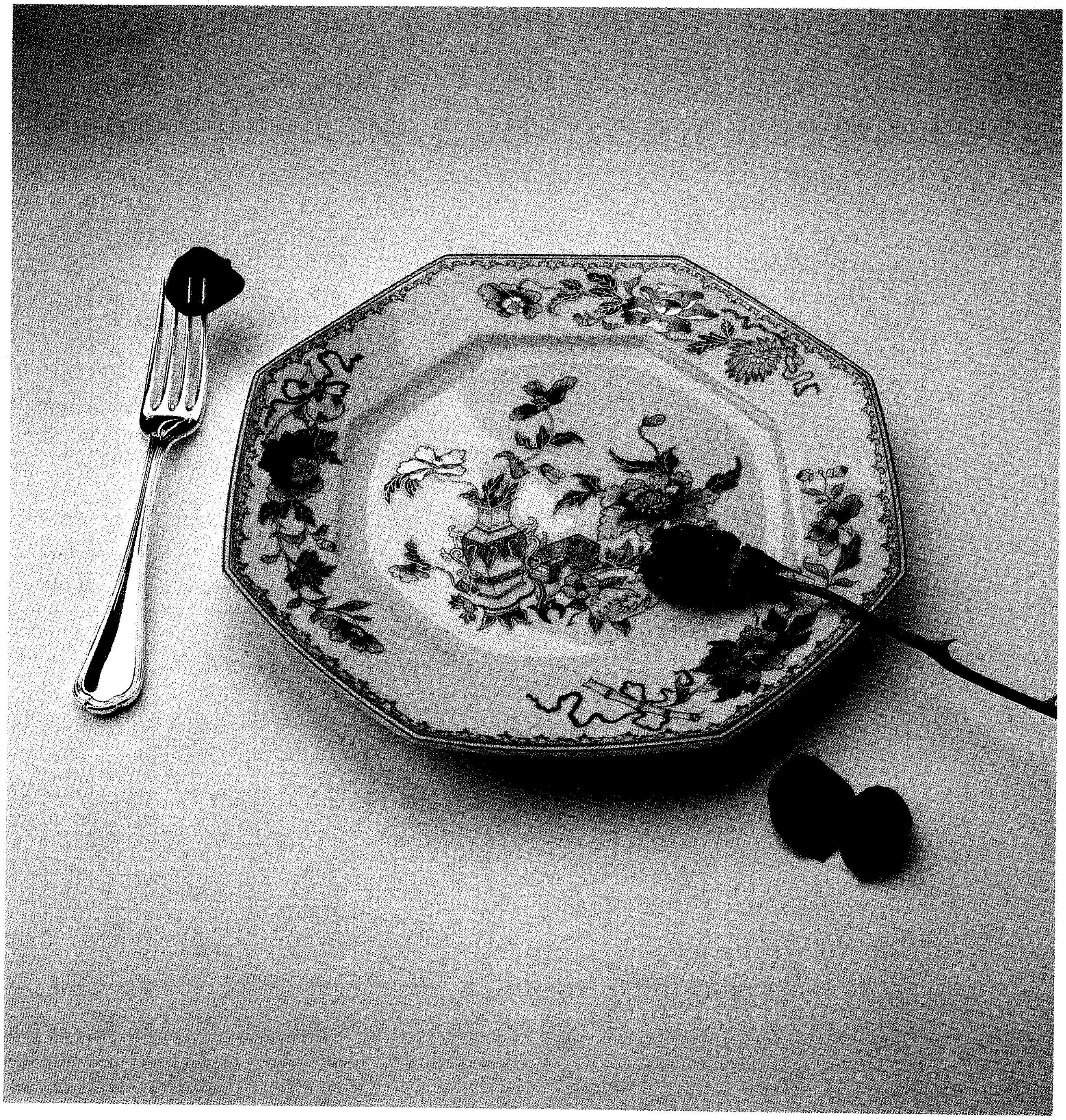
His wife, Kitty, called me to discuss the arrangements for the memorial ceremony. Besides the music and the talks by Robert's friends describing his life and work, she wanted to have a poem read, since poetry had always been an important part of Robert's life. She knew which poem she wanted to have read: "The Collar," by George Herbert—a poem that had been one of Robert's favorites and that she found particularly appropriate to describe how Robert had appeared to himself. Then she changed her mind. "No," she said. "That is too personal for such a public occasion." She had good reason to be afraid to bare Robert's soul in public. She knew from experience how newspapers are apt to handle such disclosures. She could easily imagine the horrible distortions of Robert's true feelings, appearing under the headline "Noted Scientist, Father of Atom Bomb, Turns to Religion in Last Illness." No poem was read at the ceremony.

Now Kitty is dead, too, and Robert has passed beyond the reach of any further journalistic distortion. I think it will do no harm if I print Herbert's poem here in full as a memorial to both of them. Perhaps it gives us a clue to Robert's innermost nature, a hint that in his soul there was, after all, more of King Lear than of Hamlet.

I struck the board, and cry'd, No more.
I will abroad.
What? shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the rode,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me bloud, and not restore
What I have lost with cordiall fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did drie it: there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the yeare onely lost to me?
Have I no bayes to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart: but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit, and not. Forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which pettie thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away; take heed:
I will abroad.
Call in thy deaths head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde
At every word,
Me thoughts I heard one calling, *Child:*
And I reply'd, *My Lord.*

—FREEMAN DYSON

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)



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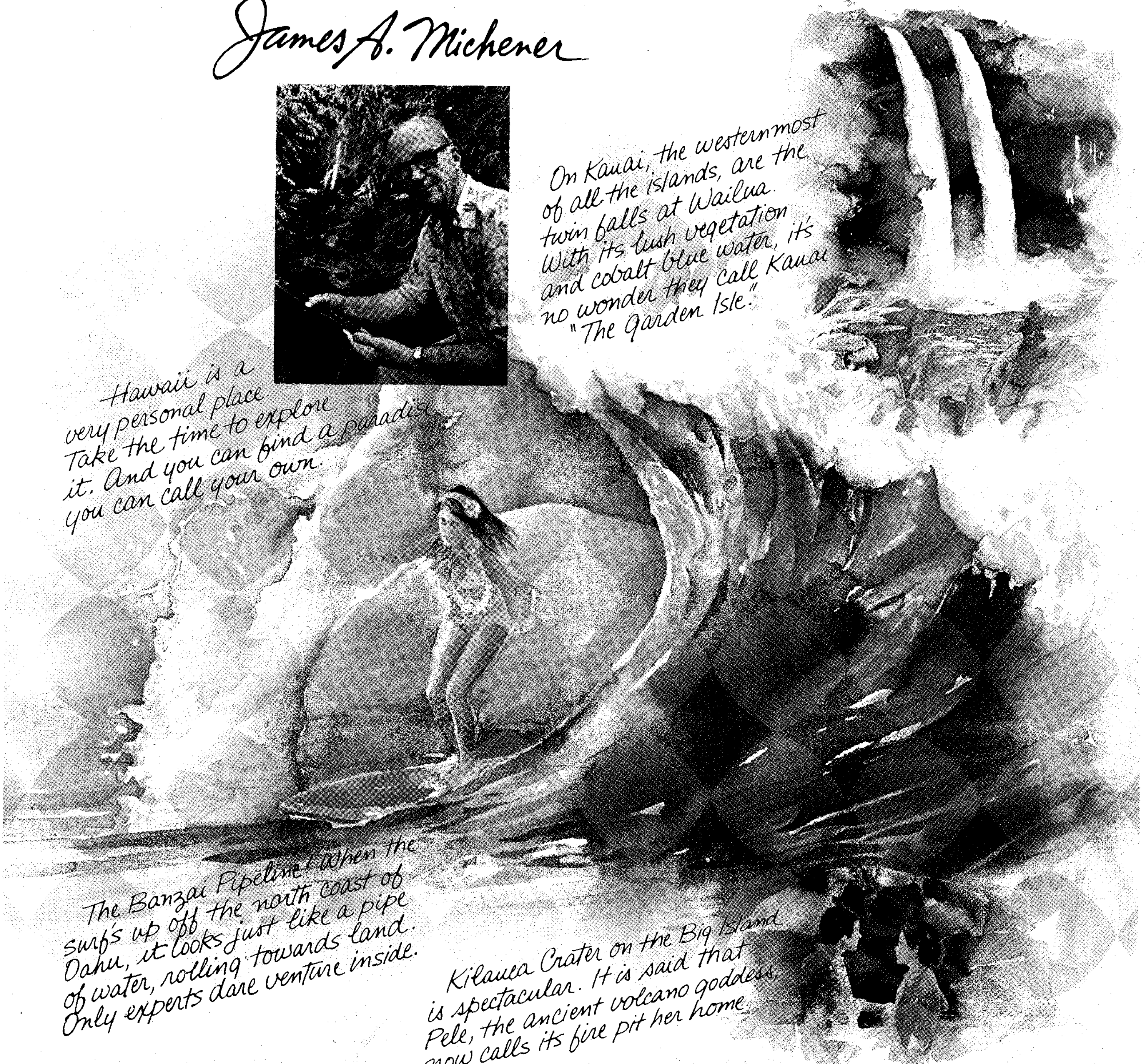

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U.S. JOURNAL: OREGON

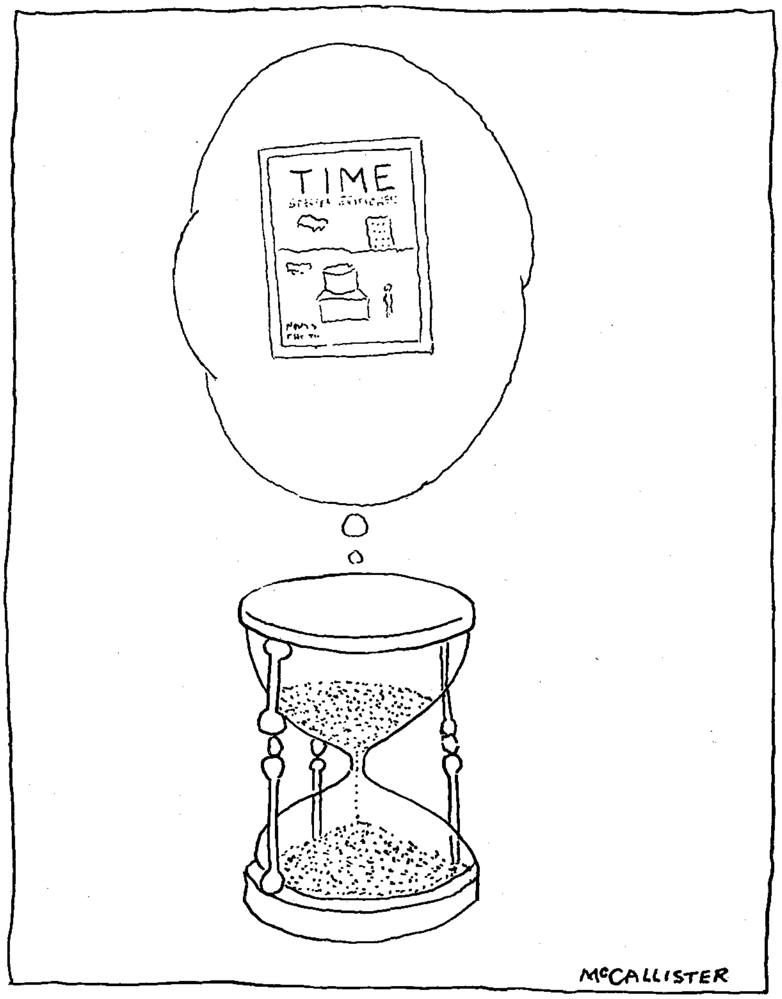
THOUGHTS OF A SKEPTICAL GROWNUP AT BEAVER BOYS' STATE

IN Oregon, they have even reformed Boys' State. It was bound to happen sooner or later. The desire to be clean of mind and body and air and politics is strong enough in Oregon to have become a sort of identifying theme of the state, like boasting in Texas or kinkiness in California. When I found out that even Boys' State had fallen to the forces of honesty and good sense, though, it occurred to me that the reformers might have finally gone too far. I suppose a lot of people assume that Boys' State has always been so straight and true that it would hold no interest for reformers. For years, every state American Legion has sponsored a Boys' State early in the summer as a way of teaching high-school juniors something about their government and their country. The boys selected to attend are routinely referred to as "the cream of the crop" or "the future leaders of the country"—although it is true that the compulsion to describe any gathering of young people in those terms is so strong in this country that the passed-over captain who greeted my Army basic-training company told us that we were the future leaders of the country, even though we were, officially and by written order of the Secretary of the Army, the future followers. By running a governor's race and organizing a mock legislature and listening to lectures on the political process, the boys were said to learn some fundamental truths about the state that they would someday be leading. In my own vision of the old-fashioned Boys' State, though, a few of the boys absorb lessons of a different sort. Some clear-eyed student-council president, having noticed that a couple of lads down the hall do not fit the normally accepted definitions of "cream of the crop," realizes about halfway through the week that they are both nephews of American Legion post commanders—and thus learns the first lesson about how a lot of the leaders in every field have managed to make their way to the top. Some earnest and idealistic and intelligent young quarterback shows up for what has been described as a week-long course in citizenship training only to find that the course consists of warnings about the imperialistic designs of the Comintern, punctuated by long sessions of close-order drill—and learns in the process that no program is likely to work precisely the way its proponents say it will work. In my vision of the unreformed Boys' State, a grownup interested in the future of our country could be assured that every summer at least a few boys in each state were learning a skepticism about political matters that might stand both them and the country in good stead.

In Oregon these days, though, the high-school students chosen to be citizens of Beaver Boys' State are, for the most part, interviewed by Legionnaires from the posts that sponsor them only after they have been selected by the teachers or counsellors of their own school. There are no lectures on the horrors of the Red Menace or the importance of flag etiquette. The citizens actually spend hours trying to put bills through their legislature, and no time at all in close-order drill. The guest speakers represent a full range of political beliefs, including Marxism. "We try to shake them up rather than indoctrinate them," the coördinator of Beaver Boys' State told me. I complimented him on the reasonableness of his approach, but it was at that moment that I began wondering whether the urge to reform in Oregon had finally got out of hand.

IN the manner customary at moments of reform, people connected with Beaver Boys' State like to talk about the bad old days—the days before the state American Legion gradually turned over control of the program to college students who had been Boys' Staters themselves. The principal news release on the program distributed by the University of Oregon, where Beaver Boys' State was held this year, began, "They've come a long way from their almost militaristic days of flag ceremonies, double marches and uniform T-shirts." The college boys who act as counsellors at Boys' State these days like to distinguish their approach from that of the Legionnaires, who, as counsellors in the old days, are said to have leaned heavily on the long-term benefits of having everyone line up and salute the flag. About the only Legionnaires in sight on the University of Oregon campus this year were the state commander and Bob Holmes, a Second World War veteran who acted as director—a position he says has become more or less honorary. When I asked Holmes what sort of changes had taken place in Beaver Boys' State since he first became involved, twenty years ago, he said, "Well, just to give you an idea, I started out as a drill instructor."

Apparently, there are still a lot of Boys' States around the country, particularly in the



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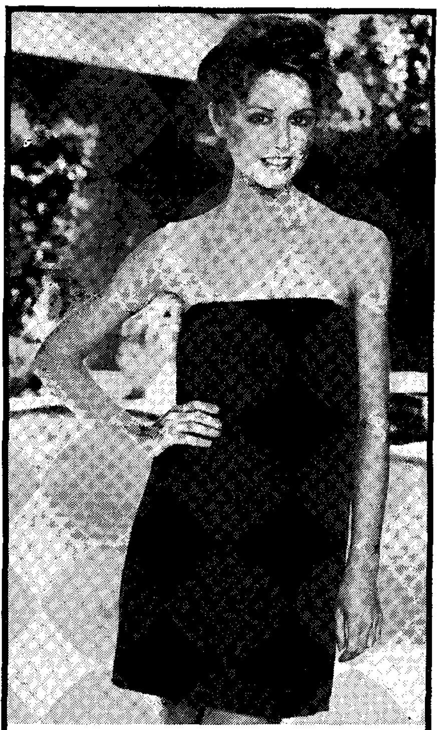
South, where an experienced drill instructor is still greatly in demand. In most states, the counsellors are not college students but Legionnaires or schoolteachers or off-duty state policemen. There are still a lot of lectures about Old Glory. An Oregon Boys' Stater relating what he learned about the programs in other states while attending Boys' Nation in Washington, D.C., where representatives from all Boys' States gather later in the summer, tends to sound like someone from a progressive, city-manager sort of Western town who returns from the Democratic National Convention full of stories about the bizarre and exotic deeds of Chicago precinct captains. There is actually a reminder of pre-reform days right in Oregon—Girls' State, which was held in Salem this year. Girls' State remains under the tight control of the American Legion Auxiliary, and lectures on flag etiquette are still in vogue. I spoke with a veteran of the program while I was in Oregon, and she reported knowing quite a bit more about the poppies of Flanders Field than she had ever planned to learn. She was quite eloquent in describing the formations and the marches and the speeches at Girls' State, but her powers of description seemed to evaporate when she began to talk about the Girls' State dress code, which is apparently dominated by rigid rules on when white gloves must be worn. "White gloves," she mumbled, shaking her head. "White gloves." It occurred to me that Oregon may still be providing the sort of lessons for the young I used to count on—merely providing them to young women rather than young men—but she began outlining her plans for reforming Girls' State.

At the closing ceremony of Beaver Boys' State, I finally saw someone salute the flag. It was Bob Holmes, the director. He was wearing his American Legion cap, and when he passed the American flag on the stage he turned and gave it a sharp salute. That was just about the only reminder that Boys' State had been sponsored by an organization of strong flag-saluters. Part of the ceremony consisted of a slide show that was broken up by readings from the words of famous Americans—Will Rogers, Martin Luther King, Jr., Adlai Stevenson, William Faulkner, Chief Joseph, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. If the few Legionnaires in the audience were wondering what ever happened to Patrick Henry and General Douglas MacArthur, they kept it to themselves. The coördinator



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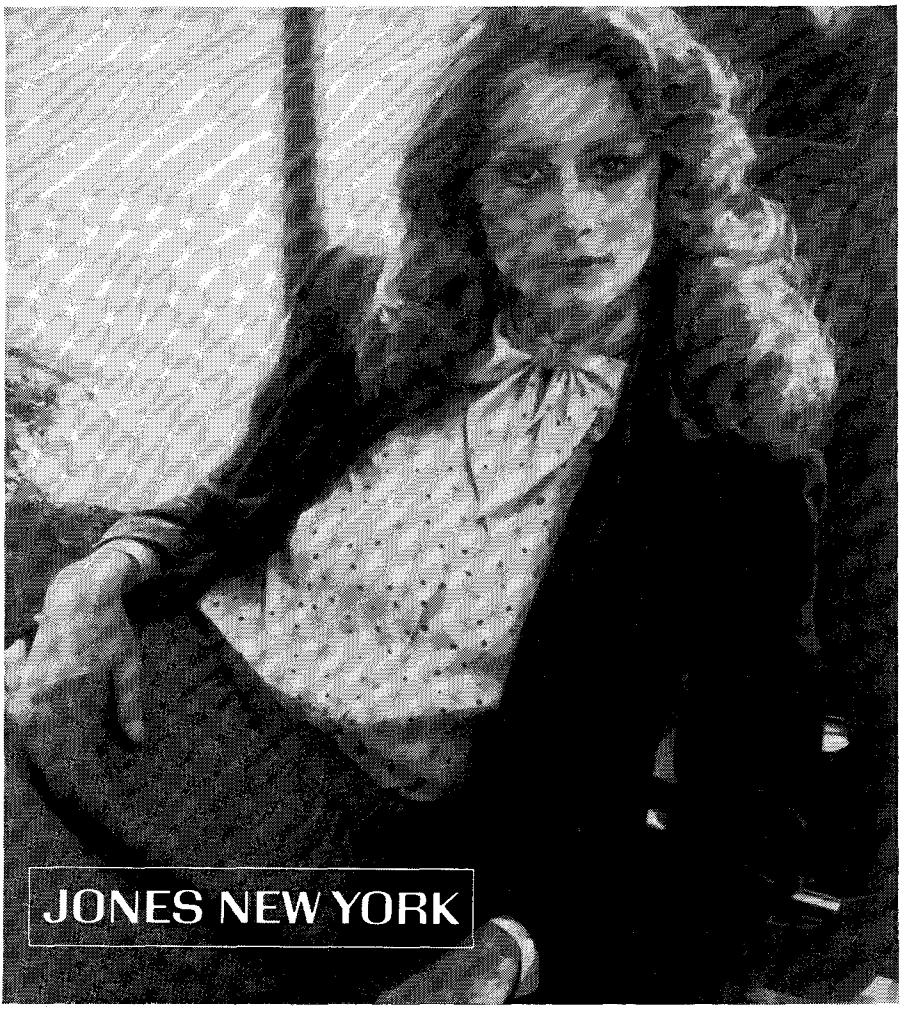
of the program, a young man of twenty-two, quoted Margaret Mead in his closing remarks, and emphasized the motto of the week—"Tireless in Teaching and Insatiable in Learning." After the ceremony was over, I asked him where the motto had come from. "The Little Red Book," he said. "It's from Chairman Mao."

THE revisionists tried to creep back this year in the treatment of just one subject—the draft. Legionnaires attempted, unsuccessfully, to persuade the young men of the staff to avoid discussing the draft as much as possible, presumably on the theory that post-Vietnam seventeen-year-olds might have views on it that Second World War veterans would find offensive. They needn't have bothered. I was sitting in the senate of Boys' State when a resolution was introduced calling for a ban on the draft except in time of declared wars. It failed, fourteen to one. The previous day, I had seen a bill to legalize marijuana get voted down in committee. A couple of days at Boys' State is a reminder that most seventeen-year-olds still have the politics of their parents.

As it turns out, the Legionnaires do not have to select boys themselves in order to recruit what they would consider upstanding citizens. Having teachers and counsellors select most Boys' Staters insures a heavy concentration of young men who have made some effort to please adults. Their political views seem not so much conservative as conformist—or simply polite. The questions I heard them direct one day to a lecturer who had identified himself as a Marxist—a man who had just contradicted a lot of what they must have learned elsewhere about the value of the American free-enterprise system or the extent of individual liberties in America—were as respectful as the ones they might have asked a lecturer on flag etiquette. Citizens of Boys' State tend to shake hands hard and call their elders "sir." A lot of them are the sort of boys who are elected president of the senior class or captain of the soccer team at middle-class high schools. A good number of them are, in the words of one citizen, "semi-intellectual football players." If Girls' State dress was dominated by white gloves, Boys' State provided the greatest concentration of flashy sneakers I have ever seen. A citizen of Boys' State attending a legislative session was likely to be dressed in a tank top and gym shorts, and one way he might pass an idle moment in the debate was to reach



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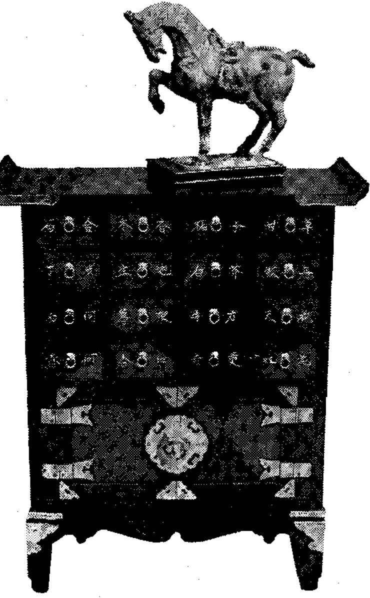
over with his left hand to feel his right bicep—as if, for reasons unknown to science, the previous speech might have caused his strength to drain away. The political content in Oregon Boys' State, I was told, comes from the senior counsellors—young men who, after a couple of years of college, have acquired their own politics. One of the few citizens who might pass for a dissident type—at home, he is a debater rather than an athlete, although he also happens to be president of the student council—described the senior counsellors to me as "reformed jocks."

Boys will, in fact, be boys. At Boys' State, the customary method of showing even moderate approval of something said from the platform is a prolonged standing ovation, embellished with whistles. Boys' State citizens like to chant their undying loyalty to the mock city or political party they were assigned to a day or two before. Although the bills introduced in the Boys' State legislature are dead serious, the city ordinances and court cases tend toward the antic. This year, the city council of Brittsan enacted an ordinance that said, "There shall be no malicious slander, such as 'Die, you gravy-sucking pig!' This crime is a felony." Keisling County passed a law making it a felony to be caught looking ugly—a law the Boys' State supreme court threw out on appeal for being, among other things, unconstitutionally vague. Hagan County enacted a law that any senior counsellor had to curtsy before addressing a county meeting, and the reformed jocks dutifully complied.

AMONG the citizens of Beaver Boys' State, the sort of serious issue that tended to attract bills and resolutions was the need to find alternative sources of energy. Their legislative debate included a lot of the language heard among real politicians these days about how much of which untapped source of energy could light which city for how long. I am always confused by such talk, since I find it difficult to calculate whether lighting Los Angeles for a year is more impressive than powering the Eastern Seaboard for a month. The Boys' Staters were also confused—about, for instance, whether it is one city or all cities that a glassful of properly fused hydrogen could light for a year—and it occurred to me again that American scientists ought to standardize futuristic energy talk. If grownups had been allowed to introduce resolutions in the Boys' State senate, I would have proposed that the American Academy of Arts and Sciences meet in Washington, decide on a unit of measurement based on lighting a city of some specific size for some specific time, and then name it appropriately—something like an Akronyear.

Although giving minority groups some preference in hiring doesn't sound fair to most Boys' Staters, they tend to be strongly opposed to discrimination. Flashing a picture of Martin Luther King, Jr., on the screen during a slide show brings a rousing cheer. The enthusiasm for minority rights, though, wanes when it comes to homosexuals. "Most of us don't like 'em, but if you asked us do they have rights I guess we'd have to say yes," one citizen told me during a debate on a bill that would have made it a felony for a homosexual teacher to advertise his sexual preferences for the purpose of recruitment. "Homosexuals can't reproduce; they can only recruit," the young man who introduced the bill told the legislature. "Schools are the ideal place for this. They shouldn't be teaching anyway, but there's nothing we can do about that. I don't want any of my kids advertised to by a homosexual teacher." He was cheered, but the bill died during an attempt by some legislators to amend it on the ground that fairness required forbidding recruitment by heterosexual teachers as well. Among Beaver Boys' State citizens, fairness seems to be the final test.

BOYS' STATE's effort to simulate the government of a state leans heavily on role playing. ("Remember, you guys, we're role playing, so who wants to speak for the small businessmen?") Without regard to their actual political beliefs, citizens are assigned to parties that differ according to whether they favor solving problems through local control or a strong centralized government. The citizens write party platforms on that basis, and then, like many of their parents, forget about the platforms and vote on the basis of blind party loyalty or the personality of the candidate. The verisimilitude of role playing, I realized, is limited by the sort of roles Boys' State assigns. When a bill is being discussed in committee, nobody plays the role of the committee chairman whose interest in the subject is based on whether or not a hearing on it is likely to be televised before he makes his run for lieutenant governor. While the legislature debates what is fair or not fair about an energy bill, nobody plays the role of the senator who is in the pocket of the utility companies. Listening to a hypothetical problem being discussed by a city council



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one morning, I realized that the relevant questions were not being asked. The problem was the need for a new road to handle the truck traffic of the local mill—a road that would have to destroy either fifteen houses or some river-front scenery. But who is likely to get the road-building contract? Who is likely to write the insurance? How much did the mill owner contribute to the mayor's campaign? Are the fifteen homes owned by rich people or poor people? If they're owned by poor people, are the poor people noisy poor people?

My concerns about authenticity were eased somewhat one night while I watched legislative committees go over a thick packet of bills. After four or five hours of discussion, some legislators began to doze off, and I realized that Boys' State citizens were at least being given some understanding of just how tedious the governmental process can be. I was further encouraged one morning when I arrived at a city meeting just as a sleepy-looking young man wandered in, obviously late. The discussion going on was not of a hypothetical situation but of the very real problem of a flood in the bathroom. The tardy citizen was informed that the law required flooded bathrooms to be cleaned up by anyone who was late to a city meeting.

"We don't have an ordinance like that," he said.

"We do now," the mayor said. "We just passed it."

"I'll just appeal it."

"To what?" the mayor said, and went on with the next matter of business.

It occurred to me that they were beginning to catch on.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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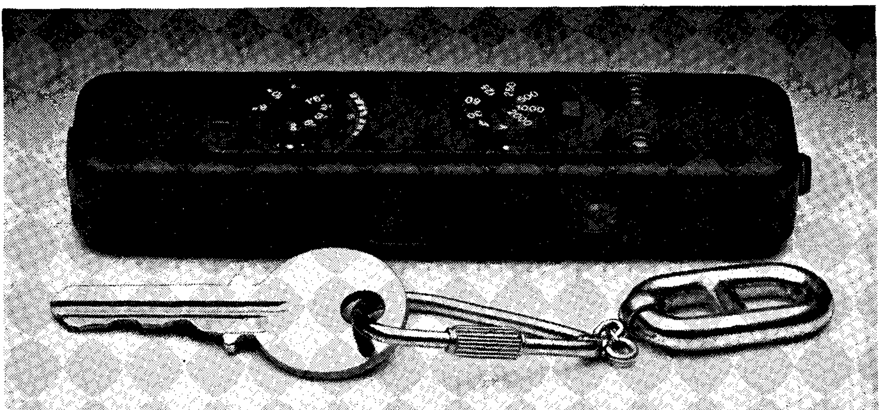
A free gift from the Dinosaur State Park in Rocky Hill—a rock slab containing the footprint of an extinct Dilophogsaurus—was delivered to the Raymond J. Clark Building of the Harwinton Consolidated School Friday. A bucketloader (upper photo) is shown setting the slab in its place, where it is then examined by First Selectman Lloyd Shanley Jr. (lower photo). The dinosaur track was one of two by Harwinton resident Donald Ereminas.—*Torrington (Conn.) Register.*

Also known as Big Foot Ereminas.



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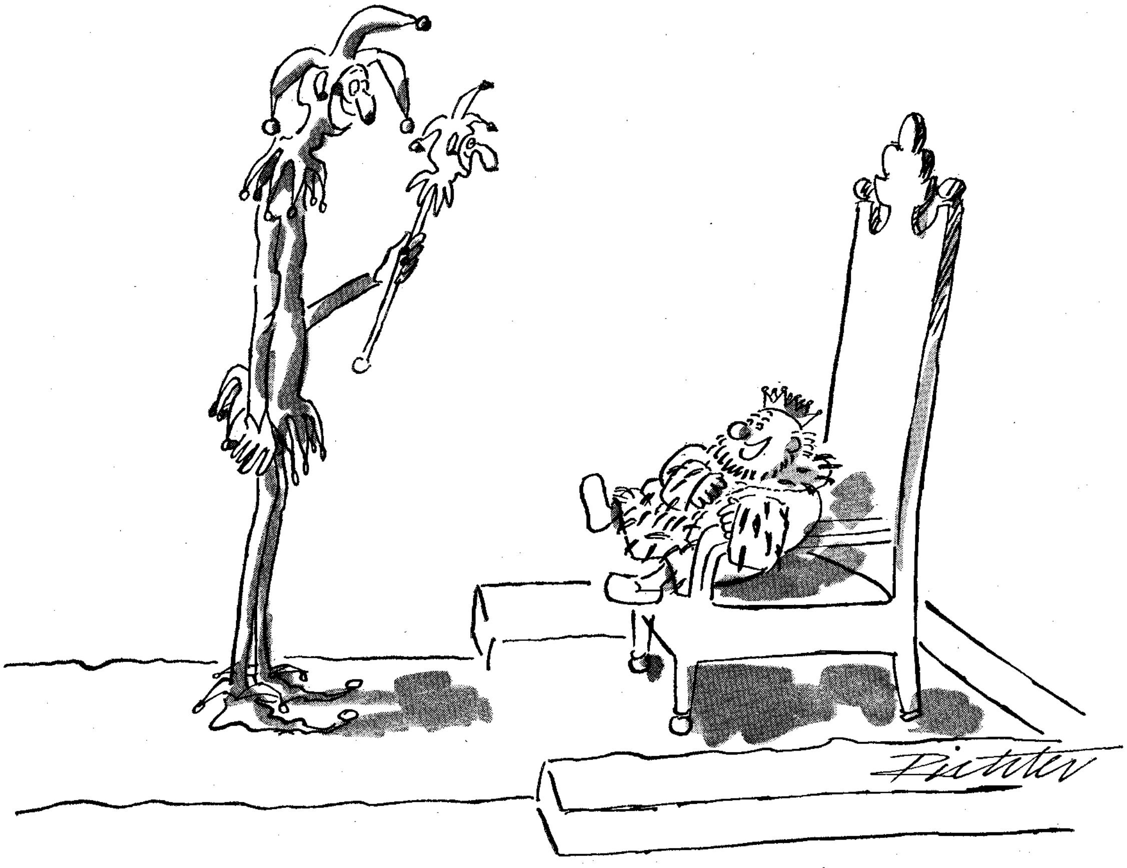
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Joe Cool and the Wrigley's Girl

NICK NOLTE, whose strong performance as Hicks, the Marine, in "Who'll Stop the Rain" made me want to see what he did next, seems in danger of specializing in the symptoms of internal injuries. When Hicks died, in that lone march along the railroad tracks, there was not much visible blood—there was a man whose behavior said he was bleeding to death. In Nolte's new movie, "North Dallas Forty," he is Phil Elliott, a professional football player for the North Dallas Bulls (based on the Dallas Cowboys); Elliott's bones, muscles, ligaments, and nerves have been so often fractured and dislocated, smashed, torn, and crushed that he has to start the day with codeine tablets washed down by beer just to dull the pain enough to be able to lift a tweezer and work it up through the cartilage fragments clogging his nose to clear a passage for breathing. To suggest the extent of the damage, Nolte becomes the virtuoso of his own respiratory tract. He plays the whole apparatus, from diaphragm to sinuses, as if it were a set of bagpipes. Phil Elliott is a composition in throat- and chest-clearings, groans, croaks, wheezes, sighs, snuffles, phwhew!s, and serial staccato expulsions of breath. He gives these noises emotional weight, using them the way actors normally use inflections and pauses, and he does it so well that it never screams technique—not even when the soundtrack overstresses it with amplified bone creaks.

"North Dallas Forty" is based on a posturing, self-pitying novel (by Peter Gent, a former Dallas Cowboy), in which the hero is always quoting sixties rock lyrics to assert his two characteristics: I'm in pain, I'm hip. The screenplay (by Frank Yablans, the producer; Ted Kotcheff, the director; and Gent) wisely turns this into a comedy about a player who realizes that in a game run by front offices and computers, he is not a player—he's a piece of equipment. But everybody seems to have counted on Nolte to fill in the character, and all he can do is revert to the book's formula. He does fine with I'm in pain, but for I'm hip he falls back on his repertoire of Joe Cool expressions. When he is not busy puffing on a joint in pursuit of anesthesia, or compressing his mouth into a small oval to pull in air, he activates the three or four sets of long vertical dimples that run parallel to the drooping ends of his blond mustache like parentheses of different sizes. He can show these one set at a time; but when he lets them all kick in at once, and lifts the inside corners of his brows so they look like the two sides of a pagoda roof sheltering his weary little blue eyes, he is the coolest thing this side of a menthol-cigarette ad. Sometimes his little eyes go blank and his face goes white and puffy, and his body, which was burned down to pure will in "Who'll Stop the Rain," is flabby, too—so that he looks more like Poppin' Fresh, the Pillsbury doughboy; he is willing to look bad, but we find out what a cool kind of bad it is when he says, "I don't need a healthy body—I do it all with my mind."

Because the movie relies so heavily on Nolte, it has a nice sloppy quality. Its message is simple—a Bad Attitude is often the right attitude—and, unlike many message movies, it does not lace our minds into a tight corset of telling lines and shots. It gives us room to take some pleasure pointlessly, where we can. I took some of mine from details: the way Savannah Smith says "chocolate puddin';" the way Dabney Coleman's forehead creases vertically with spite; Nolte's comic line-readings, even in a sex scene; the tempos of brooding and outburst among the players (especially John Matuszak, on loan from the Oakland Raiders, and Bo Svenson). In its funny, lazy way, in its bright practice sessions and cold mercury-vapor-lighted game scenes, the movie made me believe its view of professional football. But sometimes the fun and the message are badly blurred. I could have used less of a hammy priest's pre-game invocation played in counterpoint to locker-room obscenities. (I would love to have been at the script conference on that one: Not funny, but almost makes a point. No, no—stupid point, but almost funny.) The movie excites us with insider closeups of Xylocaine bottles and of hypodermic needles entering knees, while admonishing us to be repelled; and the cameras linger at a wild party—pointing at disgusting drunken, sexually abusive players—until I wondered if the trouble was that the film crew refused to go home. The rules keep changing on us. As one of the players says to a coach, "Every time I call it a game, you call it business. And every time I call it business, you call it a game."



The way "North Dallas Forty" depends on Nick Nolte saves it from being one kind of message movie but makes it another kind. I felt the way I did at "Coming Home": I lost track of why I was liking whom. The actors are not just "right for the part" or giving good performances. Quite apart from that, they are being used as ready-mades, as units in a setup (and this use is not acknowledged, as it would be in a different kind of movie—one by Forman or Godard, say, or the ones that are shrines for an icon like Burt Reynolds or Clint Eastwood). The actors' looks and personalities are used covertly, to make the movies work more easily—too easily; to load the premise of an argument. And so these movies seem to contract into unintentional allegories about style. "Coming Home" turns into a movie about the moment in history when it became cooler to be in love with an antiwar paraplegic than with a Marine. "North Dallas Forty" turns into a movie about the moment when it became cooler to reject professional football than play it. Nolte is set off against Mac Davis, a synthetic country-and-Western singer who is the flashy, we're-all-whores-anyway quarterback, and who looks like a poodle with nothing on his mind but his next grooming at Neiman-Marcus. These movies want to say something about right and wrong, but when each choice feels inseparable from the charm or charmlessness of the actor assigned to it, all we get is a choice of styles: poodle cut or wife-swapper mustache?

THE people who made "The Amityville Horror," from the book of that title, had to fill in the horror. The book should have been called "The Amityville Nuisance." It tells the "true story" of a young couple, George and Kathy Lutz, who moved with their children into a new house and ascribed everything that went wrong to demons. The Lutzes sound like the sort of credulous witnesses who force random data into a pattern of evidence: Honest to God, I'm not lying, I picked up the phone *and there was static on the line!* The book is funny, because of the way the writer, Jay Anson, is caught up in the rhythms of this mental process. He writes so many ominous one-sentence paragraphs that he can't stop:

> He jammed in the ignition key.
> The motor turned over immediately.

The movie inflates gullibility into horror with cheap tricks. While the camera shrinks from the traditional scenes of a vomiting priest and nun (Rod Steiger and Irene Dailey), photographing them from behind opened car doors and showing merely a few decorative flecks on the sleeve of Steiger's cassock, it gives us an unnecessary axe murder of two children,

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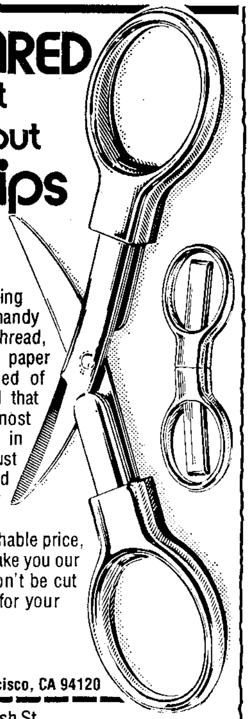

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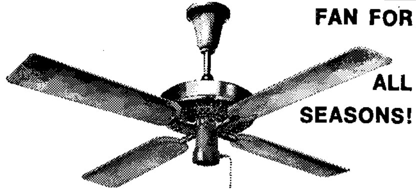

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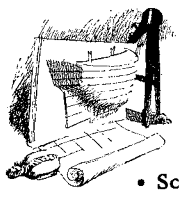

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in a sequence that violates a rule of fairness (the editing tells us the murder is real—but, ha-ha, it's only a dream). Given the random quality of the Lutzes' "evidence," the horror has no dramatic focus; it is not concentrated in a shark or a possessed little girl. It can be flies in a room, or a car going out of control miles away. We don't know what it is or where it is, and all it seems to want is fifteen hundred dollars, which disappears.

Randomness can be frightening, though, and the movie could have made more of it, along with James Brolin's indefiniteness. As George Lutz, crazed and red-eyed from the horror, he looks the way kids do when they put flashlights in their mouths, and we are meant to think: Satanic. But Brolin is not satanic. With his pen-and-ink curls, he looks more like Beardsley's John the Baptist: the head belongs on a tray. If Lutz had been played as a maddeningly indefinite martyr to maddeningly vague household horrors—the kind of guy who would guiltily procrastinate for weeks before looking into those flies upstairs—he could have given his wife (Margot Kidder) a real scare.

There is nothing indefinite about Margot Kidder. She was probably cast as Lois Lane in "Superman" for her Wrigley's-spearmint smile and the cartoon-sharp planes of her cheekbones. But she is more like one of Alex Katz's huge portraits: several steps away from comic-book generalizations, they tend to catch the subject in a specific, slightly goofy, nervous transitional expression. With her thin, wide-bowed upper lip that does not close over her teeth, Kidder is fun to watch. She will act by elongating the corners of her mouth, and she is not above a corny gesture like clutching the side of her head in terror; in fact, she does it with such conviction that it seems possible she has never seen it before. Her affectations do not imply something unpleasant in her nature, the way Ali MacGraw's do, so she is a good companion in a bad movie; when she says a dumb line, we can laugh with a clear conscience—we are not laughing at her. Her nervousness only makes her more likable. When some actresses are nervous, they seem to want to look into the middle distance, or up at the ceiling, or at their dialogue coach. When Kidder is nervous, she seems to want to look right into the camera.

—VERONICA GENG

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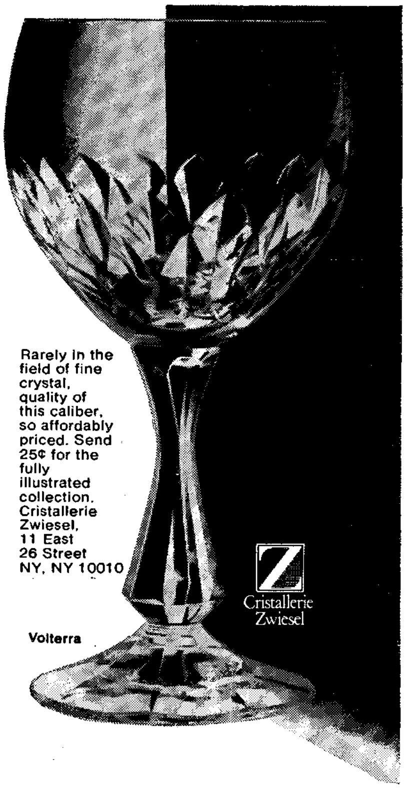

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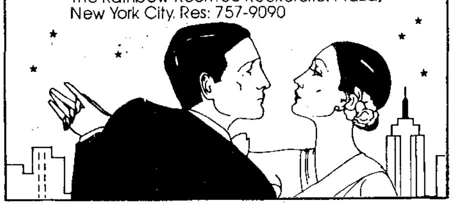

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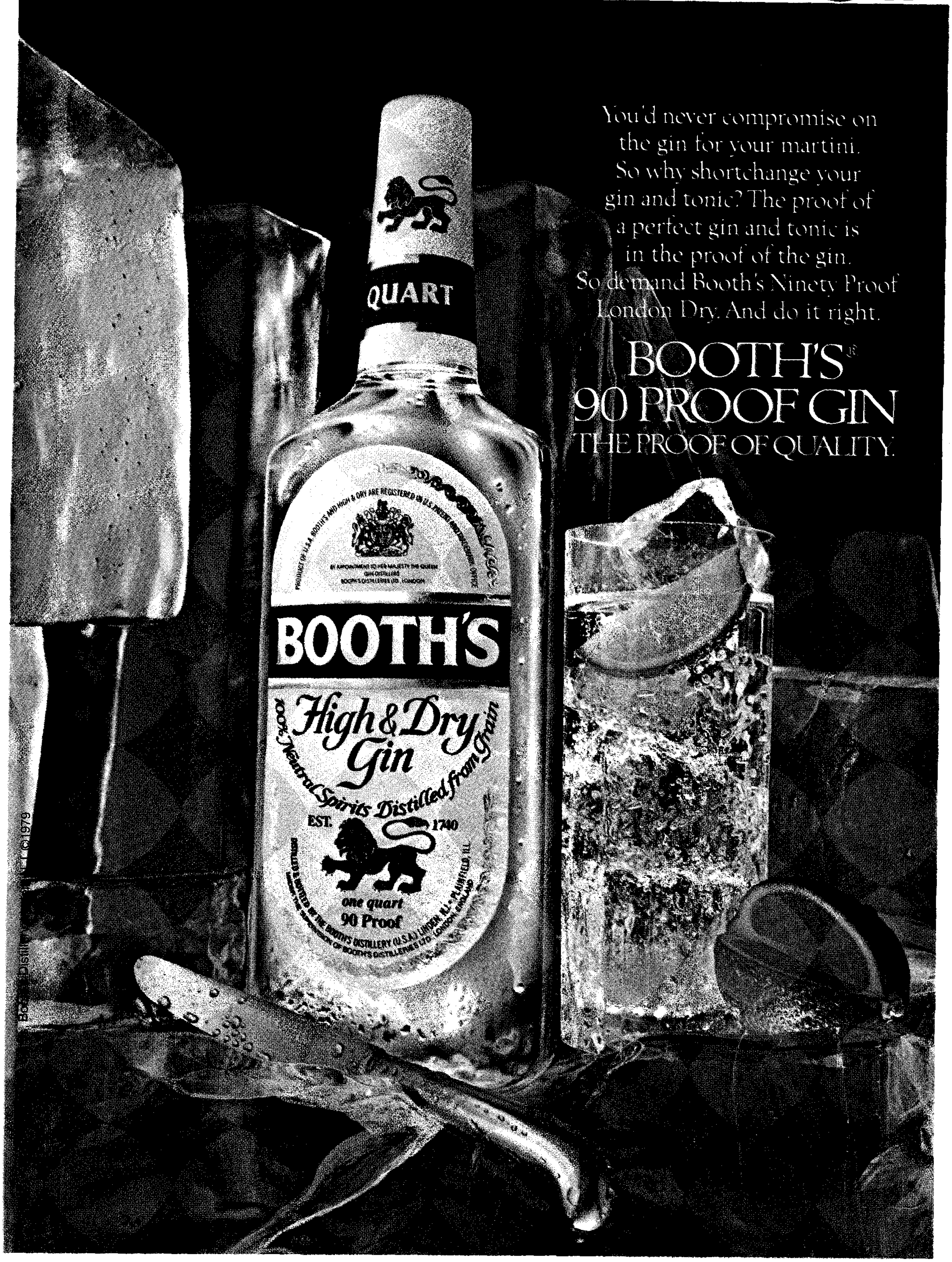

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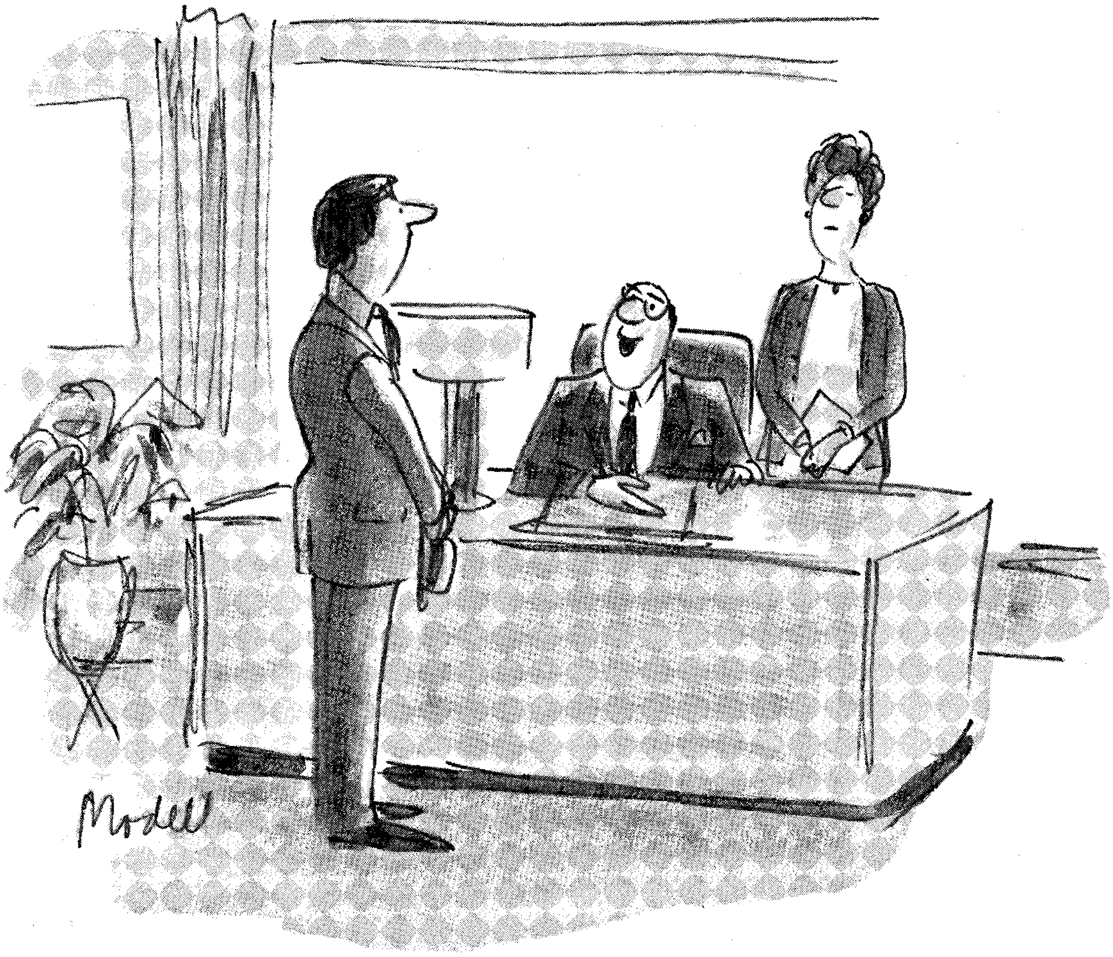
“SHIBUMI,” the new entertainment by the pseudonymous Trevanian (Crown; $10.95), was published on May 14th and moved at once to the profitable heights of the best-seller lists—last week it was No. 3 in the *Times*—and there is every reason to believe that, unlike some (especially “literary”) best-sellers, it is being bought to be read and is actually being read. It is certainly not the kind of book that is bought to impress oneself or one’s friends. Its popularity is, however, something of a puzzle.

“Shibumi” is a curiously old-fashioned novel. It often brings to mind such picaresque melodramas of the past as “Anthony Adverse” and “Scaramouche.” Trevanian’s elegant Anthony Adverse, his brilliant Scaramouche, is one Nicholai Alexandrovitch Hel, born in Shanghai in the nineteen-twenties of a White Russian mother and a German father, and raised and molded in wartime Japan. He is immediately perceived to be a superior being. Some of his excellence he owes to his mother’s early influence: “One spoke of love and other trivia in French; one discussed tragedy and disaster in Russian; one did business in German; and one addressed servants in English.” Some he owes to the Japanese general whose ward he becomes: “From that moment, Nicholai’s primary goal in life was to become a man of *shibumi;* a personality of overwhelming calm. It was a vocation open to him while, for reasons of breeding, education, and temperament, most vocations were closed.” The rest is the gift of Trevanian: “No one observing the delicate young man standing at the rail of the rusty freighter, his hooded green eyes watching the wallow and plunge of the sea . . . would have surmised that he was destined to become the world’s most highly paid assassin.”

Trevanian, though a doting biographer, is an oddly reticent one. He tells us in the most emphatic language that the world’s highest-paid assassin (for all his delicacy of mind and body) is not only a formidable killer but also a most versatile one (“It has been estimated that, for Nicholai Hel, the average Western room contains just under two hundred lethal weapons”), yet he is stingy with example. We leave Nicholai (having followed him through boyhood in Japanese-occupied Shanghai, youth in the Eden of momentarily victorious Japan, and young manhood in American-occupied Japan, imprisoned for an act of Oriental mercy) with his occupational bent still unrecognized, and we meet him again some twenty-five years later, living (with a multiracial “concubine”) in retirement in a Basque château—the accomplishments of his professional years left entirely to the vigor of our own imaginations. But Nicholai has made enemies in those shadowy working years, and his retirement is savagely interrupted by the most dangerous of them. This is an omnipotent, super-secret American intelligence agency called the Mother Company, a manipulative force that controls even the C.I.A., headed by a chatty little woman in a rocking chair named Ma Perkins. “Shibumi” opens with the plotting of three Mother Company operatives—a clever New York Jew, a boorish Texan, and a sinister Palestinian—to destroy the oblivious Hel, and it ends with that attempt.

In the considerable interval between the conception of this plot and its execution, Trevanian treats us to a glowing account of the chief events of Nicholai’s formative years and the nature of the man thus formed. We watch him puttering in his meditation garden. We watch him picking at his little meals of brown rice and fresh vegetables. We learn of his prowess as a lover, and are told how his techniques and strategies give sobbing, thrashing, grateful pleasure to his “concubine” and others. We also learn that his bedroom skills (like his pocket comb, his door key, his drinking straw) are numbered among his weapons: “He had occasionally avenged himself on young women who had annoyed him by making love to them, using his tactical skills and exotic training to create an experience



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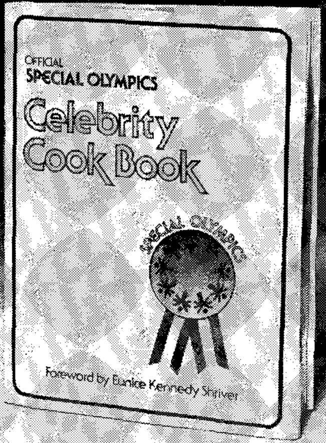

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the woman could never approach again and would seek in vain through affairs and marriages for the rest of her life." Nicholai, for a man graced with the inner calm of *shibumi*, is easily annoyed: "The French driver's infantile recklessness often annoyed him, but not so much as did the typical Italian driver's use of the automobile as an extension of his penis, or the British driver's use of it as a substitute." Annoyance is, indeed, the passion of his life, and it finds its most passionate excitation in the United States and everything American. It then becomes contempt, and—since all the rest is melodrama—is the true subject of Trevanian's novel.

Nicholai's first reaction to Americans and American culture is one of fear for his "genetic superiority": he fears that "they might crush his mind, and hundreds of years of selective breeding would be reduced to their level of humanoid rubble." His genetic treasure saved, he takes a less fearful view: "the wisecracking, metal-voiced Americans . . . constantly and blindly randy, but tactically incompetent." He broadens his contempt: "It is revealing of the American culture that its prototypic hero is the cowboy: an uneducated, boorish, Victorian migrant agricultural worker." And refines it: "America, after all, was populated by the lees and failures of Europe. . . . They are not a race. They are not even a culture. . . . At best, they are a mannered technology. In place of ethics, they have rules." And sharpens it: "He thought of Americans as a decadent people whose idea of refinement is fluffy toilet paper. Affluent children who race about their highways, playing with their CB radios, pretending to be World War II pilots. Where is the fiber in a people whose best-selling poet is Rod McKuen, the Howard Cosell of verse?" And continues: "The Americans seemed to confuse standard of living with quality of life, equal opportunity with institutionalized mediocrity, bravery with courage, machismo with manhood, liberty with freedom, wordiness with articulation, fun with pleasure—in short, all of the misconceptions common to those who assume that justice implies equality for all, rather than equality for equals." And again: "The American version of representative government assures that such qualities of intellect and ethics as might equip a man to lead a powerful nation responsibly are precisely the qualities that would prevent him from subjecting himself to the debasing performances of vote begging and delegate swapping. It is a truism of American politics that no man who can win an election deserves to." And still again: "In time, each of the [Watergate] criminals wrote a book or did a television program describing his part in the rape of American civil rights, and each was paid lavishly by the stupid American public, which seems to have a peculiar impulse toward having their noses rubbed in their own ——."

And on and on and on—rubbing, rubbing, rubbing.

—Berton Roueché

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

Money Rush, by Andrew Duncan (Doubleday; $10.95). The author, an English journalist, toured the Middle East last year to find out how the area has been affected by money flowing in as crude oil is pumped out. The range of response he found was wide: Iraq was totalitarian, Saudi Arabia traditional, Dubai easygoing, and Iran on the brink of revolution. Greedy foreigners have been peddling anything and everything in these nouveau-riche jurisdictions, but their customers have their own brands of unscrupulousness, and alien pitchmen are as likely to go home broke as to strike it rich. Corruption is common, and anti-Semitism and resentment of the West take the place of serious thought, along with appeals to glorious pasts (in the case of Iraq, to a glorious future). Each country in its own way is perplexed by modernization, rejecting some aspects (most frequently women's rights) and embracing others (advanced weapons systems are very popular). The author, who seems to have talked to everybody in the area, describes much that is ludicrous, but he never loses sight of the fact that he is writing of human beings in a curious predicament, and he even contrives to hold out hope for rational development. Endpaper maps.

Marooned: Being a Narrative of the Sufferings and Adventures of Captain Charles H. Barnard, Embracing an Account of the Seizure of His Vessel at the Falkland Islands, &c., 1812-16, edited and with an introduction by Bertha S. Dodge (Wesleyan University Press; $14.95). The first reissue of a true horror story published in 1829 and long since out of print. Captain Barnard, master of the New York seal-hunting ship Nanina, put in at the desolate Falkland Islands for fresh water, saw a smoke signal of distress, investigated, found the forty-odd survivors—men, women, and children—of a British ship wrecked there some months before, arranged to convey them to safety, set out with four sailors on a hunting trip to provide food for the forthcoming voyage, and returned to find his ship and all parties gone, leaving him and his companions marooned and destitute. This betrayal of a good samaritan is certainly one of the most infamous episodes in maritime history, and Captain Barnard's account of it and of his valiant fight for survival is among the most stirring of its kind. His writing is plain and graphic, "devoid," as he apologizes, "of the beauties of language so conspicuous in other works," and often moving in its simplicity, as when he describes his first night aboard the ship that eventually rescued him: "A comfortable bed was made for me on the lockers, but I rested very indifferently, and verified the truth of the observation, that joy is as great an enemy to repose as sorrow." Bertha Dodge's account of her discovery of this fascinating chonicle is absorbing, and her editorial activities in seeking answers to unanswered questions in the manuscript were well worth the enormous effort. Endpaper maps.

THE THREE-WALL NICK AND OTHER ANGLES, by Frank Satterthwaite (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $12.95). Mr. Satterthwaite is a professional squash player who works as a journalist on the side, and his book, which he calls "a squash autobiography," is a lively and engaging account of himself and the game. It combines personal reminiscence with an informal history of the recent and rapid growth of squash in this country and with some brief but instructive discussions of squash strokes and strategy. Jargon and pseudoscience have been creeping into squash literature lately, but Mr. Satterthwaite writes clearly and well, and he has a gift for recalling not only the matches he has played but the people he has played them with. Here, for example, is his description of an early encounter with the brilliant and mercurial Victor Niederhoffer: "He made a terrible racket going after the ball; with his big feet and clodhoppery way of running, it sounded like he was wearing a pair of motorcycle boots. . . . If I stood between him and a get, finding him-

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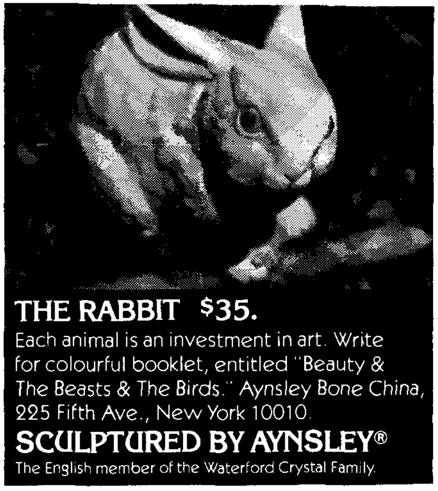

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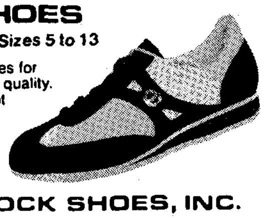

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self unable to leapfrog to the ball, *he'd climb up on my back, piggy*-back style, and wail 'LEHHHHT' into my ear, in a falsetto of excitement." There are also good descriptions of the founding members of the Khan dynasty, Hashim and Sharif, and of the indomitable Heather McKay, who is a dynasty all by herself.

ART OF THE OCTOBER REVOLUTION, compiled and introduced by Mikhail Guerman (Abrams; $25). Russian art in the period before and after the October, 1917, Revolution was a hodgepodge of schools and ideologies, confusing even for the participants, and this book, a treasury of images of the greatest moment in Soviet history, could be said to preserve that confusion. Here are posters urging people to defend the Revolution; vibrant, splashy designs for street banners and "agit-prop trains;" stolid, symbolic paintings of valiant swans flying over choppy waters; dynamic geometric advertisements for cigarettes, light bulbs, and galoshes; hopelessly academic portrait busts and monumental statuary; ardent provincial pastiches of Picasso and Cézanne; platters and plates expertly and charmingly ornamented with images of flowers and sailors, hammers and sickles. All these things, even the most peripheral—stamps, plates, figurines—have life. And there are real finds here, too, the liveliest of which are Mayakovsky's broadsides and costume designs—stylishly childlike, witty caricatures that make one think of him as being, in addition to the quintessential Bolshevik spirit, a Russian John Held, Jr. Evaluating this scrapbook of sensitively reproduced pictures and objects, though, is something the reader will have to do on his own: the text, by a Soviet art historian, is, at best, informative. Because he believes that the most significant artistic achievements of the Revolution are highly realistic paintings of, say, Red Army soldiers musing on the fate of fallen comrades, he makes mashed potatoes out of the leading personalities, the risks they ran, and the sense of disillusionment with the Revolution that the majority of them ultimately experienced.

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Sweden's royal couple have their first son, who will be named Monday. Queen Sylvia had the child on Sunday.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Must have slipped her mind.

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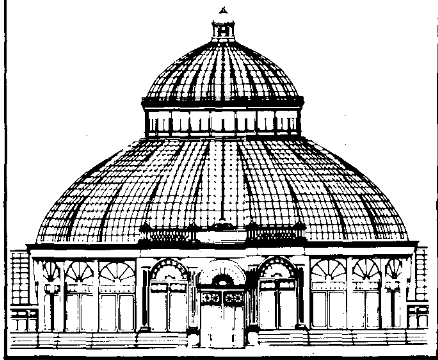

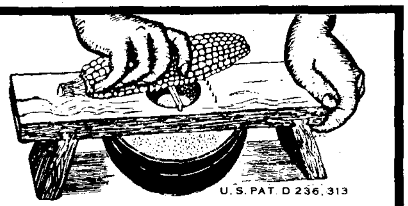

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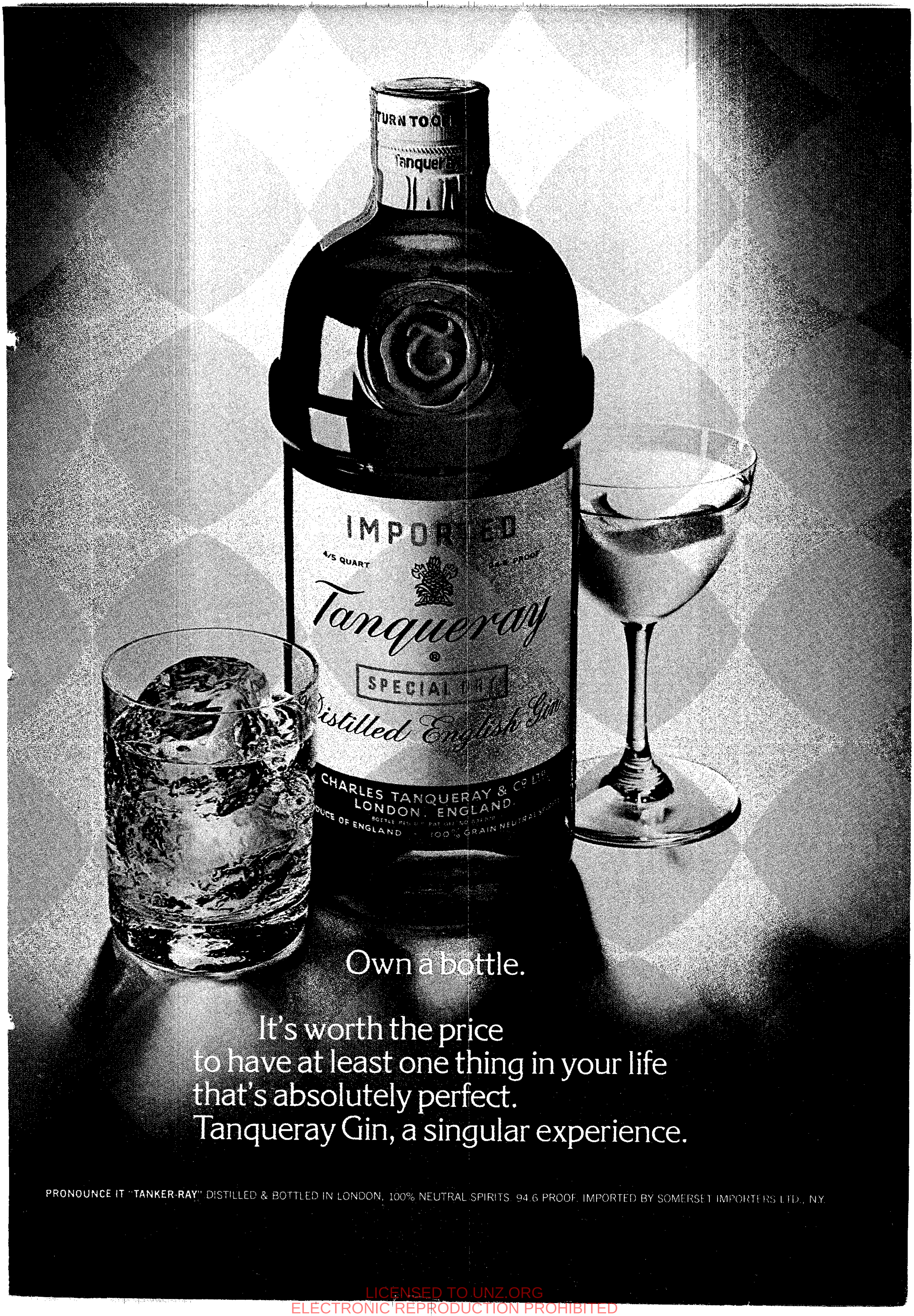
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